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THE POISON IN OUR SYSTEM

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THERE has been a Battle of France, and a Battle of Britain, and a Battle of the Atlantic — yet the most important battle of all is the battle of and for the Mind of America. Hitler knows it and has known it right along. According to Hermann Rauschning, Hitler's 'voice of destruction' was heard saying: 'Artillery preparation before an attack as during the World War will be replaced in the future war by the psychological dislocation of the adversary through revolutionary propaganda.' To neglect *this* invasion of America is to act like an ostrich. All the appeasers like to dwell on the imaginary invasion by tanks and troopships; many of them do not realize that in doing so they are doing what Hitler wants them to. Exploiting every discontent, they tell us that Hitler is bound to win, thus spreading defeatism and undermining our morale, our belief in the future of democracy.

But words are not the most important weapon of the propagandist today. Many have spoken of the War of Words. Hitler does his most effective propagandizing through *acts*. A strike in a key plant, initiated through totalitarian agents, whether Stalin's or Hit-

ler's, accomplishes more in one day than a week's outpouring of the printing presses. It depresses morale, it stirs up strife and mutual denunciations; some shout, 'Treason, treason!' while others demand that 'strikers be electrocuted' or managers jailed and plants taken over by the government. 'Psychological dislocation' — this key to Nazi strategy of terror in this country cannot be combated by adopting the methods of the totalitarian despots themselves. A strengthening, not a weakening, of democratic methods is in order. As Edmond Taylor says of French morale at one point in *The Strategy of Terror* (incidentally by far the best analysis of the Nazi technique of morale destruction), 'Really democracy in this country [France] has already broken down because all groups approve the repressive use of authority when it operates against their enemies.' Here is the core, the decisive front in the battle of the mind of America. Thousands and tens of thousands have been succumbing to totalitarian poison, not only on the appeasers' side, but on the belligerents' side as well. *Time* carried a letter the other day from a woman who demanded that all Ger-

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mans be sterilized. I am sure she thought herself extremely patriotic. In fact, her mind had become Hitlerized, racial hatred generating senseless physical violence. Without knowing it, she had become the *most dangerous* fifth columnist in our midst: the person who has lost faith in democracy, in civilized methods, in Christianity.

The fifth columnist was first recognized in the Spanish Civil War. He was suddenly discovered stalking behind the back of fighting armies, ready to support the work of the columns at the front. He has grown in stature ever since as the live symbol of our age — an age of worldwide civil war which recognizes no national boundaries. But whereas in Spain it seemed to be a war between Communism and Fascism, or between Stalinism and Hitlerism, it has since turned into a war between totalitarianism and democracy. According to some, it was that even in Spain, with the Stalinists stirring the witches' cauldron, as they seem to be doing so effectively today. Astute observers agree in accusing Moscow of a persistent policy of aggravating disturbances out of a deep-rooted conviction that 'capitalist democracy' is doomed. In this, their enmity toward democracy, lies the securest link of Stalinists with Hitlerites and Fascists, and since men work together because they share their hatreds, democracy finds itself today unmistakably confronted with a worldwide coalition of anti-democratic forces. Hence the problem of anti-democratic propaganda, what it is and what it does, is a much broader and deeper issue than is commonly assumed. Yet, our dilemma is even more profound than this double-barreled enmity.

If the democratic tradition were a fanatical 'faith' in some particular panacea, we could undertake to suppress its critics as anti-democratic, and if we used enough force we might hope to prevail. Unfortunately, at the very core of our constitutional and democratic tradition lie the need for criticism and a positive

conviction of the value of diversity and contrast. To put it paradoxically, democratic faith insists upon its own inadequacy. It almost glories in its imperfection. It invites its own change. If we are good democrats, we are agreed upon the value of disagreement. We are agreed to respect the 'opinion we hate,' to use Justice Holmes's famous phrase. This raises the question today: Are the forces opposed to democracy, the anti-democratic fifth columnists, included in such respect, or are they to be suppressed? If the latter, where does suppression begin?

There are many who would simply answer this question by a distinction between constructive criticism and lying propaganda. Indeed, everywhere legal discriminations are being attempted that would outlaw Communists, Nazis, and Fascists as enemies of our democracy. That they are enemies of our democracy there can be no doubt. But what if they come back with the retort that their hostility to democracy is merely due to their solicitude for America's future? That democracy is the past, and that America should mount the wave of the future and ride it? What is propaganda anyway? Some have mockingly defined it as 'the opinion of the other fellow.' Others have condemned it by making it synonymous with intentional misrepresentation of the facts. But who will probe the hearts of men and speak with certainty of a fellow's intentions? How, then, shall we define propaganda?

A recent doctoral dissertation at Harvard listed several dozen definitions of the word. In my research work I have found it helpful to emphasize that carrying on propaganda means 'communicating information, true or false, in order to get people to do or to keep them from doing specific things, like joining an organization, making a contribution, or waving a flag.' But there can be little doubt that most people do not use the word 'propaganda' in such a neutral way. Most men in the street think of lies

when they hear of propaganda. By doing so they blind themselves to what are by far the most dangerous onslaughts upon our morale, our confidence in the future of democracy. Though the totalitarian propaganda strategists unquestionably use misrepresentations and lies continually, they know that the most effective propaganda is the propaganda of true facts. They also know that Pilate's question still contains a potent point in that the truth is not exactly self-evident in matters of real importance.

Unfortunately, much the most important issues are entirely controversial. Our judgment of what is right is not rooted in facts, but in opinion, in belief, in faith. Take such a question as whether America is really a democracy or, rather, a plutocracy in disguise. Men of good will and ardent democratic faith have disagreed on that question. Yet, does not the answer affect our morale vitally at this time? We may have our own answer, call it a false alternative or whatever you please, but if the Goebbels ministry keeps pouring out the dispatches high-lighting this symbol 'plutocracy' we soon find ourselves confronted with the question: Shall we look upon everyone who calls America a plutocracy as a potential or actual fifth columnist, or shall we allow Goebbels to undermine democratic morale? And where again shall we draw the line? Is anyone who talks about 'classes' in America a suspect carrier of Marxist-Stalinist poison, or is Stalin going to be permitted to break up our social structure into mutually hostile groups?

The very form of these questions shows that we cannot do either. Discriminating judgment is required in all such instances. If we believe in democracy, we believe in the judgment of the common man. If we can make him understand the methods of totalitarian propaganda, we shall impregnate him against its temptations. Unfortunately at the present time not even the editors of most newspapers and magazines in the

United States understand these methods. This, curiously enough, is due not to their complexity, but to their extreme simplicity. By worrying about the fifth columnist under our bed, we overlook the fifth columnist right in front of us — staring us in the face as we look at the latest news of our morning paper. The most potent Nazi propaganda is carried by our best magazines. To offer one illustration: —

The magazine *Life*, with millions of readers in this country, published a few weeks ago a short autobiographical piece presumably written by a German bomber. Innocently it was suggested that the thing was authentic, but that the name of the author could not, in accordance with the rules of the German censor, be revealed. I may be entirely wrong, but the piece when analyzed seemed to me clearly a synthetic product of the Goebbels ministry of propaganda. No doubt the editors of *Life* did not see it that way. But, if space permitted, it would be easy to show this point by point. Go back to that article and do it yourself. Ask yourself, as you read these sentences, What was this phrase to accomplish, what reaction was that to bring about? You will find that the piece was to get across the following ideas, among others: 'These fliers are tremendously efficient, these fliers are human and regret the destruction they bring; German soldiers are Nazis, Austrians are Germans; these fliers, these Germans, these Nazis, are an overpowering wave — there is no use in resisting them,' and so forth. The thing is a perfect piece of ammunition in the battle of the mind. Though couched in words, it is presented as a fact, an act, a revelation. It is unwise to assume that any Nazi flier today would be permitted to write such a piece by himself, even if the representative of the American magazine offering to publish it had been his lifelong friend. He would have to report the overture; the skillful manipulators in the Goebbels ministry would do the rest. In doing it these master strategists

would build up their extensive knowledge of the American public. They would do it, confident that the American reader would not make a careful study to discover the synthetic elements. How many *Life* readers made such an analysis, do you think? None that I talked to ever did. They were depressed; they felt that the position of England was hopeless. 'You can't fight them,' they said.

The very same thing is happening day in and day out when we read the papers. The editor believes he is doing his duty if he publishes side by side the two dispatches, one from Berlin, the other from London. In so doing he places a tremendous responsibility upon the reader. Not merely the task of telling himself that he is reading propaganda; the British, too, make propaganda. But to read a Berlin dispatch or a Moscow dispatch without bad aftereffects one has to understand and keep in mind how this black magic works. Remember, in the first place, that the propagandists in Berlin do not have to worry about a hostile opposition, quick to criticize every mistake made; they can, for example, lie about the people they control without having to fear an exposé that boomerangs. From this standpoint, our correspondents in places like Berlin are not 'correspondents' in the old sense. If you want to get a picture of the limitations under which they work, read Whitaker's recent reports *after* he got out.

What is even more important: the totalitarians' objective is to discredit democracy — simply because they know that the greatest depressive of morale is being in doubt about the eventual victory. In short, these ministries of propaganda are plotting continually, not merely to misinform us, but to set in motion psychic disturbances which will make us defeatist. 'Democracy is dead,' 'Britain is lost' — these are the inferences they wish to insinuate by the news items they release. The wire services — AP, UP, and the rest — are in

a key position. They naturally pride themselves on the *speed* with which they handle their dispatches. Recently it was said that 'the average time lapse between the arrival of a bulletin from abroad at the cable desk [of the AP] and its receipt by the newspapers is less than a minute.' This is a brilliant technical achievement. Yet one might wish that there were a little more thought given to the symbols embedded in the items from anti-democratic headquarters to make sure that they are a necessary part of the news. Why should American newspapers, for example, repeat over and over again the Berlin-manufactured symbol 'annihilated'? According to such news items, the British forces were thus 'annihilated' at least half a dozen times. Each time the word was used a psychic disturbance of far-reaching consequence was set in train in millions of American minds. As long as 'news' is being handed to us, the readers, direct from Nazi headquarters in the words which Dr. Goebbels has carefully chosen to produce the maximum adverse effect upon our general psychic well-being, we shall have to defend ourselves as best we can. Commentators such as Raymond Gram Swing help to produce a measure of detachment. We might learn more from men like Edmond Taylor, Otto Tolischus, and William Shirer. But we must do a lot of work ourselves.

In short, the greatest difficulty in dealing with Nazi propaganda arises from the fact that Nazi methods are not understood. Many people assume that the totalitarians rely largely upon highly secretive procedures. Their fear and anxiety combine with lurid journalism to create a fog of emotional agitation which is precisely what the Nazis are seeking to produce. Hitler's declared purpose of 'psychological dislocation' finds its strongest ally in our own weaknesses. The surprising successes that Goebbels's methods have scored are in part due to the fact that they are built upon cynical insight into human frailties.

One of those simple insights into how the human mind works is this: only the more thoughtful examine major premises. When a doubtful assertion is being made, most of us plunge into an argument over it without further ado. From this simple and incontrovertible fact the Nazis have derived a most effective method; when they want to get something across to us, whom they know to be suspicious of their assertions, they do not assert it, but assume it in a challenging proposition. As a result, the major premise will be accepted by friends and enemies of their explicit assertion. Here is how it works. The Nazis desired that we in America should believe that the Nazis are going to win the war. If they had simply asserted it, the other side would have denied the assertion. Doubt, at least, would remain strong. So, instead, they proceeded through various emissaries (including French pro-Vichy 'sources') to plant the idea that 'after the war America should trade with a victorious Germany.' Whether we like Hitler or not, we must deal with him, ran the legend. 'If the Nazis win, let's not be sentimental — business is business. It is all an imperialist war anyway.'

Today these formulas are familiar. Reputable men have sponsored them; others have combated them. But most of those who have taken a stand against such views have walked into the Nazis' trap. They have said: 'No, we must not deal with a victorious Hitler' — thereby swelling the chorus of voices holding that Hitler might be victorious. Many publicists have gone great lengths in depicting what the world will be like after a Nazi victory, thereby feeding the Nazis' essential premise: 'A Nazi victory, if not a certainty, is at any rate a strong possibility.' Insight into Nazi propaganda strategy would have made these publicists, writers, and columnists pause to ask the vital question: 'Who said that the Nazis are winning the war?' Such questioning of the major premise would have spoiled the Nazi game.

Many similar examples can be given to show how this principle has been employed by the Nazis in the past. Their entire appeasement propaganda in France and England was built on such propositions. The assertion itself might be couched in a question: 'Should the Sudeten Germans be incorporated by negotiation or by occupation?' (Major premise: 'They will be incorporated.') 'Should the United States aid Britain, or shouldn't she?' (Major premise: 'No interest of the United States herself is involved in the war.') In these and many similar instances the Nazis succeeded in getting their foes as well as their friends to popularize the points which they wished to get across. As to the present drive to get us to accept a Hitler-dominated world, it is revealing to note the typical crescendo in the premises: (1) *if* Hitler wins, (2) *when* Hitler wins, (3) *since* Hitler is winning, (4) *because* Hitler is winning. . . . The Nazis have made such headway with their most recent campaign that if a man gets up and speaks on 'After Hitler — What?' as I have done recently he's looked upon with some amazement. Many have already come to believe that Hitler will win this war. So if someone gets up and says, 'I believe Hitler will be defeated,' people feel cheered by such a firm belief. Facts speak louder than words, and no one knows it better than Hitler. Hence the propaganda of the act, of which I have already spoken.

How did the propaganda of the act work to support the Nazis' contention that they were to win the war? They used a variety of devices. Last summer German firms throughout Latin America took orders for fall delivery. They even posted cash bonds to guarantee performance of the contract. They are reported to be doing it again right now. It was very amusing when information about these contracts first 'leaked through' — a New York business man whispered it into my ear as 'inside dope.' He was incredulous when I suggested

it might be a propaganda trick. There can be little doubt that this propaganda was destined for just such business men. Would they not ask themselves the anxious question: 'What will become of my war orders for Britain?'

The Nazis used another device for influencing German workmen in this country, particularly men in key defense jobs. Such men one day received a letter from some business concern which read as follows: 'Dear Sir: As soon as Germany has won this war, German workers will have undreamt-of opportunities for lucrative employment in the Greater Reich. You as a skilled mechanic will no doubt be desirous of participating in such opportunities, particularly as the pro-British factions in this country may deprive you of your job here. Since the openings will be filled in order of application, we suggest that you communicate with us at once, so that you may get on the list and thereby not lose this golden opportunity. . . .' I have seen these letters and examined their authenticity. No matter what the worker does with them, they leave him affected. Propaganda of the act!

II

Strikes are, of course, rooted in maladjustments between management and labor. But it is asserted by persons who have made careful surveys that Communist leaders and Nazi agents are often active behind the scenes. Mr. H. W. Barclay, editor of *Mill and Factory*, who has spent several months investigating the background of strikes in defense plants, has secured extensive testimony from workers to that effect.

'It's a proven fact,' he says, 'that the Communist Party collaborates with Nazi organizations in their endeavors, and that they use devious and indirect methods to carry out their plans of preventing this country from giving all our aid to Britain and ensuring adequate defense to ourselves.' Some Communists

and Communist sympathizers will repudiate these suggestions with indignation; being subjectively honest in their dislike of the Nazis, they do not realize the extent to which they are being made tools of disruptive policies. Valtin, in his *Out of the Night*, has shown in great detail how the Stalinist machinery works to create confusion and breakdown just for the sake of destruction. His portrayal of what goes on at the waterfront should be a timely warning. Gitlow, in his *I Confess*, has also given us a fulsome, if somewhat personalized, account of the methods employed by Stalin's agents in this country. Consequently we need not seek for specific evidence of effective collaboration between the agents of Stalin and Hitler; their directions are such that their doings necessarily produce similar results: to spread confusion and strife and thus to bewilder the mind of America. Nor are their doings limited to labor. In certain circles of management, Nazi influences are as persuasive as are Communist elements in the ranks of labor. In both, the percentage is probably quite small; but it is large enough to occasion incident after incident, strike after strike, and thus to produce the 'acts' upon which the Axis propaganda relies for its most important effects in the battle of the mind.

So, no matter how difficult it may be to evaluate the data gathered by investigators such as Mr. Barclay (and there is plenty of evidence, one hears, in the Department of Justice and other official agencies to support his findings), such evidence for Nazi complicity in aggravating our difficulties seems credible for the simple reason that these strikes fit so completely into the plans of Moscow and Berlin. As I suggested earlier, they provide perfect material for 'propaganda of the act.' Should we then outlaw them? Not at all; for such outlawry would simply provide another 'act' to demonstrate the failure of democracy.

Indeed, if there were not material dis-

contents, manifest failures of our democracy, no agent could bring on strikes. But can we hope at this moment to right all wrongs, and solve all the problems of our all-too-human democracy? The counsel of perfection is a potent weapon of the cynic. Nihilism — that is, destructive criticism, scoffing disbelief in everything and in anything — feeds upon an insistence that there should not be any flaws in a building, else it must come down. What is our most potent defense against such enemies of the republic? Some want to suppress them; to organize spy hunts, jail every Communist, shoot every Bundsman. Are such proceedings going to strengthen our faith in the future of democracy? If we cannot resist the lure of force, if we allow ourselves to fall prey to the temptation of violence, we are weakening our own position. Shall we look on, then, with indifference? Most assuredly not. There are important things that we can do, that we must do.

How about outlawing foreign-language press and radio? The suggestion has been advanced that here we have the channel, mysterious, inaccessible, through which the totalitarians commune with the American people. It is a proven fact that foreign-language broadcasts were extensively used by totalitarian propagandists. In a number of Eastern seaboard stations practically all the news announcers and commentators were known to be Fascist sympathizers, if not actual members of the Fascist Party. I do not wish to mention them by symbol, because their practices have since been discontinued. Not only was there daily open extolling of Mussolini and his works, but frank denunciation of democracy and America. Programs equally blatant in their subversive intent were heard on some of the German-language broadcast stations in the Middle West (German-language broadcasts are less numerous than Italian, Yiddish, Polish, and Spanish). When anti-Fascist, pro-democratic persons wanted to get a

hearing on these stations, they were almost always given the cold shoulder.

When these conditions were first brought to the attention of a broader public, many people wanted to outlaw foreign-language broadcasts altogether. That was a year or so ago. Wisely, the Federal Communications Commission, under James Fly, counseled moderation. 'Let us find out the facts,' they said. A questionnaire was sent to all stations broadcasting in foreign tongues, asking for very detailed information as to content, sponsorship, and the rest. The National Association of Broadcasters set up a Committee to study the situation and make recommendations. The Office of Radio Research at Columbia and the Radiobroadcasting Research Project at Harvard undertook to study how the listeners react and to explore who controls these programs and how. All these inquiries revealed that the propagandists who had so comfortably installed themselves in this forgotten corner were beating a hasty retreat as soon as the spotlight of publicity was turned on them. They also showed that such foreign-language broadcasts reach a group of non-readers, hundreds of thousands of foreign-born Americans who cannot be effectively reached by other channels of communication. What is needed and wanted is an effective use of such broadcasts for pro-democracy work. Thus the Mazzini Society has recently shaped such a program, which has been offered over WHOM in New York. Recordings have been made available to other stations. The Department of Justice is at present engaged in making its striking series of broadcasts, 'I'm an American,' available in Italian and German. Many outstanding persons of unquestioned loyalty to democracy and its ideals have participated in the series.

Much more of this sort of thing needs to be done. American firms with business interests among foreign-language groups — the great mass-consumption advertisers of soap, gas, breakfast foods, and so

forth — should make it their business to give really thoughtful attention to the possibilities of utilizing their promotional work along this line. Some striking beginnings have been made in the field of soap operas. Because the stations carrying foreign-language broadcasts are usually small, they have to watch their pennies and find it difficult to devote much time to sustaining programs of purely public interest. If, at the same time, the Department of Justice's Nationality Unit and the Federal Communications Commission's Monitoring Service continue on the alert, our concern over foreign-language broadcasts of domestic origin need not cause us to demand their discontinuance.

There has, however, cropped up a new device which may not be so easily dealt with. An outfit which calls itself The Almanac Music Company, Inc., has recently brought out a series of phonograph records, called 'Songs for John Doe.' These recordings are distributed under the innocuous appeal: 'Sing out for Peace.' Yet they are strictly subversive and illegal. Sung to such familiar tunes as 'Billy Boy,' they ridicule the American defense effort, democracy, and the army. Whether Communist or Nazi financed, their general spirit is well indicated by the following sample: —

C FOR CONSCRIPTION

It's C for Conscription, and C for Capitol Hill;
C for Conscription and C for Capitol Hill;
It's C for the Congress that passed that goddamned bill.

Another song is called 'Plow Under'; it's the first one, and so I guess they liked it best. The first verse runs: —

Remember when the AAA
Killed a million hogs a day?
Instead of hogs, it's men today —
Plow the fourth one under!
Plow under, plow under,
Plow under every fourth American boy!

And the last one: —

Now the politicians rant,
'A boy's no better than a cotton plant';
But we are here to say you can't
Plow the fourth one under!

The three records sell for one dollar and you are asked to 'play them in your home, play them in your union hall, take them back to your people.' Probably some of these songs fall under the criminal provisions of the Selective Service Act, and to that extent it is a matter for the Attorney-General. But you never can handle situations of this kind democratically by mere suppression. Unless civic groups and individuals will make a determined effort to counteract such appeals by equally effective methods, democratic morale will decline. A variety of organizations has been doing a splendid job here. Station WHA out in Wisconsin has been presenting a dramatic pro-democracy serial on civil liberties showing the deeper issues in the fight for freedom in superb fashion. But perhaps the most remarkable achievement in this field has been the series of radio dramas which The Free Company, under the able chairmanship of James Boyd, has been presenting. Besides Boyd, Saroyan, Sherwood, Benét, Welles, Connelly, MacLeish, Maxwell and Sherwood Anderson, Paul Green, and Walter V. Clark have been the writers so far associated with the series. They are marvels of genuine pro-democracy poetry, broadly gauged in their conception of freedom, and hence suitable for reproduction in every home and schoolroom in the land.

III

But what about the broadcasts from abroad? A continuous stream of 'news' and comment has been flowing into this country via short wave from Berlin, Moscow, and Rome, but more particularly from Berlin. This material is, of course, carefully prepared by the master strategists in the totalitarian war-upon-democracy centres. Listening posts set up in the studios of NBC and CBS, as well as at Princeton University, have accumulated a mass of detailed information on the words and symbols employed to reach the American mind. There can

be little question that both sides have continuously utilized this channel for every kind of propaganda. However, from our viewpoint, the all-important difference is that totalitarian propaganda has been anti-democratic. It has sought to undermine our confidence in the future of the institutions which we live under. It has sneered at our defense effort; it has brazenly thrown our pacifism in our face when we found ourselves obliged to adopt the draft to cope with a potential Nazi threat.

How widely are these 'poison packages' accepted? Attempts to determine the extent of listening through our national opinion polls, the Gallup poll and the *Fortune* poll, have produced entirely inconclusive results. Interviewers ran into difficulties in getting people to admit that they were listening to such broadcasts. Naturally. Nor is it practicable to gauge the extent of such propaganda by the *number* of listeners. Through such broadcasts the Nazis suggest the *key symbols* which are then carried about throughout the land by their friends, their stooges, and even their enemies. 'America is a pluto-democracy' is a typical symbol. 'Roosevelt means Rosenfeld' is one of the more vicious anti-Semitic symbols. Other such word symbols are 'America for Americans, Europe for Europeans,' 'This is Europe's war,' 'The Jewish-controlled press,' 'Germany is fighting for the removal of an injustice,' 'It is good business to be on good terms with the winner,' and so forth. It would take us far afield to analyze the particular methods employed by the Nazis during their propaganda campaign to keep America out of the war, to weaken her internal unity, to slow down defense. It is important to keep in mind that this campaign is also designed to maintain the morale of Nazi supporters in this country. Surrounded as they are by a hostile American public, and depressed as they must be by our rapidly rising defense effort, the Nazi short waves reassure them day in and day out that

Hitler is going to win in the end — and add to that the wild idea that 'America is ours.'

Obviously this type of broadcast requires entirely different handling on our part. Since we cannot get at the source and hence cannot prevent its entering the country, so long as we are formally at peace, a continuous and vigorous effort to counteract the effect of these communications is essential. What is even more important is a comprehensive and large-scale attack upon Nazi confidence in the future.

A little while back the Council for Democracy, a national civic organization for the propagation of America's faith in the future of democracy, undertook a rather ingenious bit along these lines. Many people have been annoyed for some time by the extent to which Nazi printed propaganda was flooding this country at the expense of the American post office. All the Nazis had to do was to print it and stamp it; the rest was up to Uncle Sam and the countries between here and Berlin. Yet, all suggestions to stop this paper invasion of the United States by refusal to ship subversive material met with the reasonable, democratic reply from the postal authorities that we were bound by an international agreement under the International Postal Union. So the Council decided to test the agreement to see how far the totalitarians were living up to it. It composed a letter telling about what a fine country America was and how splendidly democracy was working in building up the defense arsenal, and so forth. This letter was mailed to considerable lists of persons in Naziland and the Soviet Union. The results have been what might be expected. As far as can be learned, these letters have not been received; in other words, the totalitarians have 'broken' the international agreement. Their bluff has been called. In a way, of course, this was a stunt. It was designed to teach the American public rather than the Nazi public, but it

points the way toward a much more comprehensive undertaking. It points toward a morale offensive for which we have not so far shaped any of the weapons, although it held a greater promise of keeping us out of war than any of the battleships and tanks which we have built with many times the amount needed.

Do I advocate, then, another Creel Committee? A Ministry of Propaganda to rouse the spirit of America? I do not. No matter what our judgment, historically, on the work of that famous committee and its brilliant chairman might be (more than forty out of about fifty leading scholars in law, government, economics, and history, consulted on this subject recently, were inclined to question its methods), there can be no doubt that its work has been the inspiration of the propaganda methods of the totalitarian powers. Goebbels has publicly acknowledged his indebtedness. While it may be the right tool for his kind, it did not fit into our democratic pattern. Mr. Creel himself recognized the failure. He found himself helplessly standing by while the fundamental idea that the Committee on Public Information had tried to sell the world—a democratic peace—was crushed beyond recognition. Mr. Creel blames this failure upon Congress. But Congress is part of the pattern of our democracy and reflects but the sentiments of the constituencies. Without cavil it must be admitted that the work of that committee has proved to be a boomerang as far as the defense of democracy is concerned.

What we do need and are slowly getting, as the Office of Government Reports under the able leadership of Mr. Lowell Mellett is expanding its work, is effective correlation and coördination of the information services of the several departments and agencies. Such a co-ordinated setup, unimaginable in 1917, is quite feasible today, since we have developed able staff workers in this field in practically all governmental offices.

These men know each other well and constitute an effective working fraternity. Coördination of their efforts is today an urgent necessity. It has become abundantly clear that lack of integration in the official 'news' of different government services causes cross eddies to develop in the public mind, resulting in confusion, even dismay. The public needs a clear sense of direction. Without it, the impression gets around that our defense effort is inept and inefficient. Such an impression will depress morale, particularly among those people who are already inclined to look with admiration upon the totalitarian systems, their skill and effectiveness.

IV

The most important and far-reaching task is still to be done in yet another field. No private organization or agency can possibly undertake it. What we must do is to sell democracy abroad, particularly in Europe. We must spread far and wide our own conviction that democracy is going to win in the end. We must have people realize that we here in America are aware of being engaged upon a gigantic enterprise, the biggest we have yet undertaken. We must speak out decisively to this effect: that the world-wide reaction of Fascism, of Hitlerism, of Stalinism, has dynamized America, has stirred the revolutionary embers of democratic faith in the future, has roused America to do whatever is necessary to destroy that reaction root and branch. The creation of a special unit to work with Latin America constitutes an important beginning. But the task in Europe and Asia is much more difficult, probably at least as important. Here the battle of the mind broadens to world-wide dimensions. As in other battles, so in this one the best defense is attack. In fact, ideas are the most potent weapons in the world, provided they are challenging, virulent, and firmly believed in.

This means that we must bring forward the best minds that can be had in America. Neither the mood of despondency of the 'lost generation' nor that smart-alecky contempt of thought so characteristic of the ensuing era can help us in this great crisis. Quite a few of the smartest boys have already turned into hysterical crybabies. Their adulation of success leaves them helpless in the face of the greatest success since Napoleon — Adolf Hitler. Fortunately this country is rich in real minds — poets and thinkers who can effectively bespeak the mind of America. It cannot be done in the self-satisfied manner of 1917-1918. Democracy is on trial, and its friends and believers will have to take a bold, self-critical stand today. The great depression has taught us a good deal; the rise of Hitler has taught us even more. There are deep underlying tensions in our society which we must face and fight. Anti-Semitism and other racial antagonisms, the plight of the unemployed and the general issue of the relations between labor and management — these and other 'failures' of contemporary society have provided the psychic decomposition upon which the totalitarian movements have fed. There can be little doubt that the oversanguine expectations raised during the last war by the too effective work of American propaganda led to the violent despair in Europe afterwards. In a sense the cradle of Hitlerism is to be seen in those exaggerated hopes. . . .

What can we do? What could such a morale offensive in Europe undertake in a practical way? I am not trying to give you a blueprint of the comprehensive campaign which needs to be plotted. I wish to mention but a few obvious things. I can already see the official in the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda bluepencil-ing this copy of the *Atlantic*, as he has done with all copies of the *Atlantic* since 1933. (Maybe, as he reads this, a little thought will creep into his mind as to whether the Nazis aren't going to be

licked after all.) We should broadcast twenty-four hours, in French and German, on the most powerful beam to Europe. We are now doing it for two hours a day — to make it easy for the Gestapo to catch the listeners, I suppose. These broadcasts should mix much music and other entertainment (such as The Free Company's plays) with continuous news and informational spots. Over and over we should repeat the facts of our defense effort. The statistical curves of rising production and outlay should be told over and over again. Opinions should be kept at a minimum. The Nazis who listen in are put on their guard by our telling them that Hitler in our opinion is a bad man; the haters of Hitler throughout Europe need not be told.

Why French and German? Because with these two languages you can reach practically every person on the Continent who matters at this time. For instance, NBC has had continuous listener response to its German broadcasts from Switzerland. If we had been alert to our opportunities, we should have been in Turkey, Malta, and Egypt rebroadcasting on long wave our material to Italy, the Balkans, even France, during all these months. Maybe we could have rocked Italian morale to the breaking point before the present disasters bolstered it once again. Even now such opportunities do exist.

We should continuously ship into Europe quantities of printed material, perhaps a weekly newspaper similar to that the Belgians got out during the World War, called *La Libre Belge*. Even if only one tenth of them reached their destination, they would spread new hope, a willingness to endure and to watch for opportunities to hamper the Nazi oppressors. We should also make certain that all American intermediaries who go to Europe for one purpose or another always think of themselves as emissaries of that new world which we in America are engaged in building.

But what is the use of all such efforts,

many will ask. Can you hope to overthrow Hitler by such methods? You certainly can not. The situation is very different from 1918, owing to the despotic secret-police rule, the terror of the Nazis. But it is of the utmost importance for us, in the long run, to maintain the morale of our friends, of the believers in a democratic future. How important it is you can see from the continuous efforts Hitler is making to destroy that confidence. He knows from the way he manhandled the German people how much depends for him upon making pulp of the hopes of those who do not accept his leadership. Obviously, what is good for him is bad for us. If we can maintain the morale of even limited sections of the people in France, in Belgium, in Czechoslovakia, in Greece, in Yugoslavia, in Holland, in Norway, in Poland, Spain, Austria, and even in Germany, we have gained just so many fighters for freedom at the decisive moment. Though these men and women are shackled right now, they will rise again. We must instill that confidence in them.

But perhaps even more urgent is the destruction of the morale of the Nazis themselves. An impossible task? I don't think so. It is unrealistic to assume that their confidence is unshakable. There are many indications to the contrary. Many Nazi chiefs have maintained bank accounts in foreign countries; even American banks are reputed to have such accounts. Numerous Nazis are interned in concentration camps; more have been executed. The propaganda of the Goebbels ministry is designed to keep the mass cheered as much as it is to terrorize the opponents, or to 'kid along' the lukewarm. A continuous morale offensive directed toward the Nazis and making them doubtful of the eventual outcome is going to be as decisive in the months and years ahead as the psychic support we give to the partisans of democracy in Europe. This argument holds as much or more for the would-be Nazis in the conquered nations, the Quislings, the

Lavals, and the rest. Why are they for Hitler? Because they believe him to be 'the future.' There were such German, Dutch, Swedish, Polish partisans of Napoleon a hundred and thirty years ago. They thought they saw, with Hegel, the world spirit riding on a white horse, when they saw the little Corsican charging along after he had won another one of his battles. Yet, Napoleon 'won all the battles.' But did he win the war? He lost it, because he was on the side of despotism, on the side opposed to the future of freedom. The mind of Europe could not be won to such a cause. So, the more battles he won, the more enemies he found rising against him. Then, too, the great minds were rallied to the cause of freedom. The poets and the thinkers of England, Germany, and Italy, of nations large and small, and even those of France (at that time the first victim of despotic reaction) rose and won the battle of the mind.

Life has since become much more highly organized. The methods of mass communication require skilled and technically effective utilization. No country has a larger reservoir of master technicians in these fields than America. No country is more clearly predestined to undertake this offensive and to organize it. Not merely by the power of words, but more especially by the power of deeds successfully communicated to the masses of Europe, can this battle of the mind be won. These masses are today overwhelmed by a feeling of helplessness against fate. The infection has begun to spread to our own shores. We can take care of it here in a more or less routine way through the ordinary processes of our democracy. But to stop the plague and to ban it we must go to the cause of it. That is why we need a department for propagating the firm conviction that democracy is going to win. Its weapons will be our ideas, and the facts about our deeds. Without this armory, America cannot be the arsenal of democracy that we have decided it shall be.

AIR POWER: A SPECIFIC PROPOSAL

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

WAR is the essence of violence; and moderation in war is imbecility!
— ADMIRAL LORD FISHER

I

THIS fateful spring finds us, whether by the will of the people, or of the Government, or of some destiny still obscure, irrevocably set upon a course from which there is no retreat. Rhetoric that was the lullaby of yesterday is giving way before an imperative need for action as it becomes daily more apparent that our security can be preserved only by a colossal and violent national effort.

In this wild race with disaster, it is no use crying over spilt milk. The incredibly precious time that has already been wasted requires that our national effort be just so much greater; we must accept that as a necessity. What we dare not accept is any more waste of time, any more of these self-inflicted handicaps. We must use every weapon, every brain, to the utmost.

Of all the terrible lessons bought for us by the blood and tears of Europe the most inescapable, the most persistently recurrent, is the lesson that a future for any country without Air Power simply does not exist. Incredible as it must seem at this late hour, it is a fact that the United States, the country which invented and which so brilliantly exploited the airplane, *is still without Air Power*. We have reached a point where the anodyne of words can no longer disguise the truth that in this very month, May 1941, we still have no central air policy, no responsible Air Department, no *adequate* plan of production for what, by right,

should be our mightiest reënforcement. We are using and planning to use only a part of what should be our deadliest weapon.

Implacable as Hitler is the factor of Time; instead of enlisting Time on our side, we have carelessly handed it — are still handing it — as a hostage to the foe. By this factor we must sink or swim. Not all our wealth, our good intentions, our frantic efforts, not any sacrifice, can substitute for Time.

No power on earth can launch the new two-ocean Navy inside the next four years. Two years is the fastest time in which we can mechanize the new army we are creating from scratch — and in any case we have no way of taking it anywhere. The *only* weapon that can conceivably be ready for us within a shorter time is airplanes, and these, if the unsentimental truth be known, we are turning out in insufficient quantity even to arm Great Britain, still less to assure our own protection should Britain lose the Battle of the Atlantic. Every month we delay, listening to palaver about rates of production that do not exist, every month we delay building vast plants that are needed, we are tossing away advantages as eventful for us as they were in 1940 for the conquered democracies. Had we to meet those same attacks today, no conceivable heroism could render our performance much more impressive than those of countries already ground beneath the Axis heel.

Our brave words, our defiant words, have been spoken. Irrevocably we have committed ourselves to the defense of the entire Western Hemisphere. Irrevocably we have pledged ourselves to the support of Britain, China, and the Dutch East Indies. We are united in the common cause of exterminating dictators, of wiping their blood lust from the face of civilization.

Can we honestly say that we are doing *all* we can to help? Can we honestly say that we are even today straining *every* effort to make good our patriotic words and pledges? Can we honestly assure our own people that their money is being spent to provide them with the greatest conceivable protection should foreign democracy collapse? This article is written in the belief that in this most vital issue of Air Power we cannot in all honesty give such assurances.

American Air Power this spring is represented by *less than 500 up-to-date bombers*. We do not possess as many good bombers in the Army and Navy combined as Germany produces in a single week. Nearly all our combat planes are going to Canada for transshipment, and as long as our own production is far below British needs we have insufficient planes available for our own air defense.

This, then, represents the sum of our national aviation policy to date. Dismaying as is this picture, however, such airplanes as we have or have not got on hand today are actually of far less importance than is our capacity to produce aircraft in the immediate future. In that capacity lies our main hope. We have hardly begun to use it. Nevertheless, this potential capacity is such that if we mobilize it now, this very month, along lines of common sense, we shall yet win the race.

Because of the confusion of our present policy and effort, all proposals set forth in this article have been authoritatively checked. They have been checked not by theorists, the so-called

'experts,' but by the hard-headed practical men who have played so large a part in making the American airplane the finest in the world. These men, in the Army Air Corps, in the Navy, in the OPM, in aircraft plants, are performing almost incredible feats every day of the year, *in spite* of a fantastic administrative muddle, *in spite* of Government and public ignorance. Thanks to the efforts of these men we are turning out more planes now than we were turning out last year. Unfortunately, our present production is peanuts compared with the production we need if the Axis is to be defeated.

There is nothing wrong with our plants. There are just not nearly enough plants, either operating or in sight. To any professional, the existing air program conveys no picture of true Air Power, either in quantity or in quality. It is the purpose of this article to make clear the specifications of true Air Power, and to propose the specific steps by which it may be achieved in the brief time we have left.

The program will require the swift sweeping away of an inherited muddle. It will require radical steps taken on a radical scale. It will require, in the simplest words, that we give Aviation its head.

II

When time is so precious, any rational plan must possess the fundamental quality of being *practicable*. The first consideration, therefore, is: What is our policy, and what are the tools we have on hand to work with? This requirement swiftly rules out a whole raft of glib generalities. Mr. Henry Ford has proclaimed that his company can make 1000 planes a day; another man promised that Detroit could turn out 500 planes a day. Every aviation man knows that, in the sense in which they spoke, neither of these men knew what he was talking about. Both statements omitted the facts that we should have no machine

tools and raw materials for such production, no engines, no mechanics, no pilots, and no airports to take care of such a fantastic output. Such statistics get us nowhere.

Our actual capacity to produce is as follows:—

	War Planes	Training Planes	Total
1941 (balance)....	7,000	7,000	14,000
1942 (all)	22,000	8,000	30,000

Numbers by themselves, where airplane strength is concerned, are meaningless. Clamor for more and more numbers is equally meaningless. To be gratified by 1000 or 2000 planes a month is to walk on quicksand. *The all-important factor is the type.* In other words, if the planes are not of a type useful in our great emergency, they are useless. To lump all types of war planes together into one total is as sensible as counting battleships and ferryboats on an equal basis. No one has ever taken the trouble to make a breakdown *for the public* of the word 'airplane' in the manner in which naval power is defined as battleship, destroyer, submarine, and so forth. Yet the airplane is subdivided into as many different types, not one of which is truly interchangeable with another.

Countries in the present situation of England require a certain number of swift pursuit planes, to tackle enemy bombers that take off a bare hundred miles away. Owing to the first insistence of the British on such planes, our plants are loaded up with pursuit production. In the meantime, the British have greatly raised their own capacity as regards swift pursuit planes, and now they are asking for United States bombers. This is largely because pursuits, being defensive weapons, cannot strike the German bases, and partly because big bombers can be flown across the Atlantic while pursuits have to go over in ships. As sinkings increase, the pursuits begin to pile up on Canadian docks; this is already the case.

Countries in the situation of the United States have no present use for more than a nominal quantity of pursuits, since enemy bombers cannot reach us in large numbers unless brought in ships, or flown from Western Hemisphere bases established by ships. Our own specific need is for tremendous bombing power, at long distance, so that we can sink every hostile ship that approaches our shores or seeks to establish air bases. Wherever we turn, to the defense of the Panama Canal, to the protection of the West Coast, to the policing of our end of the convoy lanes, we find the need for striking great blows with heavy bombers in the Pacific, the Atlantic, or the Caribbean, far from the central homeland. The British are now in a parallel situation. Their pursuits can help to ward off enemy attacks, but *only* the heavy bombers, smashing at the heart of the Nazi industry in plants a thousand miles away from England, can win this war for them. The British Navy cannot reach the factories; the British Army cannot invade Germany against infinitely superior forces. But it is a stupid sophistry to cite this fact as a reason why the British cannot win the war; these obstacles can be overleaped by great air power applied at the vital sources of Nazi machine power.

Our present capacity in bombers of all types is as follows:—

1941 (balance).....	2500
1942 (all) *.....	9000

*About 75 per cent of these are long-range bombers. The figures naturally omit any plants still in the discussion stage.

We see at a glance a very serious situation. For aid to Britain, for the maintenance of sea power during the four years while our Navy is building, for the vital defense of our own country and of South America should Britain lose, we have need of a great force of planes adapted to these specific requirements. We have not got them. The planned capacity will not get them *in time*. This is the heart of the problem.

As long ago as January 1940, and again last October, the writer advocated in this magazine a program for the immediate construction of long-range heavy bombers in large numbers. The program is still unfilled, although today our need for it is even more desperate. The existing program, quoted above, is hopelessly inadequate. We need at least 15,000 additional heavy bombers per year, if we are to have the control of *crushing hitting power* either for supply to Britain, or, if she falls, to weld into an Air Striking Force for our own protection. To the layman our present aircraft factories may appear awe-inspiring and vast; to the professional they are not nearly awe-inspiring or vast enough.

Even 10,000 long-range bombers in actual service would give us control of such hitting power as no other nation has ever possessed. It is improbable that any country but ours could produce it *in time*. With it, the United States could make the Western Hemisphere invulnerable; no enemy could ever reach our shores, and we should have offset our urgent need for greater floating sea power. With it, the British could grind German industry to pulp and terminate German sea and air power at the source. With it, this war can be won more rapidly, more economically in life and billions, than by any other means.

The first step of our program, then, is a clear-cut aviation policy, embodying the immediate construction of real striking power, as compared with a hodge-podge of little planes started in the first confusion of the war.

III

To do this means raising our 1942 bomber production from 9000 to at least 25,000 — a gigantic task. Mass production of airplanes, like that of other complicated machines, requires a long period of tooling up and construction before a

single plane can be produced. It requires, further, a tremendous feat of organization, working constantly against time. To get mass production of the planes we need involves the determination of standardized types of long-range bombers, which in turn involves decisions on new factories, engine supply, parts supply, tools for mass production, and the organization of skilled labor to handle such tools. The program then moves on to include creating a Striking Force, training pilots and crews, establishing operating bases, and simultaneously devising greatly expanded arrangements for flying bombers to Britain.

It stands to reason that no body of men, however able, can be expected to assume responsibility for carrying out such a program without full authority and full power. The difficulties are stupendous enough without bucking the fetters of red tape and departmental politics into the bargain. Aviation must be given a free rein, not crippled with checks imposed by the very forces that have landed us in our present tragic muddle. We must, in short, divorce our national aviation from the War Department.

Whatever its intentions, it is a fact that since the days of Kitty Hawk the War Department has never properly understood Air Power; there is little evidence that it ever will understand it. With the horrible object lessons of the past two years right before its nose, it is still under the delusion that the essential function of American Air Power is to back up land forces. It is still devoted to the principle that 'air power cannot *hold terrain*.' That Hitler, arming from scratch a bare six years ago, has conquered most of Europe on a directly opposite theory — that of a mechanized army exploiting a gigantic air offensive — has still to register with the War Department. With the finest designers and constructors in the world at its command, with time and money for the asking, it has yet succeeded in strand-

ing us in this fateful spring with no real Air Power at all.

The second step of our program is therefore a separate Air Department, headed by a Cabinet officer ranking equally with the Secretaries for the Army and Navy. When each of the three services is run as an equal and self-contained unit, two grave hazards will have been eliminated at a single stroke: first, interference by the War Department in matters pertaining to true Air Power; second, and equally important, the danger of any interference by the Air Department in regard to the combat planes that are integral parts of the Army and Navy units. (In the particular case of the Navy, it would be insane to permit any Air Department interference with the design, construction, and operation of naval aircraft. The Navy is our outer bastion of defense. The Air Striking Force will become such; the two must work intimately — but they will never be wholly the same. The Navy has special needs, special methods in which officers undergo a lifetime of training. Naval commanders are the best judges of what they want in naval aircraft. Nothing must interfere with these men, afloat this very month in ships which represent all we have in sea power, which may actually be fighting long before our Air Striking Force is ready. The British did irreparable harm to their naval and land air forces by consolidation. It is a lesson from which we may profit.)

It is also true that upon the actual day of battle there must be unity of command. It is a cardinal principle of war that a commander must be able to exert the greatest possible strength at a chosen point. This means that in a great sea battle the commanding admiral must have complete tactical control of all forces used against the enemy; and in a land battle the commanding general must have similar control, so that every tactical force can be utilized in one great scheme.

IV

The first and mandatory task of the new Air Department must be that of getting the necessary bombers into actual service.

With so little time left, we can no longer afford the luxury of experimenting with different types, of which we now have *over fifty in actual production*. We must standardize the most modern type of bomber, the performance of which is reliably known to us, the military usefulness of which is the best that can now be established, and which, above all, can be secured in time. The next thing to be done is to 'freeze' the design to permit of mass production at the earliest possible moment.

Before proceeding with the program, it is as well to clarify what we mean by 'standardizing a type' in its relationship to Air Striking Power. The first question that arises in standardizing anything, be it factory, warship, or bomber, is: What is this thing expected to *do*? Only when we have decided that are we able to decide on something that fits the specific bill.

In the case of our bomber we have seen that the main thing it must be able to do, in Europe, is to smash munition and industrial plants that are located far from England. If our aid to Britain comes too late, it is vitally necessary that *our main Air Power be suitable for our own defense*, which is not the case in our present program. The new bombers, operating in our own defense, must therefore be able to strike decisively against oncoming *ships*, or against bases already established by *ships*.

Now the bombing of ships is radically different from any other type of bombing. In the first place, the largest ship seen from the air is a mere pinpoint upon the surface of the sea. It changes course as rapidly as it can to confuse the bomber, and, if it is a warship, it will be heavily armed and perhaps armored. No secret Army bombsight yet devised

is so accurate that it can guarantee to hit a ship from high altitude. Moreover, unlimited ceilings can rarely be depended upon; a thousand feet or so is a common winter ceiling at sea, and such medium-altitude bombing invites heavy shellfire. First, therefore, we must plan on a bomber that can deliver its bombs or torpedoes very accurately from a distance of a few hundred feet, by means of glide bombing, underneath the anti-aircraft shellfire and at the highest possible speed to reduce casualties from machine-gun fire.

Secondly, we must consider the kind of bombs our standard model will have to carry, since different targets demand different bombs. Troops, for instance, are best attacked by quantities of small bombs to produce the same 'scatter' as a shotgun. Small factories, houses, airports, and so forth, require medium bombs. A merchant ship can be sunk with 500-pound bombs. For our problem — against an objective of armored warships or of concrete bases — there is only one answer: *heavy* bombs. It is a deeply important and fundamental truth of Air Power that a battleship can be peppered all day with 500-pound bombs and still escape vital damage. To sink or damage a battleship vitally, she must be hit repeatedly by the explosive equivalent of a great many broadsides from other battleships.

A 15-inch bombardment shell weighs about 2000 pounds, of which 1850 pounds is steel and 152 pounds is explosive. A full-size torpedo contains 500 pounds of high explosive and 1500 pounds of mechanism. A 2000-pound bomb contains 55 per cent explosive — 1100 pounds. This enormous step-up in explosives is at the expense of piercing power. Thus we see that, to be disabled, a powerful ship must be attacked by large numbers of heavy bombs, each weighing at least 2000 pounds, dropped directly on her decks or close enough alongside to open her plates, as by a torpedo. The bigger the individual

bomb, the greater the damage. It is hard to overstate the tremendous importance of big bombs.

The second requirement of our standard bomber, therefore, must be an ability to carry at least two 2000-pound bombs, the explosive equivalent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ times a battleship's entire broadsides of ten 15-inch guns. Already we have reduced our 'standard type' to a weight-carrying bomber that can deliver a deadly blow from the height of a few hundred feet.

The third and final requirement is range. In bad weather it is difficult to locate from the air even a substantial number of ships, and, since bad weather provides no immunity from surface attack, it stands to reason that the farther away we can intercept such attack, the better for us it will be. If a bomber has a working radius of 1000 miles (about three hours' flying) that is the equivalent of three days and nights of steaming by surface warships, and that in turn would mean that for seventy-two hours any oncoming enemy fleet could be subjected to a pitiless and devastating aerial pounding before it could reach our shores. Were it to turn back, say, at 750 miles, it would mean that for ten hours, even at emergency speed, it would have to retreat through a similar barrage before it could escape the bomber range. During this fateful ten hours, a 10,000-plane Striking Force could deliver the explosive equivalent of 1000 broadsides from each of our fifteen battleships.

Our standard type has now roughly crystallized in the three main essentials, type, weight, and range. The type is equally adaptable for use over Europe or the sea. We must freeze the design for a weight-carrying bomber that can operate at low altitude and be able to strike at distances up to 1000 miles without cutting down on bomb load. This automatically eliminates all the little planes. They cannot carry two tons and they cannot fly anything like a thousand miles from their bases. It eliminates the 10,000-mile-range superbombers like

the four-engined Douglas B-19, for these take nearly a year apiece to build. Because of present shortage of pilots and engines, our standard type cannot afford a crew of more than three men; nor can it afford more than two 2000-2500 horsepower air-cooled engines. These engines are sufficient to maintain a cruising speed of over 300 miles per hour at economical transit altitude of 20,000 feet.

This performance represents the extreme of present two-engined practicality, but it is entirely feasible. It is, in fact, only an extension of the existing Martin B-26. The proposed performance of this standard type is so good that the design can be frozen in series of thousands of planes, without waiting for Tomorrow. It is true that, even as they are built, planes become obsolete, but it is equally true that the surface ships we may have to repel are not going to steam any faster.

The third step of our program, then, is the standardizing of types of airplanes specifically adapted to our actual needs, whether in Europe or in the Western Hemisphere.

V

With a policy, an Air Department, and standard types, the next move is to let contracts immediately for the building of our Striking Force bombers. The building of the plants alone will require a minimum of six to nine months from the date of the decision. The bottlenecks are going to be procurement of skilled labor and procurement of machine tools. In order to specify the machine tools and to erect enough buildings to house them, the Air Department must know exactly how many Striking Force bombers it must construct per year. It is no use being overambitious. We can only build the number of bombers for which we have labor, crews, airports, mechanics, spares, and, above all, proven engines.

If our main Air Power were set at

10,000 of the new Striking Force standard bombers, plus reserves, such a number would be within the realm of practical achievement. We have seen that we should possess a hitting power of 20,000 tons of bombs per twelve daylight hours at extreme range, while for shorter range, where our bombers could undertake more than one round trip a day, the hitting power would go up to 30,000 or 40,000 tons a day. Again, the maximum number of Axis warships that can be assembled at any time in 1941, 1942, and 1943 cannot exceed 100 powerful vessels. Even at extreme range, the hitting power suggested would be the explosive equal of 145 battleship broadsides delivered against each enemy ship. This would give us an enormous margin on the day of battle. Thus we see the crushing effect with which this striking power could be used, either by the British or by ourselves. Deriving our figures from the facts, then, the ultimate Air Striking Force might be set at a figure of 10,000 planes, with reserves.

In view of the everlasting urgency to get even a substantial part of this Striking Force ready in time, and to maintain the 10,000 constant strength, the new plants must be able to produce not less than 15,000 of our standard bombers per year. By mid-1942 we should have at least 5000 of them available for the British or for ourselves; by the end of 1942 we should be at full strength, we should be able to maintain it, and Great Britain as well as the United States would be safe.

The fourth step of our program is therefore the immediate erection of plants to produce not less than 15,000 Striking Force bombers per year, beginning six to nine months hence.

VI

This entire scheme for American Air Power, for an Air Department, for a Striking Force, for a Standard Type, for huge new factories, will bog down

and be a dismal failure unless the fundamental policy is laid out and adhered to with unswerving resolution. The policy is the main prop of the whole effort.

For proof, we have only to glance at the immediate past and at the present. We have seen that we have less than 500 modern bombers on hand; during 1940 we exported about 1000 bombers to Britain; therefore, even if we had given no aid to Britain, we should still have no effective Air Power worthy of the name!

No one department of government has had a monopoly of this unrealistic attitude. The Congress has voted expenditures which already total nearly double our outlay in the previous World War. These expenditures include very large sums for aviation, made without any real understanding of the necessities. In March 1940, the Air Corps asked for 1000 combat planes. The House cut this down to 57, the Senate raised it to 166. In September of the same year, the Congress voted 18,000!

In Air Power, the Nazis have shown the big conception. To follow mod-

erately in their footsteps is to ensure the endless miseries of a long war. To annihilate them as quickly as possible, and as cheaply as possible in life and treasure, requires a much larger conception of Air Power than anything of which the Nazis and their friends are capable. That should suit us. No other country in the world is more in its element than the United States when face to face with the stupendous. It is apathetic in small objectives, wasteful and casual to a degree incomprehensible to other nations, but nothing captures American imagination more completely than to challenge it with the impossible. We lag in little things, but show us a Panama Canal, a Boulder or Grand Coulee Dam, a Ship a Day, Five Million Cars a Year, and no other nation in the world can touch us. Air Power is our present challenge.

There is nothing here that is in any way beyond our capability, but we have to *do* it, not *talk* it!

We might recall the watchword of the stern old Admiral who beat the Germans in the last war: 'Hit first! Hit hard!! Keep on hitting!!!'

REAFFIRMATION

BY ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

I

I BEGAN to write this article as a reply to my critics. It has, however, turned out to be not a reply but a reaffirmation of what I believe. Replies are dull reading and seldom important. If the criticism is obvious misuse and distortion, it is unnecessary to reply to it. 'It is not our business,' said Yeats of bitter criticism, 'to reply to this and that, but to set up our love and indignation against their pity and hate.'

On the other hand, every sincere criticism must be weighed in the heart. Here the writer can learn, and gratefully. I have never yet written anything that I did not feel could have been better done with more time, with a second or rather with a ninety-ninth attempt. These errors might be corrected, if anyone would be interested. But most corrections are excessively boring. Even dramatic ones get scant attention. We all know the classic example of the worthy clergyman whose name was smirched in a scandalous front-page story in the newspapers. When his friends were able to get a retraction printed on a back page, it read somewhat as follows: 'Instead of being arrested yesterday as we stated, for kicking his wife down a flight of stairs and hurling a lighted kerosene lamp after her, Reverend James P. Wells died unmarried four years ago.' I am afraid I should have nothing so dramatic to present by way of correction. In fact, I could correct nothing at all in belief, only in its expression.

I write really, then, because of that

urge to say what one believes passionately, and to say it again and again. To say it better and clearer and more fully, if possible, but even if it is said awkwardly and baldly — still to say it again until it is understood. For statements of belief seem to me essential to a democracy. If the statement is considered, if it comes from the depths of sincerity, if it is honest, it can be looked at, it can be accepted or tossed aside; it is not deception, and deception is the real sin in speaking or writing to a free people. Belief in democracy is based on the faith that the average man has a right to judge the path his country is to follow, and that within him, somewhere, lies the insight to make the best choice. This is not to say he is infallible, but that through trial and error, mistakes and suffering, education and practice, he is able to govern himself. The principle of the vote is based on this conception — this confidence in the judgment of the average man. If this is not true in America; if he must be guarded and pampered and fed a predigested political pap; if he must be told what to think and what not to think; if he is not free to select and reject; if he can no longer tell the good from the evil, the true from the false; if the choice must be dictated to him from an 'elite,' from an all-knowing, all-seeing power at the top — then we are no longer a democracy. Free speech is based on the conception, not only that every man has a right to speak what he believes, but that every man has the right and the

innate power to choose what belief to accept and what to reject. It is based, as the Christian conception, on the spark of divinity in man.

With this concept in mind, I write again what I believe and what I have stated in *The Wave of the Future*. I do not say everyone must accept my belief, or that the people who don't accept it are cowards, liars, and traitors. I only say: This is my point of view. I have tried to state it as clearly and honestly as I can. This is the conviction of one sincere citizen. Accept it or reject it in the spirit of American tolerance and independence. That is what matters most.

But there is another reason for this article. When I wrote my book, I did not envisage it as a political pamphlet. I did not fasten it as temporally or locally to this or that particular issue, as many of my critics have done. It was, just as it said, a confession of faith in the future of America. Personally I do not think that the future of America, or of the world, will be best served by entering the present war in Europe, but my book was not concerned alone with the issue of war and peace, today and tomorrow. When one sets down a general faith for the future, one is not thinking in terms of this or that bill, or such and such a politician's speech. One is thinking, literally, into the future and trying to voice a philosophy for that future, a fresh turn of face and of heart. But in the course of the discussions of my book many questions have come up and many assumptions have been made on where the book stands on this and that temporal issue. To deal with them all I should have to write another book, but some of the questions I have answered here, and some of these assumptions I have corrected, in the course of restatement.

II

A restatement should start, I feel, with a definition of the title of the book, *The Wave of the Future*, that fluid, elu-

sive, and protean symbol which has been used to mean whatever the critic desires. What does the 'Wave of the Future' mean? Is it, as many people have carelessly and falsely assumed, an 'inevitable' wave of Communism, Fascism, and Naziism to which we must bow down in abject submission? No, certainly not. To me, the Wave of the Future is none of these things. It is, as I see it, a movement of adjustment to a highly scientific, mechanized, and material era of civilization, with all its attendant complications, and as such it seems to me inevitable. I feel that we must face this Wave; that we must not be overwhelmed by it, as Europe has been; that we must, on the contrary, ride it — not only ride it, but *guide* it. Obviously, the image of a wave, from a literary standpoint, is difficult. A physical wave of the ocean, strictly speaking, cannot be guided, whereas the abstract wave of ideas, of emotions, of events, to some extent can be controlled. The control of this abstract wave was the course I proposed for our country, and what might be called the central thesis of my book. I feel we must 'guide' the Wave of the Future. 'Guiding' a wave — to toss exact literary parallels to the winds — does not mean lying down prostrate on the beach and letting it pound you into the sand. Quite the opposite. It means taking advantage of that wave and controlling it with all the powers at your disposal. It means meeting the changes that are coming in the world before they are forced upon us by cataclysms and violence. That great changes are coming seems to me inescapable — inescapable with or without war, with or without the dictators, for we have set these changes in motion ourselves.

The waves that are inevitable are those we create ourselves, those which follow certain actions of our own, like the waves which ripple back in ever-widening circles from a stone thrown into a pool. The Wave of the Future — and there is always one — is a wave of effect

following cause. The causes, it seems to me, go back to actions of our own in the last century, to the impact of science on the delicately balanced life of man. In this sense, science is the stone which we ourselves have thrown into the pool of custom. And it is the wave created by this impact that we are confronting today and whose challenge we must meet. I do not say we must meet it in the same way as the dictator-governed nations. I oppose that way from the depths of my conviction. But I think they have had their ear to the ground better than we. They have sensed the changes in the economic, social, mechanistic, and even psychological fields, and have exploited these changes to their own ends. It does not seem to me a wise policy either in war or in peace to overlook or underrate the weapons your opponent is using, in whatever field they may occur. Because your enemy may use them for evil does not mean you may not use them for good. I hoped and I still hope that we may meet this wave in our own way, quickly enough and ably enough to avoid the chaos which resulted from the failure to meet it in Europe. The conception behind the early reforms of the New Deal was certainly an attempt to meet and ride this Wave of the Future, and, as such, was greeted with hope by a majority of forward-looking people. But I am afraid any such attempts may be jeopardized now by our launching blindly into a world war.

It is true, of course, as someone has said, that one must deal not only with the wave but with the scum on its surface — as I defined the evils in Fascism. Certainly it is necessary to deal with the scum; but I feel that if we do not deal with the wave first we shall have no power to deal with the scum. We must prepare ourselves not only with planes, tanks, guns, and battleships, but also with strength in our own internal conditions, or the scum will overwhelm us, not from abroad, but here at home.

Scum is everywhere; it is not just

personified in devils across the ocean; it is in our midst. I believe we have obvious and terrible problems here at home, problems which have arisen from our failure to adjust physically, mentally, and spiritually to the modern material world. These problems, if they go unsolved, will bring with them, I feel, their horrible reactions and antidotes — as night follows day — reactions which we see so plainly abroad. I do not belittle the scum. I look with horror on those evils we see in Europe: the suppression of free speech, of free action, the relinquishing of individual rights to the control of one man, the end of democratic government, the wielding of hate as a weapon, the unrestricted use of force and terror, mob riots, class warfare, racial and religious persecution. I note with growing concern their rise here, following like a steady thermometer the rise of war fever. It is just because I oppose these evils from the bottom of my heart that I oppose the war. I believe our entering a war abroad, a war for which we are not prepared either externally or internally, will be the quickest way of bringing those evils upon us. Then, indeed, we may be overwhelmed by the Wave of the Future, scum and all, unable to guide it, unable to control it, unable — in other words — to impose order on the chaos of a revolutionary era.

III

When I call the present period revolutionary, I apply the word to the whole period we are going through and not simply to one or another element of it. And when I say I believe the revolution is in its essence good, I mean that the effort to adjust to the mechanized world is a necessary one. And I believe the world which will be evolved from this gigantic effort will be a better one than the world in which we are living today.

My critics say that what is occurring in Germany is not revolutionary in essence, but reactionary. Here I agree

with them. Yes, I would say, it is reactionary, in the root-sense of the word. But what is it a reaction against? The interventionists speak of Naziism as a scourge. Perhaps it is a scourge for the Democracies, but is it an accidental scourge? A 'wave of chance'? I do not believe so. Why did it come? It has often been said that it came as an outgrowth of the last war with all its pitiful failures, hardships, and attendant miseries. I think this is perhaps true, but it seems to me only a half-truth. Is it not possible that Naziism has come not only as a result of evils within Germany but also as a terrible antidote to other weaknesses in the Democracies themselves — as a fever is sometimes necessary to drive out a disease? Had we really been strong Democracies, had we really lived up to what we believed democracy was, would there ever have been any Naziism? This was the question I was trying to pose. I wrote my book in the hope that we might be able to cure ourselves of the diseases attacking democracy without such a terrible corrective as we see in Europe today.

If one looks at history momentarily through the lens of a simplified theory — a theory once suggested to me by my father — one can see man's long and painful struggle for good government as a struggle to adjust two conflicting desires: his desire for freedom and his desire for order. Both desires are good, but both carried to extremes are evil. Freedom at any price becomes selfishness, licentiousness, lack of standards, and eventually chaos. Order at any price becomes regimentation, intolerance of any dissenting voice in creed, race, thought, or action. Perfect order becomes tyranny, but perfect freedom (in the imperfect state to which human beings have so far evolved) becomes anarchy. It takes a balance of the two to create a good government. No theory should be accepted too rigidly or carried too far, but in the original vision of Communism there was much which seemed like

a striving towards freedom at any price, while Fascism certainly looks at this distance like order at any price. I believe that democracy attempts to be that perfect mean between order and freedom. But if it lapses into a democracy in which each man is out for himself, in which there is no sense of responsibility, no willingness to sacrifice for the common good, in which there is no self-discipline or self-control, is this the perfect mean? And can it survive? I am not saying we have reached this state of decay, but I do say that the seeds of such decay are in us and were in all the Democracies before this war started. And I say that, unless we wage war on them here at home, there is no use in our waging war for democracy abroad. Decay will come faster than conquest.

It is for this reason that I have opposed our entrance into this war. It is not that I am insensible to the plight of England. I believe we should help England. My heart draws me to help those people I love and admire; my spirit tells me that the world would be a poor one without an England and without those qualities which are imbedded in English culture: justice, tolerance, and compassion. But my mind asks me if the prolongation and expansion of this war will contribute to their survival. My mind asks me to think of the objectives in this conflict and to consider how they may best be obtained. My mind demands of me the practical ends and aims of the struggle which we are encouraging and in which we may become actively involved. Like thousands of other citizens, I want Britain to survive. But to commit our country, especially in its present state of internal and external unpreparedness, to the reconquering of all of Europe and possibly Asia and Africa seems to me to be setting up an objective hopelessly beyond our range.

Of course it is courageous to fight impossible battles against hopeless odds. There are times when a man prefers to die fighting rather than submit to the

conditions imposed upon him. But the aim in conflict is to fight successfully — to survive. Sheer courage is not enough; it must be combined with other elements of human character. The man who sets out to fly the ocean with a faulty engine, and insufficient fuel to reach his objective, may be courageous; but his courage alone will not take him across. He lacks another vital element — intelligence. He has substituted wishful thinking for clear thinking. He has not kept his mind on the objective, or he would have been better prepared to gain it.

We also have objectives. We want the 'way of life' embodied in our own and in English culture to survive. We have said that we want to establish a world in which the four freedoms — freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear — can flourish in peace and security. But can we reach these objectives by entering a war unprepared to wage it successfully? Are we bringing them nearer by prolonging a bloody struggle to universal exhaustion with the prostration of all Europe and possibly our own country as a result? Are not those four freedoms and that 'way of life' more likely to be destroyed than saved by such a course? And may it not bring to England, whom we want to help, to America, and to the democratic countries all over the world, conditions possibly worse than those in Germany we condemn? Should we not approach our objective more nearly by putting the strength of our influence behind an undefeated England for a negotiated peace than by pushing a hard-pressed empire still farther down the path to ruin?

IV

I do not overlook the horrors of war, of aggression, of tyranny. How can any living soul in the world today overlook them? Who can watch his own children without thinking of maimed and mutilated children in the slums of London? Who can sit down to a meal without

thinking of the families facing their dwindling ration of bread in Europe? Who can enter his own door without thinking of refugees, homeless, driven, and hunted from nation to nation? Who can even look at the sun rising or setting without considering what deaths that day has brought to countless soldiers in the field of battle? Not one instant of the day is free from the thought of war and its horrors. Even beauty is darkened by it. A full moon riding through a cloudless sky brings thoughts of the shining and vulnerable roofs of cities. There is no shred of beauty left — even in America — which is untouched by the tragedies of our time.

Certainly one feels things. Who can do otherwise if he reads the daily newspapers? But it is not enough to feel, to be shocked, to strike out blindly. One must think, and one must try to think without hate and without anger, for these only muddy thought and obstruct action. One must search and ask: How can these things be stopped? How can they be alleviated? How, finally, can they be prevented? One must consider deeply in one's heart whether the course one advocates, in emotion, will increase or decrease the miseries both here and abroad; whether it will stop them, or prolong them; whether it will contribute fundamentally to their permanent solution.

This is essentially what my book asked. It asked people to try to look at the world and world issues quietly and objectively. Even in an emergency — especially in an emergency — it is better not to lose one's head. It said that possibly the world is more complicated than this cartoon before our eyes, slashed in stark black and stark white. It said that possibly we had been taking too narrow a view of the world situation; that possibly there were other causes and other solutions than the obvious and much-heralded ones. It suggested that our dangers were internal rather than external, and that if we did not solve the

internal ones first we might not be able to solve the external ones. It advocated a reappraisal and a reaffirmation of our own standards and beliefs to meet the changing world. It did not in any sense set up 'the new order of Fascist Europe' as a pattern to copy, or call that new order 'the Wave of the Future,' or say that such an 'order' was all-powerful, inevitable, and permanent. On the contrary, I cannot believe that Europe will permit itself to be permanently governed under certain of the precepts of that philosophy. If Europe is governed in a period of peace by the same rules that Germany has imposed on her own and conquered peoples in a period of revolution and war, that continent will never function successfully or prosperously, even for Germany. Prosperity is not a flower which grows from oppression. Burke preached this principle two hundred years ago when he urged upon the English government more tolerant treatment of the American colonies. The Nazi Order, as far as we can judge it from literature, speeches, threats, and present examples, will have to moderate or it will fall. It is not built on principles that are lasting. For that reason alone, if not for many others, we should not copy it.

I do feel, however, that we should set about to evolve a new and better world of our own to face the Nazi challenge: a world which can be a stronghold for those virtues, those faiths, and those beliefs which are fast disappearing from the globe; a world which, by its example, can point the way forward to another era, which can use the new forces of our time for good and not for evil. The shaping of such a world will certainly take vision, faith, and tremendous courage. It is not a policy of apathy and ease, but of effort and initiative. It will have to be a profound renewal, a 'peaceful revolution.' But peaceful revolution does not mean violent change. It means, to

my mind, revolution in the sense used by a modern poet who defined it as 'the conquering of abuses for the benefit of the deepest tradition.'

The 'deepest tradition' I take here arbitrarily to be not only the American tradition but the Christian one. The revolution that will have to take place over the world before it can again begin its march forward seems to me not alone the conquest of machine by man, but much more deeply the conquest of spirit over matter. The material world has outstripped us, and we must try to make up our lost ground. No one, it is true, or no period has yet been able to make the perfect adjustment of spirit to matter. In one age spiritual values seem to predominate, and in another, material. But is it fantastic to hope that in America we might be able to approach a better solution than ever before? We have in our heritage and in our temperament both the man of action and the dreamer; both the practical man and the visionary, the technician and the mystic. Might not America, with her peculiar advantages of geographical situation, of temperament, of heredity, and of culture, be able to work out some of the old, old problems of man, and, in doing so, give her greatest possible contribution to civilization?

The future that I envisage for America, and in which I voice faith, is not an arid isolationism nor yet the golden bubble of imperialism. I envisage America as a light to other nations, but not as a firebrand, spreading here and there. Of course the light must be guarded. It must be fed. But it can only be fed at its source. It must be kept burning clear and bright so that it may shine over great distances and be a guide to strangers many miles away. But a light does not need to be scattered over wide areas to shine a great distance. What it needs is *height*. 'A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.'

WHAT WE FIGHT FOR

BY CLEVELAND AMORY

I

DURING the last war a young reserve officer was called into active service and sent to Fort Meade, Maryland. His first assignment there turned out to be the supervision of several hundred conscientious objectors.

The men were, he found, among the most militant men in camp, and they objected so often and so conscientiously to so much that they were a great problem. Finally they refused to wait on table. In despair the young officer arranged a conference between the leader of the men and the mess sergeant, a soldier of an older school.

'Let me tell you something,' said the leader of the objectors, starting right in on the mess sergeant. 'This is a capitalistic war.'

'Yes,' said the mess sergeant, who had heard this before. 'Well, let me tell you something. It's the only one we've got.'

That was a 1917 wisecrack. But, as we see it in 1941, it has a point that is serious. First, though, let us say that we are not proposing to speak for youth in numbers any more than we are proposing to speak for old age in numbers, and that we do not know anybody who knows anybody who has ever been interviewed by Dr. Gallup. Our 'we' is editorial.

We see that America is challenged. There are those who have told us that America is not challenged, and we have listened to them for a long time. We have listened to them since they dissuaded the United States Senate from

ratifying the Covenant of the League of Nations. We still listen to them as we have always listened to them, attentively, because the story they have for us is a story we like to hear.

But we no longer believe them. We have looked at the map and the record and we have judged for ourselves. We have found that the policy of American isolation is as hollow as the ring of the voices that still cry for it. They are old-guard voices and they are fighting a rear-guard action. They tell old wives' tales. We have learned, whether by our will or against it, that we are living not alone in a country but together in a world — that, whatever may be the matter with the world, it is our matter, and it is our matter now.

We have then been told, after it has been admitted that we are in 'the most desperate crisis this country has ever known,' that we are facing such a crisis without faith.

We do not believe this either. And we say that those who call us faithless would not see the kind of faith they are looking for if they waited until an enemy bombed Kansas City. We say this because the kind of faith they are looking for is not the kind of faith we have.

We have no fanatical, wild-eyed faith — no panacea, no total, complete goal. We have no faith that can be spread by the armored division and the dive bomber. We have no signs telling ten-year-old boys at camps that they were born to die for their country. We do not even

have any of those camps. Tomorrow we do not rule the world.

Perhaps we should not use the word 'faith' for what we have. Certainly it cannot be expressed by any one word — least of all by any one word with an 'ism' on the end of it. Even the word 'Americanism,' if it means anything, means something we do not want too much of. And if we must have slogans we will not say 'Strength through Joy' — we would rather sing 'Yes, we have no bananas.'

There is, though, an idea in America. It is a very simple and undramatic idea. It is an idea that cannot be spread by force because it has nothing to do with fear. It is an idea that plain, ordinary people, free people, — not one group of them or two groups of them or any number of groups of them, but all of them, — giving to their majority the right to say 'yes' and their minority the right to say 'no' — that these people can in time and with tolerance work out for themselves a better government than has ever been worked out for any people in any country. That idea is what we have.

II

What we have is, in fact, something so simple and undramatic that it can easily be taken for granted. And when it is challenged — and it is exactly what is now being challenged — there are those who wonder what it is. Perhaps, in the face of every example before us, there will be those who will go on wondering what it is until they have lost it — and then, when it is later than they thought and too late, they will know what it was.

This could happen, and if so the responsibility will not lie with the old order or the new order over there, or the old deal or the new deal over here — it will lie with those who called themselves Americans but who went on wondering what our idea was and wanting a faith to fight for.

These people have sat back until they

cannot stand up. They have forgotten there was a time when there were things no one could buy. They had been used to everything for so long that nothing they had was worth anything to them. First they lost most of their money, and then they lost all of their values.

Since the depression they have built up a new mental attitude — a 'won't' power. It is an attitude of getting good at getting out. Theirs is a reasoning that leads only to passive conclusions, a reasoning that moves only to negative ends. They 'so-what' this and they 'what's-in-it' that. They are so submerged in self that they are no longer among us.

It is not difficult to urge such people to public service — it is impossible. They look at patriotism and they see only jingoism. They have come to regard a man's love of country as a barometer of his ignorance. They are the smart people, the people they know are the right people, and what they know it is clever to know.

They are of no use now, but they are not traitors. They are a real fifth column only in the sense that a road streaming with refugees is a fifth column. They get in the way.

These people too might have said, as we have read, 'There is no more martial spirit . . . in the men who will have to fight if we go to war than there is in a turtle.'

We do not think that these people would know much about this — the spirit and the fighting. We do not see anything so peculiar about a man's not wanting to kill and about a man's not wanting to die. Fighting — even mechanical fighting — is not very clean and it is not very fair. It is no fun.

But the men who will fight are young men. They are plain, ordinary, free young men — men who cannot afford 'won't' power. They have been told for many long years that there would never be a need for fighting, and even now, with hundreds of thousands of them in

training camps, they continue to be told so by those who one short year ago told them there would never be a need for training.

And young men forget, as children forget, when the things they are told are not the things they see.

III

Now, as little as we may have wanted the last war, we wanted this war less. Our case came up for trial before we were prepared to take the stand.

For we had started here on something that was new. We had been, through several busy years, engaged in a great housecleaning. And, through these same several busy years, there had arisen on the continent of Europe something that was also new. It was a power which, in our terms, was a power conceived in hate and dedicated to an order of slavery. It was what we hoped had perished from the earth.

Then, as we watched, this power spread itself by force into one country after another, into fourteen capitals of the world. The houses of our neighbors were on fire, and where that fire was being fought the forces that were fighting it were being consumed.

We saw big houses which were divided and which fell because they could not unite among themselves, and we saw small houses which were united but which fell because they could not unite with each other. That fire was spreading to our house.

So, when we had seen enough, in the same way as we had debated and decided how best to do our housecleaning we debated and decided how best to fight that fire.

We have put down our brooms and we have picked up our guns.

There are many of us who will be fighting for what is to come after. There are some of us who will be fighting in order that the one positive good to come out of the last war — the League of Nations — may come again. There are some of us who will be fighting for Mr. Roosevelt's Four Freedoms or for Mr. Streit's Union Now or for Mr. Luce's American World. And there are some who will be fighting so that small nations may live again.

There are, in all, many of us who will be fighting for those things. But there are absolutely all of us who will be fighting for what we have not lost here and what we will always fight for.

FORTY-NINE DAYS TO BOSTON

BY DILLON RIPLEY

I

How many birds does that make altogether?' asked Mother.

'I figure eighty-seven in forty-two cages,' I replied.

We were on the wharf in Surabaya, the biggest port in Java. Alongside loomed the eight-thousand-ton bulk of the *Talissee*. She looked big, which was comforting, for it might be rough round the Cape of Good Hope.

The Customs men came along. They wore starched white suits with high collars, white topees, and there were huge gold watch chains looped from button-holes to breast pockets. Their faces changed as they saw our pile of boxes.

'Name, please? Ah, Mr. Ripley, you are the zoölogist from New Guinea. And now you wish to return to America? Fine,' and the Customs men smiled cold, fishy smiles. 'You have permits?'

I had reams of permits.

'Ah yes, you have permission to export birds of paradise, crowned pigeons, parrots, pheasants, and marabou storks. But how about all these other birds? Surely there are other kinds?'

'But I don't need permits for the others.'

Much shaking of heads and many dubious glances followed. Finally, grudgingly, 'And now you also have many specimens in trunks for your Museum in America?'

'Yes, yes' — and all the bird specimens had to be examined.

'These live birds, are they the property of the Museum also?'

'No, no — these are mine.'

'But how is that?' The Customs men looked bewildered.

I sat down. First I had to point out that my Museum work was finished; then that I was keen about live birds; that birds from the Dutch East Indies were rare at home; finally, that I had been urged by the Museum to import a few in order to eke out my modest salary. After several painful hours there seemed to be nothing more to be said. The Customs men — looking visibly disappointed, I thought — allowed us to proceed on board.

Mother bravely anticipated the worst on the *Talissee*. After all, she had come halfway round the world to meet me after my job was over in New Guinea, and we had had visions of returning as quickly as possible. But the number of live birds had increased by leaps and bounds. The few I had captured in New Guinea became many as I bought more all along the way, until in Java we had to face the fact that not one of the big steamers would take eighty-seven birds in forty-two cages. And so our tickets on a fast boat were exchanged for two passages on a freighter going round South Africa — forty-nine days to the United States from the tip end of the Dutch East Indies.

The *Talissee* was much like any other ten-year-old freighter. Aft of the fore-castle came a long deck with hatches, then the abrupt white cliff of the bridge, with cabins beneath it. Between the

bridge and the cluster of engineers' quarters amidships surrounding the squat black and buff funnel was a small deck with one hatch, No. 3. Astern came more deck and more hatches, and finally on the very stern, like a little wart, rose the sailors' and petty officers' quarters.

Our cabins were below the bridge. Mother's was labeled 'Doktor' and was made colorful by being wedged between the stewards' office or 'bar' and the dining saloon. The Javanese boys who served as stewards spent most of their time squatting in a row outside her door, with the result that her shoes received better attention than they would have had on the *Queen Mary*.

My cabin was labeled '4th Officer.' At one of the first meals I asked the captain why.

'Oh yes, this boat was designed for a big staff, you know. She used to do the Mecca run.'

'The Mecca run?'

'Yes, taking Mohammedan pilgrims from Java to Mecca. Ran twice a year. Could ship at least six hundred between decks. That is why No. 3 hatch deck is one deck higher than the others. The others go right through under us, making one common deck. That gives shelter, and then we rigged canvas over the open part as well, and so we had space for all of them down there.'

We sailed about five. The mass of coolies, shouting and arrogant, who had taken over the ship in port were gone. Quiet hung over the harbor, glowing dully in the haze of late afternoon. Now a few sleepy-looking Dutch sailors tumbled out of their lairs where they had been lying up during the day. There were bell noises and rumblings below, orders rang out overhead, and, to the tune of a few rich round Rotterdam oaths, we were off, threading our way through the varied mass of shipping.

A last cup of tea, and now to the birds.

'Boosman,' I called.

'Ja, mein Heer.' The boatswain, short, squat, with red face and grizzled hair,

looked as if he had just stepped out of a Bowery bar. Captain Scholl had produced him with the broad hint that maybe he could be tempted to lend a hand with the endless business of the birds, scraping out cages and washing them, lugging cages here and there, piling them on top of each other, or lashing them down before a storm.

'Could you help me now?'

'Now?' The boatswain looked surprised.

'No now,' he said and moved off. I gathered that this hour was sacred to the anchor chain. I did succeed in finding out where the food storeroom was, and extracted a promise from him to help clean out the cages in the morning.

The birds were all in a covered gangway that ran from No. 3 hatch deck aft along the wall of the engine room. It was a quiet place for them. Only the deserted cabins of the hospital ward opened off it, spotless now since the departure of the last redolent pilgrim.

I found the head steward, who led me to the storeroom, jangling his keys with conscious authority like the prim chate-lain that he was. I got out a big papaya melon, some bananas and fish, all under his eagle eye. I had only enough to last to Singapore, as he had told me that that was the cheapest place to lay in my supplies. I was to make out a list and give it to him and he would buy my perishables along with his. It was good of him to unbend like that, I thought, wondering how much his rake-off would be.

Even this first time as I started down the long line of piled-up cages, I began to wonder about the food. In the dim light of the gangway, the wired fronts of the cages, all sizes and shapes, packed in at all angles, looked like so many gaping mouths down which food must be poured. Would that two-by-four store-room hold all the bananas, bunches of them, that I should need? Cutting up the fish for the storks and herons, chopping bananas and melons for the paradise birds, parrots, and fruit-eating

pigeons, pouring out the grain for the ducks, pheasants, peacocks, and jungle fowl, I was nagged by my thoughts. I almost grudged the birds the food as I gave it to them.

Some of the cages had sliding doors which had to be lifted ever so little in order to feed or water the birds. At one of these there was a whirr, and a jungle-fowl hen flew out and up to a beam, to teeter there looking down at me. A jungle-fowl hen looks like nothing so much as a barnyard bantam, but by nature she is as shy and unapproachable as the wildest pheasant. Focusing my flashlight on her eyes, I was able to dazzle her just long enough to make a wild jump for her legs as she took wing for the open door. With the jungle fowl back in her box and the birds all fed, I staggered up to change for supper. I was late, of course, but fortunately Captain Scholl had chosen to eat on the bridge that evening.

II

In the two days of sailing towards Singapore we were able to settle down into a sort of routine with the birds. The boatswain appeared miraculously each morning to wash out the cages for me. The head steward graciously condescended to put my food out for me, for of course the keys were sacrosanct. Mother and I found that we could divide up the chore of feeding twice a day quite easily. Mother, brisk and efficient in her work gloves, would chop reinforcements for me as I moved from cage to cage. We hardly had time to survey the calm island-bordered seas before we were at anchor again early one morning far out in the Singapore roads. During breakfast the boatswain appeared.

'Dat *dommte* bird, she fly overboard!'

On the deck the Javanese boys goggled over the rail, chattering like monkeys, while below the defiant little jungle fowl paddled about among the sampans gathered at the ship's stairs.

Panting, the boatswain sputtered that

he had already been out in a sampan with a boathook, but she swam too well.

'Boathook indeed!' I shouted, and swarmed down the stairs and into a sampan. At close range the little hen looked waterlogged as she bobbed up and down in the clear yellowish-green water. Maybe she was tired or the boat-hook hadn't agreed with her, for she was soon caught and whisked back on board.

At last I must surrender my food list to the head steward. I felt as diffident about it as a relief commission. I know now what it is to feed starving Armenians. After all, forty-nine days is an awfully long time. Even the steward was slightly staggered.

'Two thousand bananas. Two thousand bananas?' he repeated.

I nodded firmly.

'One hundred and fifty large melons, two crates of lettuce, eight hundred pounds of assorted grain, two hundred pounds of meat, two hundred of fish, one five-gallon tin of almonds,' and he looked up. 'Is that all?'

'I can get the rest myself.'

The steward raised his hands in resignation, and Mother and I hailed a sampan. We felt spruced-up and slightly uncomfortable in our store clothes. Already life on the *Talissee* was beginning to make us feel relaxed. As we moved away from her she looked rather squat and comfortable sitting there ringed round with a swarm of barges and small boats — like a mother hen trying to brood an impossibly large number of chicks, I thought, picking up the first birdy metaphor that came to mind.

Singapore harbor is very large and full of traffic. The sun shone and the waves danced as we slipped by Dutch K. P. M. boats from Batavia, British coasters running to Penang, a French Messageries Maritimes, the *Scharnhorst* from Bremen, the *Akuno Maru* from Yokohama, and the *Ong Soang* from Hongkong. Most of them were anchored with surrounding swarms of barges, but one or

two, like the *Scharnhorst* and a P. & O. liner, the *Chitral*, were passing on their lordly way to the docks. On their decks passengers lolled, staring at us from the rail. A band was blaring out a march.

'I feel like Tugboat Annie,' Mother said.

At the dock we parted, Mother into one rickshaw to look for a hat to wear ashore at Boston, I to search the bird shops. We were to meet at Raffles Hotel at eleven.

The Singapore bird stores are all in one street, a narrow arcaded place filled with huge red and gold signs and drifting crowds of people. Food venders patrol up and down, with large decorated food wagons stocked with, not ice cream, but rather eels, and varnished, very naked ducks, and hundred-year-old eggs. At intervals in their bargaining the bird-store men and their customers rush out and feast on a curried egg or two.

The stores are narrow corridor-like places lined with cages and crates full of tame chickens and ducks and pigeons. In the first one I bought several quarts of ants' eggs for my insect-eating birds, and some wild ducks that I saw in a corner because they seemed half starved. In another, crowded and smelly, I was led up a filthy flight of broken stairs to be shown a whole room full of peacocks. Several gibbons, great white mournful-eyed monkeys, crowded together in the corners and looked at me reproachfully. I turned away deliberately, realizing that I had no place for them in my menagerie.

The last store, innocent-looking outside, was nearly my undoing. The proprietor, a little bald pot-bellied man in a pair of floppy cotton drawers, ushered me into his emporium. Pigeons to the left, chickens and ducks to the right, and an old cockatoo snarling overhead, were the main inhabitants. But he promised more birds in back and led me there with many nods and winks and grimaces. Behind was a sun-filled yard, glaring and hot, leading to a tumble-down shed.

'I have a fine fellow in here,' he said, opening a door and ushering me in. After the brightness of the yard I could see nothing. Then there was an ear-splitting roar, and a full-grown tiger appeared hurtling through the air. I waited paralyzed until he came up against some heavy wire netting with a crash that rocked the shed from end to end. But by this time I was in the air, leaping backward to land miraculously on my feet on a long wooden crate. As I landed, there was a rending noise and the top gave way. Looking down, I found myself standing on the back of an enormous python which was coiled in the box. All of this was too much for a bird man. I parted hastily with my pot-bellied friend, and retreated to Raffles in a shaken condition for some much-needed stimulus. Mother returned with Singapore's finest in headgear, and we recuperated through lunch.

In the afternoon, somewhat recovered, we went in search of more birds. This time we visited a very grand establishment, run as a zoo, although everything was for sale. The proprietor, a haughty chocolate-colored gentleman, condescended sufficiently to show us his birds. It was 'all very much of a hobby, you know.' This seemed only too true, for it was common gossip in Singapore that the gentleman in question really made his money supplying European 'governesses' — or so they were called — to the various local sultans.

Whatever his trade, I was able to relieve him of a king bird of paradise, a brilliant little crimson gem of a bird, and a pair of Palawan peacock pheasants arrayed in miniature peacock tails and pointed metallic crests. Such treasures as these are still almost unknown in America.

Laden down with our new possessions, we returned to the *Talissee*. She had drawn in to one of the docks in the meantime, and as our taxi bumped on to the pier we saw huge rubber pipes running over her decks and down on to the

ground. I shuddered to think of my python, but it was only palm oil, 2700 tons of it being piped aboard for a soap company in Boston.

There were other things going aboard too. Astern the after hatch, No. 6, was open and great bundles of bamboo fishing poles were being loaded on. There were also some small heavy packages which proved to be twenty-two tons of tin. All this, together with what had come on in Java, rice, bales of rubber, and boxes of birds, plus two people, made up our cargo. We were too tired to do more than put the new cages in anyhow and stumble through the corridor briefly to make sure that all the birds were fed and contented. At last I was able to drowse off to the squeaky accompaniment of the deck winches and the occasional hum of the coolies far down the deck.

The motion of the boat woke me. I walked out on the lower bridge. There was a pale moon between strings of yellowish-tinted clouds. Little yellow waves lapped at the sides of the boat. An arm of the outer jetty moved past with a winking light on it and that was the last of Singapore, the great roadstead behind us lit up with ten thousand lights. A fresh breeze slapped playfully along the ship. Its salt smell drove over us, sweeping out the stale harbor odors. In forty-nine days, God willing, we should be entering Boston harbor.

III

Mother and I relaxed into our routine on shipboard as easily as if we had never been off a freighter. We never got bored, although perhaps it was the birds that saved us. Day in, day out, life went on, punctuated only by meals which were hardly a social function. The captain and a few of the officers would file in with stiff smiles to sit silently through mounds of soup, fish, and meat, interspersed with boiled potatoes. We finally decided that we were spoken to so little

because it was taken for granted that we were just part of the cargo.

From 8.30 till 10 every morning the birds were fed. Their cages had been cleaned by the boatswain before breakfast, as a rule. At 3.45 the second feeding came. This lasted till teatime. We had tea, the same as morning coffee, on what we had come to consider our own deck, No. 3 hatch amidships. Here were our cane chairs under an awning. The cages of birds were put out to sun all about us, and often a favored parrot or perhaps one of the young cassowaries, grotesque ostrich-like birds, would be allowed to have tea with us. The cassowaries would squat down between our chairs and solemnly consume quantities of biscuits.

Many of the birds had grown very tame and were allowed out of their cages to walk about and preen under our watchful eyes. There was Augustus, a young hornbill, a rumped tawdry bird as big as a small turkey, with an enormous bill and great staring pale eyes. He used to follow us about everywhere on the deck, grunting companionably. He moved in a series of hops carefully timed to coincide with every fourth step of whomever he was following. In this way he kept at just the right distance unless you stopped suddenly, when he would catch up and bump into you, only to retire a demi-hop, ruffle his feathers, and look disgruntled. Augustus's favorite food was banana, of which he devoured as much as he could until he had completely filled a pelican-like sac under his bill. At this point he could always be counted on to subside into a gentle doze.

He never liked the cassowaries, who would occasionally peck at him inquiringly, wondering perhaps if he was edible. He was jealous also of my pet cockatoo, who was continually being surprised and disgusted by Augustus's appearance.

The wilder birds, of course, could never be let out. Once in a while there were accidents. A Bornean crested fireback, a magnificent pheasant with brilliant metallic purple plumage, simply

bolted the cage one day while the boat-swain and I were putting water in its cup. The bird went overboard and headed astern with a burst of tremendously strong winging flight. The *boosman* let out a mighty string of '*Got verdammers*' and was inconsolable until a bottle of beer was suggested. It was a day's sail west of Sumatra, and I silently prayed that the bird might reach the coast.

Usually after tea there was a well-earned interval for reading or writing. We had brought along a hodgepodge of books and read enormously, everything from the latest James Hilton to Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*. Mother also caught up on her tapestry, something that she was always too busy to do ashore. I used to watch her on the hatch in her deck chair, so perfectly at home while all around hung and swayed parrots, screaming and chattering on their perches, with ducks quacking contentedly in their box in the sun, and Augustus, stuffed to repletion, squatting at her feet. Now and then she would interrupt her work to give more banana to one or a spray of water over the plumage of another.

The food question was becoming more and more insistent. Fruit began to rot. Some of the bananas that were green to begin with simply turned black and squashy instead of ripening. The melons went mouldy after a time. The last went overboard two weeks out from Singapore. As our supply began to dwindle, we were filled with the haunting fear that we might run short.

By dinnertime the birds had been shut up for the night. After dinner there was often bridge. The captain and Mother were the enthusiasts, the chief engineer and I the passive partners. If our two opponents were any criterion, the Dutch are the most cautious players in the world. Even my slow game was apparently too daring for them. One memorable evening as I was being urged to get a move on by Mother, the captain leaned towards her and said gravely,

'No, no — don't hurry him,' and then deliberated with himself a full two minutes before he made his play, a two-spot.

All this lasted until ten, although we seldom finished a full rubber. Then came a final look at the birds and a stroll about the ship if the moon was out.

One night we saw a moon-bow. It was rather hot and we had walked up forward to watch the phosphorescence in the water as the waves curled away in two even tumbling masses from the knifelike prow. The moon was up, very full and bright, lighting a swaying path across the water. Somewhere off abeam of us there had been a squall, for we suddenly saw the moon-bow, a perfect arc of light reaching across the sky to bury itself in the waves. One edge was distinctly green, the other dark, perhaps purple, and the centre paler than all the rest.

IV

Thirteen days out, and we were nearing Madagascar. We knew it because we woke one morning to hear the hatches all being heavily battened down with wooden wedges and extra lengths of line.

'Oh yes,' the chief said at breakfast, 'we are off Madagascar, you know. It usually blows here.' And blow it did.

The wind came in gusts from the southwest. The sea was lashed into an angry series of great gray waves that hurtled at us continually. Water was everywhere, even in the closed-off passage, where it sloshed back and forth drearily among the bird cages. After two days of this there was a change among the birds. They lost their appetites and sat crouched miserably, heads tucked under wings. It was much colder also, for as we went south in June we were coming into the Southern Hemisphere winter. Fortunately, however, the palm oil, the all-important part of the cargo, had to be kept liquid by heating, so that the 'auxiliary freight' was able to benefit from warm radiators. In spite of this, a parrot and two pheas-

ants developed pneumonia, an invariably fatal disease among birds. We seemed to spend most of our time now hovering over the others, giving them frequent doses of cod-liver oil.

During the rough weather I saw my first albatross. It was great fun to stand awhile at the stern, clinging for dear life to the rail. As the bow plunged head on into a wave, the stern would be lifted far up above the water until the propeller itself was free and the whole boat vibrated with its racing. Then down with a crash the stern would go, pancaking into a boiling mass of foam which flooded the deck. At one of these moments an enormous wandering albatross came whirling down the trough of a wave. It saw us, lifted effortlessly, and hung there for a time without a visible motion. Its survey completed, the bird planed off in a vertical bank to disappear as we smashed down into the next wave.

Fortunately the third day was calmer. The sun came out briefly and we aired the birds. They seemed to breathe anew, and that night the paradise birds were actively calling for food. Mother had evolved for them a banana sandwich, a strip of fruit covered with a layer of ants' eggs. For the last two days they had hardly touched this tempting affair, but now as Mother fastidiously buttered the fruit (as if with *pâté*) the birds eyed her greedily and gobbled up the whole mess, banana and all. Even the strange fierce blue-black cockatoos from New Guinea, who ate only almonds, stamped up and down in their cages raising their long crests and calling with rusty-pulley voices for more. The marabou storks, whose long bills were a constant menace to passers-by, jabbed at us through the slats of their cage more fiercely that evening, hoping possibly for a little variation from their fish diet.

Luckily there was plenty of fish and almonds, but the constant drain of rotten bananas was quickly lowering our fruit reserve.

The following day was wonderfully

calm. In fact, if we had been able to foresee the rest of the trip, we could have taken off the rope lashings which fastened the cages to the walls then and there. Our progression round the Cape and through the length of the Atlantic was attended with millpond weather. It was just two weeks after losing sight of the Dutch East Indies that we had our first glimpse of the South African coast. We were glad then especially for the weather. We sat out wrapped in blankets and watched the sea birds and Africa, a thin bleak line of sandy cliffs dotted with occasional lighthouses.

Birds were everywhere around the boat. The biggest were the albatrosses. They would sail by calmly on outstretched pinions, twisting their heads to watch us as they passed. There were petrels too, and gannets, shearwaters, terns, and even a few gulls diving and swooping in our wake. The commonest of all the birds, however, were the skuas, great brown pirate gulls, whose habit is never to catch fish for themselves, always to steal it from weaker birds.

In the middle of this sudden excitement of birds everywhere, the motor stopped. It was just before lunch. Captain Scholl said that it might be several hours before we got started again. This gave me an inspiration. I remembered the boatswain's telling about fishing for albatrosses from a sailing boat when it was becalmed.

He proved to be very enthusiastic, as was one of the cooks who had an extra supply of fishing line. Soon the three of us were trolling off the stern, our hooks baited with meat from the galley. I was rather dubious about the hook, but my companions waxed voluble on the subject.

'If de bird sallow de hook, joost cut de line,' the *boosman* said solemnly. 'Acid in stomach eats up de hook. I know it,' and he nodded his head vigorously. 'De acid vill eat a hole in a carpet.'

The scene was wild and strange.

There was a clear blue sky which melted imperceptibly into the clear blue sea. The surface of the water was a polished mirror which heaved in long even undulations, gently, so that the motion of the boat was like a slow-rocking cradle. Lines of dazzling white gannets flew by with military precision. There were a few seals asleep on their backs, their flippers stuck up in the air at an uncomfortable angle. Masses of gulls and terns wheeled about us, so clean-looking, so incongruously waiting for garbage. None of these birds, however, not even the albatrosses, paid any attention to our bait. For this I was secretly glad.

Later, perhaps because there seemed to be no garbage forthcoming, two skuas dipped down to the water, alighted, and came swimming up to inspect our bait. All at once we were on edge. I didn't mind the thought of catching these fierce creatures. One of them mouthed my bait a little and then suddenly began to shake his head. I pulled tentatively and he swam along. I pulled harder, the cook cheered, and up he came, struggling and shrieking his disapproval. Donning gloves, we seized him, letting him bite one hand so that his head could be held. His wings buffeted us fiercely and with amazing power. Fortunately the hook was only lightly caught in the corner of his bill. The cook in the meantime had turned back to his line. Now we heard him shout. The other skua had caught one of his feet in the long straggling line. He too was hauled up, and so in a twinkling I had two ferocious skuas in a pair of empty cages alongside No. 3 hatch.

In a day or so they calmed down and began to eat quantities of my iced fish. Today these wild Antarctic birds can be seen trotting about calmly in a grassed enclosure in the New York Zoo. They are the first of their kind ever to reach the United States alive.

The skuas had timed their appearance well. We had barely put them in their boxes when the engine started and the *Talissee* was off once more, leaving behind

forever that strange calm spot of ocean with its curious assortment of birds.

Next day we were off the Cape. We could see Table Mountain and the bay where Capetown was. Leaning over the rail, Mother and I found ourselves thinking about bananas rather than the view, wondering if they had good ones in South Africa, but the boat churned on steadily, turning into the South Atlantic, and we never found out.

V

As the weather became warmer again, our former routine, interrupted since Madagascar, was renewed. Every day there was the same airing; Augustus would sit in the sun stretching his wings, the cassowaries would gambol awkwardly about us, and the cockatoo perched on my chair would whisper his new word 'hello' over and over into my ear. But every day there were fewer bananas. At last I tried out some canned pears that I had bought in case of emergency. Unfortunately, though, none of the birds except Augustus, the omnivorous, would touch them. It became more important than ever that the bananas should hold out. For a while there was a chance that we might put in at Dakar on the West African coast for water, but as the days passed and we ploughed steadily northwards we realized that there was nothing for it but to make our dwindling supplies last out.

On we went, past St. Helena with its stark red cliffs, Ascension, a blur on the horizon, and finally a small freighter, wallowing across our wake on the Brazil-Dakar route. We were really getting north. The next evening, for the first time in nearly two years, I saw the Big Dipper right side up, and at that the trip seemed nearly over. But there were a few more excitements in store.

One morning there came a great knocking at my cabin door. It was the boatswain. Again a '*verdommte*' bird had escaped, this time an argus pheasant, one of my most valuable birds.

We rushed headlong down the companionway and then to the forward deck. There among the winches and the tackle stood my argus, as unconcerned as if he were in the jungles of Sumatra, carefully preening his gorgeous four-foot feathers. He saw us and started forward, carefully picking his way over coils of wire cable. Would he fly? He had all the wide expanse of the Atlantic to choose from. Apparently not. Some fortunate instinct urged him into the inviting black hole of the ship's brig which stood open under the forecastle head. We closed in on him then and seized him in a corner. In his struggles he let off a great shower of feathers, some of the best of which Mother carefully preserved and later had made into a hat for herself.

And now as we neared America we were filled with conflicting thoughts. Looking about us as we had tea on No. 3 hatch, watching Susie, the red lory, taking her bath so vigorously in a tin basin, looking on as the male twelve-wired bird of paradise fed his mate ants' eggs through the bars of her adjoining cage, we began to dread going ashore, and yet we longed for fresh bananas. And now it would be tomorrow.

Near sunset we sighted Cape Cod. There was a cool offshore breeze blowing, through which we distinctly smelled pine trees. The sun set in a red haze which lit up all the clouds in the sky with a suffused pinkness. And then a curious thing happened. As the light on the clouds became dimmer, we saw great shafts of paler light streaking down from the farther side like giant searchlights. A few more minutes and, as the afterglow died at last, the moon broke through the clouds. It was a stranger sunset by far than any I had ever seen in the Dutch East Indies.

The next day we were in Boston. It was July the fourteenth, and cold and drizzly. The steward handed me the last bunch of bananas sitting forlornly in a basin. They were black and squashy. I returned them with thanks and went

up on deck. Twanging familiar voices issued from the dining saloon. Yes, there were the Quarantine men. They looked at us with surprise and amazement as if wondering how we could travel all this way on a 'furrin' freighter, particularly Mother, now very smart in her going-ashore clothes.

'How are the bananas in Boston this season?' she asked. The Quarantine men looked mutely at each other. Evidently they realized now that we were quite mad.

It was the little jungle fowl's turn to celebrate our arrival at the dock in Boston by flying overboard for the third and last time. One of the ship's apprentices from the engine room volunteered to jump in after her out of sheer gallantry, and so she was rescued and wrapped in a blanket and fed brandy until she stopped shivering and staggered to her feet again. Now she lives safely in a roomy pen in Florida, busied, I suppose, about her domestic affairs and quite oblivious of her dips in three oceans.

'Bananas!' we cried to the chubby Greek proprietor of a near-by fruit store, and a whole taxicab full of bright yellow firm luscious fruit was loaded back on the *Talissee*. We were as ecstatic about those bananas as the most ardent advertising man, and so, we noticed, were the birds. They must have smelt Boston and the land at last, for the chorus of voices had reached the proportions of an uproar as we entered the gangway. As we slit open the fruit for the last time on the boat, the parrots did aerial evolutions on their perches, the little bright crimson king bird of paradise leapt from bar to bar of his cage with the speed of a winking light, the ducks pattered up and down in their box, the storks jabbed, the herons stabbed, and even Augustus began croaking happily. We were home at last, and the long perilous trip was over.

'Except for the bananas, you know,' Mother said slowly, 'I shouldn't mind at all just turning around and sailing somewhere else all over again.'

THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN AMERICA

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

[In this and successive issues, the *Atlantic* will open its columns to the discussion of a problem which is of the utmost gravity. We have asked Mr. Nock to begin the enquiry, and we shall invite expressions of opinion from Jew and Gentile alike, in the hope that a free and forthright debate will reduce the pressure, now dangerously high, and leave us with a healthier understanding of the human elements involved. — THE EDITOR]

I

MY readers are entitled to know why I venture to write on a subject which is so distinctly not down my street. Subjects like this are in the province of publicists, not men of letters. I agree; but as far as I know, our publicists are saying nothing on this subject. One reason may very well be that too much is expected of them. The American publicist is expected to be ready with a solution of every problem he presents, which in this case is hard to do. His readers expect him not only to inform and enlighten, but also to pontificate. If he should say, 'Your problem is so-and-so, but I haven't the faintest idea of what to do about it,' they would be dissatisfied with him, and feel that he had let them down.

The case is different with the man of letters. Life passes him by; and therefore his view of life's progress is felt to be clearer and larger, less superficial and perhaps considerably saner, than that of the publicist who is in the thick of things, bearing the burden and heat of the day. But on the other hand, since he is the very antithesis of a man of action, no one ever thinks of asking him for a program of action, and if he offers one, people instinctively resent it and are edgy with him for going beyond his depth.

My chief reason, then, for broaching

this particular problem is that, to the best of my knowledge, no one else is saying anything about it. No one is going beyond its local and temporary aspects to show in its entirety what the Jewish problem is, and how serious and pressing it is, and especially to show just what the conditions are which make it so. I have no solution to offer; perhaps there is none — I do not know. All I can say is that if the problem be solvable, it must be solved by abler minds than mine, and before they can solve it they must wake up to its importance and learn what its terms are; therefore I write. This is the whole logic of my attempt.

The problem, stated in the fewest words, is that of maintaining a *modus vivendi* between the American Jew and his fellow-citizens which is strong enough to stand any shocks of an economic dislocation such as may occur in the years ahead.

Up to two years ago I had no idea that such a problem existed. Never having given a moment's thought to the matter, and having lived for many years abroad, I would have said that the highly satisfactory *modus vivendi* of my early days was still in force. When I was a boy in a Mid-Western town the few Jews there were regarded as other people equally respectable and personable were regarded. Since their standard of character

and manners happened to be uncommonly high, they were much looked up to. As for social discrimination against the Jew *qua* Jew, there was none even among us children. My own special cronies, for example, were seined out of two large families of Jews and an equally abundant run of French Canadians. As my thoughts turn back to old man M. and his numerous family, the stiffest kind of orthodox Sephardic Jews and the finest kind of people, I so well recall how diligently all our girls used to fish for dances with his grown-up sons Nate and Mose, charming young men, delightfully well-bred, and the best dancers we had. Again in my later youth I saw much the same state of things in another Mid-Western town. One or two Jews there were unpopular because they were swindlers in a petty way, but this did not affect the esteem in which the rest of the town's small Jewry was held.

I distinctly do not mean to say that the mixture of Jews and non-Jews in our society was a chemical mixture. Neither element was in the least concerned to have it so, or wished it so. The reaction on both sides was thoroughly dignified and self-respecting. The Jews regarded us as an Occidental people among whom they had chosen to live, and appreciated whatever merits we were able to show as such; they took us as we were, associated with us in a perfectly free, friendly, and considerate way, with no effort or pretense at Occidentalizing themselves. We saw them as first-class representatives of an Oriental people with a great history and a great tradition, worthy of all respect and cordial good will, which we unfeignedly gave them. The mixture was a mechanical one, but it worked perfectly, with neither element predominating in a prejudicial way, and with the sense of fundamental difference mostly dormant. As I look back on this, it seems as staunch and seaworthy a *modus vivendi* as could well be devised. In later life I have seen another example of it, in a small way. I belong to an association

which includes a number of Jews in its membership, and the same order of spirit and feeling prevails there as prevailed in the community where I first came into contact with Jews.

Two years ago, however, on returning to this country, I discovered quite by accident, and under very painful and humiliating circumstances, that this *modus vivendi* is no longer in force. This caused me to look into the matter in order to find out, as nearly as possible, how things stood. I read a great deal, and moved about from one centre to another, pestering patient people, Jews and Gentiles alike, with questions. The upshot was a complete assurance that the problem exists precisely as I have stated it. This is beyond any shadow of doubt. Moreover, I do not see how anyone can fail to notice that conditions are rapidly shaping themselves in such a way as must, if let alone, inevitably bring this problem to a head.

II

Representative Jews are thoroughly well aware of all this. One of them told me that their discovery of the strength and volume of anti-Jewish sentiment in this country had taken all Jewry as much by surprise as it had taken me. There is furthermore some evidence that their discovery came almost as late in the day as mine. The Jews now have eighteen national organizations devoted to defensive and protective purposes, and thirteen of them were established within the last ten years. There are also local organizations in our ten largest cities serving the same purposes, all of which are of as recent date. I do not know how many such there are in other cities; they are not officially reported, nor could they well be, probably, because many of them would naturally be of an impermanent character, extemporized as occasion required, and dissolving when the occasion passed. Many more, no doubt, regularly serve other purposes — reli-

gious, social, charitable — and take on a defensive function only occasionally as need arises.

It is highly desirable that representative non-Jews should be as well-informed about the status of anti-Jewish sentiment as the Jews themselves are. I have reason to believe that they are not; I think most of them are as ignorant as I was. For example, one of my friends, the head of a thriving business, had a letter from a correspondent on the Pacific Coast who said he was much worried about anti-Jewish demonstrations out there, but supposed they must be a great deal worse in New York. My friend replied that this was a mistake, that he knew nothing of any trouble of that sort in New York, and was sure there was none. This was in the late summer of 1939, when anti-Jewish street demonstrations — however provoked — were going on in Brooklyn, Jackson Heights, the Bronx, and Yorkville at the rate of fifty or sixty a week.¹ My friend was by no means exceptional in his ignorance. It must be constantly kept in mind that a general resentment against any minority is always of proletarian or sub-proletarian origin; and therefore the evidences of it are slow in coming to the notice of society's more reflective element. I shall have more to say about this later.

It is this reflective element that I wish to approach and impress with a sense of the Jewish problem's urgency, for it is the element likeliest to find a solution of it if one is ever to be found. It is also the likeliest to see that, in spite of Goethe's fine saying, our civilization has not all the time in the world to devise one before the problem is taken over and dealt with by methods which none of us cares to contemplate. *Die Zeit ist unendlich lang* is an admonition that can be profitably invoked upon human enterprise in general far oftener than it

is, but the time for this particular enterprise is very closely limited by circumstances.

Of this fact also a great many representative Jews are keenly aware, while representative non-Jews seem hardly aware of it at all. The last report of the American Jewish Committee, one of the most powerful and influential of the national organizations for defense against anti-Semitism, speaks very guardedly, even vaguely, but with obvious awareness. Emphasizing 'the need for continuous vigilance,' the report says, 'We should not lose sight of the fact that there exist in this country economic and social factors which, in time of stress and strain, inspire individuals and groups which for their own selfish interests exploit ignorance, bigotry and prejudice in order to promote distrust and hostility among American citizens.'

This is putting it as forcibly as is consistent with the proprieties which an official report must respect. As a matter of good taste, also, it is put as forcibly as a member of a minority would probably care to put it when the interests of his own particular minority are under consideration. The trouble is that efforts like these do virtually nothing towards properly informing the non-Jewish majority either about the actual state of affairs or about the ensuing probabilities which the future holds.

There is a large literature, mostly pamphlets, bearing pro and con on what we loosely call anti-Semitism. I have read reams of it without getting anything usefully informative to me or to the type of mind which I am now hoping to interest. For the most part it deals with local aspects of the problem; it is *ex parte*, controversial, and largely in-temperate.² Hence, while this may be

¹ These were assaults, baitings, intimidations, picketings, soapbox speeches, incitements to boycott, and the like. — AUTHOR

² In its scholarly article on anti-Semitism, written by the vice president of the Jewish Historical Society of England, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ed. XI, makes the interesting statement that 'no impartial history of modern anti-Semitism has yet been written.' This still holds true. — AUTHOR

all very well in its way for local effect, it should at the very least be supplemented by something better. Father Coughlin's outpourings and the literature put out by the Christian Front do not come into the hands of those best fitted to deal with the question as a whole; nor yet do the rebuttals put out so plentifully by the Jewish defensive associations. If, moreover, some of this mass of polemics did find its way into their hands, they would give it but scant attention because its information is so meagre and its manner of presentation is so unacceptable.

Readers may remind me that a good many prominent non-Jewish religionists have spoken out against various manifestations of anti-Jewish sentiment, and that the bodies they represent have supported them with official resolutions, declarations, and so on, quite in the regular way. That is so. Moreover there exists an organization called the Council Against Intolerance in America, formed within the last decade, in which clergymen, professors, civic leaders, and a few publicists, notably my old friend William Allen White, play a leading part. There is also the National Conference of Christians and Jews, likewise engineered chiefly by religionists, as its name implies. The work of these last two groups is in large part educational, spreading the gospel of tolerance in our schools and colleges.

All this is very good, very commendable, but even so one sees at once that it is far from filling the bill. If no emergency were impending, if we were assured of a couple of centuries free for the quiet maturing of a *modus vivendi*, one might say more for such efforts than can be said now, things being as they are. It is one thing to design a structure proof against ordinary action of the elements, but another thing to design one proof against earthquake.

Speaking only for myself, I am quite persuaded that the well-intentioned people behind these movements either do

not know what the basic terms of their problem are, or for some reason are reluctant about putting them frankly before the more thoughtful element in our public. They appear not to approach the matter with the spirit of order and method appropriate to the contemplation of any project in social engineering. The first question is, What exactly do you want to do? The second is, What exactly are the difficulties and complications which have to be overcome? Until these questions are answered satisfactorily and in full, you have simply nothing for your social engineers to go on with; and while the first question is easily answered — presumably there is complete general agreement on that — all I know of the work of these conciliatory movements testifies that their spokesmen are merely fumbling with the second.

My own rather anxious view of the consequences of ignoring the terms of this problem may be thought extreme, so I shall state it frankly; not at all wishing to convert anyone to it — never that — but because by so doing I can show more clearly my reasons for writing in this unfamiliar vein. For many years now I have been watching economic theory in this country shift from style to style, as fantastic as the styles in women's hats. Does anyone recall, for instance, the 'new' economics which swept the country in Coolidge's day, whereby it was most learnedly demonstrated not only that we could eat our cake and have it too, but that the cake might go on and on forever, automatically producing itself, and all free, gratis and for nothing? Looking ahead with a short-time view, I should expect credit inflation, currency inflation, repudiation, and perhaps great civil disturbances.

But though I may be on the extreme Right of present-day economic theory, I meet with no one, whatever his school of thought, who is not haunted by the uneasy suspicion that the United States is heading into a severe economic strin-

gency; perhaps not one so overwhelming as I expect, but bad enough. I can understand this uneasiness. Billions which do not run to two figures are now no more than carfare to the Federal Government. It is estimated that by the end of another year our Federal debt will touch 56 billion dollars, and that if all our governmental enterprises (Federal, state and municipal) are carried out as projected, they will cost about 22 billion dollars per year. I observe with interest that even those of my friends who range themselves on the moderate economic Left apparently have to do a bit of whistling to keep up their courage in the face of the prospect thus held out; and no wonder.

Very well. Now let us assume that when all our chickens have come home to roost the strain on our economic coop is ten per cent of what I believe it will be; nay, as little as ten per cent of what my friends on the Left have an instinctive presentiment that it may be. Let us also assume that by that time the strength of anti-Jewish sentiment in our society is ten per cent of what it appears to be at the moment. With these allowances duly made, let us ask ourselves what prospect awaits the American Jew under those circumstances. An appeal to history, I am afraid, elicits only one answer. Without the least divergence, those circumstances conform to a historical pattern reaching back to Sumer and Akkad; my knowledge of this is what has moved me to take up my position on the economic Right. There is every reason to fear that the prospect awaiting the American Jew will also follow the historic pattern which has persisted with unflinching regularity in those circumstances for more than ten centuries. The sudden flaring-up of anti-Jewish sentiment in this country, to which I have alluded, was coincident with the onset of the depression in 1929, and it was damped down only by the sheer accident of encountering a great wave of sympathy for the mistreated Jews of Europe. It was not extinguished, however; its

spread was checked and it was left smouldering, as my own researches show. But for this one accidental happening in Europe, there is no telling how great a destructive force it might have stored up for release.

Much as any well-disposed citizen must dislike to say so, there can be no doubt that if even only the destructive force now latent were released by the circumstances we are postulating, the consequences would be as appalling in their extent and magnitude as anything seen since the Middle Ages. The American mob's grim reputation for sheer anthropoid savagery is equaled only by that of the revolutionary mobs of Paris. At the outset of the German Government's movement against the Jews, an American visitor asked Herr Hitler why he was making it so ruthless. The Reichskanzler replied that he had got the idea from us. Americans, he said, are the great rope and lamppost artists of the world, known of all men as such. He was using the same methods against the Jews that we used against the loyalists of '76, the Indians, the Chinese on our Western Coast, the Negroes, the Mexicans, the Filipinos — every helpless people, in fact, whom we had ever chanced to find underfoot. This may be a rank exaggeration, but the barb in it sticks. I recall another incident which anyone who knows our history will recognize at once as symptomatic. To get the force of it one must bear in mind that its hero was utterly humorless, utterly incapable of expressing himself in a deliberately humorous exaggeration. He was speaking the language of dull, serious, workaday matter-of-fact. Passing through a Missouri village two or three years ago, one of my friends stopped for a chat with a citizen, evidently a man of local mark, who was in a state of mind over the commercial practices of certain Jews who had settled there. 'I tell you, we are going after those people some day,' he said, 'and when we do, we ain't going to be gentlemanly about it, like Hitler.'

III

During the last twenty years we have had plenty of opportunities to see with our own eyes what governmental protection of a minority amounts to in the face of a strong popular prejudice and agitation; and history testifies that it has never amounted to any more than it now does. Governmental protection of the Negroes and the Indians has been notoriously inadequate in our country, and still is. In cases where the 'forces of law and order' were in active sympathy with the oppressors, as in California against the Chinese, it has only worsened the minority's condition. In *Roughing It*, published in 1872, Mark Twain put the matter exactly as it is when any emergency affects any minority in any country. Praising the Chinese as 'a kindly disposed, well-meaning race,' as we all know they are, he says that they were invariably respected and well-treated by the upper classes all over the Pacific Coast. Only the scum of the population abused them, 'they and their children; they and, naturally and consistently, the policemen and politicians likewise, for these are the dust-licking pimps and slaves of the scum, there as elsewhere in America.'³

It is easy to see, then, that in a nationwide agitation even remotely comparable to that which we have been contemplating an unacceptable minority which relied on governmental protection would find itself leaning on a broken reed. Mark Twain's excellent observation epitomizes the whole history of Jewry's persecutions. In studying their history, one is struck with the fact that persecutions never have originated in an upper-class movement or a governmental movement; and one also takes note of the further fact that governments moved

slowly and for some time indecisively in dealing with them. This latter fact is understood when one remembers that a government always moves in its own interest, and moves in its people's interest only when the two interests happen to coincide. The Russian persecutions did not originate with the State; they were of popular origin. Once they were got under way, however, the Russian State saw, or thought it saw, that its interest lay in taking them over, abetting and floor-managing them, which it accordingly did. Statesmen like the brilliant and all-powerful idealist premier Speransky, and the liberal autocrat Alexander II, tried to give a better turn to State policy, but found that insuperable 'reasons of State' were in the way. When the power and prestige of the State are at issue there is a limit to what good an all-powerful minister can do to an unpopular minority, or even to what an autocratic despot can do. Needs must when the devil drives.

On the other side of the border Prince von Bismarck discovered that this was so. With respect to the German Jews he was personally in favor of an undeclared informal policy of assimilation and mixed marriages. A good deal had been done in these ways since the middle of the eighteenth century, and Bismarck, surveying the results, thought they were fairly good for Germany, on the whole. If only sleeping dogs could be let lie, such a policy might work itself out. But the dogs would not sleep. They had quieted down since the great anti-Jewish agitation following the Napoleonic Wars, but had not slept. They broke out again after the post-war boom of 1871 had crashed, just as they did with us after 1929; and Bismarck could do nothing with policies either of reconciliation or of repression. 'Reasons of State' were against them; in plainer language, his government would have gone on the rocks, carrying with it all his plans for the newly formed German Reich.

But it is to Spain of the fifteenth cen-

³ Those who wish to freshen up on the history of this episode in the fulfillment of our 'manifest destiny' can hardly do better than read Mr. C. C. Dobie's *San Francisco's Chinatown*, published in 1936. — AUTHOR

tury that one must look for the most convincing example of what may be expected from a government under such circumstances. The situation of the Jews in Spain presents more points of resemblance to their situation here than can be found in any other age or country. There as here they were legally free to organize their religious, social, and cultural life as they saw fit, and also to take whatever part they chose in the non-Jewish life around them. For seven centuries the Jews had done extremely well in Spain, as they have here for two centuries. There as here they had made magnificent contributions to the national industry, commerce, and finance. There as here they had made superb contributions to the nation's progress in culture, in the arts and sciences. There as here they wielded immense influence in politics and civil administration. Jews held the highest positions at court, and Jews were the closest confidential advisers of the king and queen.

Hence we may understand that nothing could have been more acutely objectionable to the royal couple than the idea of yielding to popular pressure and establishing the Inquisition. They showed great reluctance, finally instituting a sort of halfway measure, on which they backed and filled for two years in hope that the agitation would weaken, perhaps die out. But the forces evoked by popular demagoguery were too powerful for them; 'reasons of State' compelled them to go along. They established the Inquisition in 1479, and thirteen years later the Jews were expelled from Spain.

If the reader chooses to look for them, a very cursory examination of history will show him a multitude of instances like these where inexorable 'reasons of State' have forced reluctant rulers to conclude (from the point of view of State interest, which they must regard as paramount) that summary treatment of a minority is the less of two evils. Such an examination might cause the reader to take a more historic view than is

commonly taken of the treatment dealt out to various minorities at the present time. He will see, for example, that however much the farsighted Hadrian, the mild and sensible Trajan, the high-minded Antoninus Pius, and the incomparable Marcus Aurelius — however much these may have wished the Roman populace were wiser than it was, they knew they could not make it so by risking the prestige of the Empire in a direct counter-attack on its pet fanaticisms. Perceiving this, the reader may be led to perceive also that the modern ruler is not always exempt from facing this difficult choice, and is to be judged, as history will judge him, with due allowance for his circumstances.

The foregoing instances are enough to give a very good idea of what may be expected from any government whose only political asset lies in the intensive exploitation of proletarian and sub-proletarian class interest. The incident of the sit-down strikes afforded a fair sample of what 'the forces of law and order' amount to in a political pinch, under a government thus committed. When our economic reckoning comes due; when the bilked and necessitous proletariat and the equally necessitous middle class feel the squeeze forcing them together in a demonstration against anything that can be made to look like a common enemy; when the upper class remains sullen and apathetic; when proletarian demagogues throughout the country raise the old cry, *Der Jud ist schuld* — the government will then be under an unprecedented temptation to use the ensuing agitation as a lightning rod. If I keep up to my family's record of longevity, I think it is not impossible that I shall live to see the Nürnberg laws reenacted in this country and enforced with vigor.

IV

The policy of not crossing bridges until one comes to them is a sound one, and I am a staunch believer in it. I

believe that most of our problems, especially those over which our politicians agonize most vehemently, would best be solved by a firm course of patient neglect. But one must discriminate. This belief is not to be confused with an indolent trust in the uncovenanted good will of an overruling Providence, nor yet with an unintelligent notion that 'it can't happen here.' In 1910 what Hungarian could believe he would ever live to see a most appalling pogrom rage throughout his country? Nothing was ever more unpredictable. There must be

a rational ground for optimism; otherwise optimism is mere idleness. Whatever may have been the case at an earlier period, I am convinced that there is now no rational ground whatever for an optimistic persuasion that the Jewish problem may be safely trusted to settle itself if let alone. The element of time is against this notion, as I have tried to show; and the aggregate of certain specific difficulties and complications is also against it. In a succeeding paper I shall endeavor to show what these difficulties and complications are.

SONGS OF SPRING

BY JESSE STUART

OH what is life and dream to anyone
 Who walks behind his plow and writes a dream
 Under the flavor of the wind and sun
 And by the music of a flowing stream!
 It's wonderful to hear the bird wings stir
 In wind as-blue-as-water overhead;
 It's great to hear the tiny insects whirl
 On air-light wings of gossamer-glass outspread.
 All in a world with me and how they sing!
 I want to match their songs but can't express
 So many little sounds and dreams of Spring.
 I cannot clothe my songs in proper dress
 When all I do is stay behind the plow
 And watch the mould-board turn the cool loam over.
 I rest my mules and wipe sweat from my brow
 And pray that songs of Spring go on forever.

POWERHOUSE

BY EUDORA WELTY

I

POWERHOUSE is playing! He's here on tour, from the city — Powerhouse and His Keyboard — Powerhouse and His Tasmanians — all the things he calls himself! There's no one in the world like him. You can't tell what he is. He looks Asiatic, monkey, Babylonian, Peruvian, fanatic, devil. He has pale gray eyes, heavy lids, maybe horny like a lizard's, but big glowing eyes when they're open. He has feet size twelve, stomping both together on either side of the pedals. He's not coal black — beverage-colored; looks like a preacher when his mouth is shut, but then it opens — vast and obscene. And his mouth is going every minute, like a monkey's when it looks for fleas. Improvising, coming upon a very light and childish melody, *smooch* — he loves it with his mouth. Is it possible that he could be this! When you have him there performing for you, that's what you feel. You know people on a stage — and people of a darker race — so likely to be marvelous, frightening.

This is a white dance. Powerhouse is not a show-off like the Harlem boys — not drunk, not crazy, I think. He's in a trance; he's a person of joy, a fanatic. He listens as much as he performs — a look of hideous, powerful rapture on his face. Big arched eyebrows that never stop traveling. When he plays, he beats down piano and seat and wears them away. He is in motion every moment — what could be more obscene? There he is with his great head, big fat stomach,

little round piston legs, and long yellow-sectioned strong fingers, at rest about the size of bananas. Of course you know how he sounds — you've heard him on records; but still you need to see him. He's going all the time, like skating around the skating rink or rowing a boat. It makes everybody crowd around, here in this shadowless steel-trussed hall with the rose-like posters of Nelson Eddy and the testimonial for the mind-reading horse in handwriting magnified five hundred times.

Powerhouse is so monstrous he sends everybody into oblivion. When any group, any performers, come to town, don't people always come out and hover near, leaning inward about them, to learn what it is? What is it? Listen. Remember how it was with the acrobats. Watch them carefully; hear the least word, especially what they say to one another, in another language; don't let them escape you — it's the only time for hallucination, the last time. They can't stay. They'll be somewhere else this time tomorrow.

Powerhouse has as much as possible done by signals. Everybody, laughing as if to hide a weakness, will sooner or later hand him up a written request. Powerhouse reads each one, studying with a secret face: that is the face which looks like a mask, anybody's; there is a moment when he makes a decision. Then a light slides under his eyelids and he says, 'Ninety-two!' or some combination of figures — never a name. Before a num-

ber the band is all frantic, misbehaving, pushing, like children in a schoolroom, and he is the teacher getting silence. His hands over the keys, he says sternly, 'You-all ready? You-all ready to do some serious walking?' — waits — then, STAMP. Quiet. STAMP, for the second time. This is absolute. Then a set of rhythmic kicks against the floor to communicate the tempo. Then, 'Oh Lord,' say the distended eyes from beyond the boundary of the trumpets; 'Hello and good-bye' — and they are all down the first note like a waterfall.

This note marks the end of any known discipline. Powerhouse seems to abandon them all; he himself seems lost — down in the song — yelling up like somebody in a whirlpool — not guiding them, hailing them only. But he knows, really. He cries out, but he must know exactly. 'Mercy! . . . What I say! . . . Yeah!' and then drifting, listening, — 'Where that skin-beater?' (wanting drums), — and starting up and pouring it out in the greatest delight and brutality. On the sweet pieces, such a leer for everybody! He looks down so benevolently upon all the faces and whispers the lyrics, and if you could hear him at this moment on 'Marie, the Dawn Is Breaking'! He's going up the keyboard with a few fingers in some very derogatory triplet routine; he gets higher and higher, and then he looks over the end of the piano, as if over a cliff. But not in a show-off way: the song makes him do it.

He loves the way they all play, too — all those next to him. The far section of the band is all studious — wearing glasses, every one; they don't count. Only those playing around Powerhouse are the real ones. He has a bass fiddler from Vicksburg, black as pitch, named Valentine, who plays with his eyes shut and talking to himself, very young. Powerhouse has to keep encouraging him: 'Go on, go on, give it up, bring it on out there!' When you heard him like that on records, did you know he was really pleading?

He calls Valentine out to take a solo. 'What you going to play?' Powerhouse looks out kindly from behind the piano; he opens his mouth and shows his tongue, listening.

Valentine looks down, drawing against his instrument, and says without a lip movement, 'Honeysuckle Rose.'

He has a clarinet player named Little Brother, and loves to listen to anything he does. He'll smile and say, 'Beautiful!' Little Brother takes a step forward when he plays and stands at the very front, with the whites of his eyes like fishes swimming. Once when he played a low note Powerhouse muttered in dirty praise, 'He went clear downstairs to get that one!'

After a long time, he holds up the number of fingers to tell the band how many choruses still to go — usually five. He keeps his directions down to signals.

It's a bad night outside. It's a white dance, and nobody dances, except a few straggling jitterbugs and two elderly couples; everybody just stands around the band and watches Powerhouse. Sometimes they steal glances at one another. Of course, you know how it is with *them* — they would play the same way, giving all they've got, for an audience of one. . . . When somebody, no matter who, gives everything, it makes people feel ashamed for him.

II

Late at night, they play the one waltz they will ever consent to play. By request, 'Pagan Love Song.' Powerhouse's head rolls and sinks like a weight between his waving shoulders. He groans and his fingers drag into the keys heavily, holding on to the notes, retrieving. It is a sad song.

'You know what happened to me?' says Powerhouse.

Valentine hums a response, dreaming at the bass.

'I got a telegram my wife is dead,'

says Powerhouse, with wandering fingers.

'Uh-huh?'

His mouth gathers and forms a barbarous O, while his fingers walk up straight, unwillingly, three octaves.

'Gipsy? Why, how come her to die? Didn't you just phone her up in the night last night long distance?'

'Telegram say — here the words: "Your wife is dead."' He puts four-four over the three-four.

'Not but four words?' This is the drummer, an unpopular boy named Scoot, a disbelieving maniac.

Powerhouse is shaking his vast cheeks. 'What the hell was she trying to do? What was she up to?'

'What name has it got signed, if you got a telegram?' Scoot is spitting away with those wire brushes.

Little Brother, the clarinet player, who cannot now speak, glares and tilts back.

'Uranus Knockwood is the name signed.' Powerhouse lifts his eyes open. 'Ever heard of him?' A bubble shoots out on his lip, like a plate on a counter.

Valentine is beating slowly on with his palm and scratching the strings with his long blue nails. He is fond of a waltz; Powerhouse interrupts him.

'I don't know him. Don't know who he is.' Valentine shakes his head with the closed eyes, like an old mop.

'Say it again.'

'Uranus Knockwood.'

'That ain't Lenox Avenue.'

'It ain't Broadway.'

'Ain't ever seen it wrote out in any print, even for horse-racing.'

'Hell, that's on a star, boy, ain't it?' Crash of the cymbals.

'What the hell was she up to?' Powerhouse shudders. 'Tell me, tell me, tell me.' He makes triplets, and begins a new chorus. He holds three fingers up.

'You say you got a telegram.' This is Valentine, patient and sleepy, beginning again.

Powerhouse is elaborate. 'Yas, the

time I go out — go way downstairs along a long *corridor* to where they puts us. Coming back, steps out and hands me a telegram: "Your wife is dead."'

'Gipsy?' The drummer is like a spider over his drums.

'Aaaaaa!' shouts Powerhouse, flinging out both powerful arms for three whole beats to flex his muscles, then kneading a dough of bass notes. His eyes glitter. He plays the piano like a drum sometimes — why not?

'Gipsy? Such a dancer?'

'Why you don't hear it straight from your agent? Why it ain't come from headquarters? What you been doing, getting telegrams in the *corridor*, signed nobody?'

They all laugh. End of that chorus.

'What time is it?' Powerhouse calls. 'What the hell place is this? Where is my watch and chain?'

'I hang it on you,' whimpers Valentine. 'It still there.'

There it rides on Powerhouse's great stomach, down where he can never see it.

'Sure did hear some clock striking twelve while ago. Must be *midnight*.'

'It going to be intermission,' Powerhouse declares, lifting up his finger with the signet ring.

He draws the chorus to an end. He pulls a big Northern hotel towel out of the deep pocket in his vast, special-cut tux pants and pushes his forehead into it.

'If she went and killed herself!' he says with a hidden face. 'If she up and jumped out that window!' He gets to his feet, turning vaguely, wearing the towel on his head.

'Ha, ha!'

'Sheik, sheik!'

'She wouldn't do that.' Little Brother sets down his clarinet like a precious vase, and speaks. He still looks like an East Indian queen, implacable, divine, and full of snakes. 'You ain't going to expect people doing what they says over long distance.'

'Come on!' roars Powerhouse. He is

already at the back door; he has pulled it wide open, and with a wild, gathered-up face is smelling the terrible night

III

Powerhouse, Valentine, Scoot, and Little Brother step outside into the drenching rain.

'Well, they emptying buckets,' says Powerhouse in a mollified voice. On the street he holds his hands out and turns up the blanched palms like sieves.

A hundred dark, ragged, silent, delighted Negroes have come around from under the eaves of the hall, and follow wherever they go.

'Watch out, Little Brother, don't shrink,' says Powerhouse. 'You just the right size now — clarinet don't suck you in. You got a dry throat, Little Brother, you in the desert?' He reaches into the pocket and pulls out a paper of mints. 'Now hold 'em in your mouth — don't chew 'em. I don't carry around nothing without limit.'

'Go in that joint and have beer,' says Scoot, who walks ahead.

'Beer? Beer? You know what beer is? What do they say is beer? What's beer? Where I been?'

'Down yonder where it say World Cafe, that do?' They are across the tracks now.

Valentine patters over and holds open a screen door warped like a seashell, bitter in the wet, and they walk in, stained darker with the rain and leaving footprints. Inside, sheltered dry smells stand like screens around a table covered with a red-checkered cloth, in the centre of which flies hang onto an obelisk-shaped ketchup bottle. The midnight walls are checkered again with admonishing 'Not Responsible' signs and black-figured smoky calendars. It is a waiting, silent, limp room. There is a burnt-out-looking nickelodeon, and right beside it a long-necked wall instrument labeled 'Business Phone, Don't Keep Talking.' Circled phone numbers are written up

everywhere. There is a worn-out peacock feather hanging by a thread to an old, thin, pink, exposed light bulb, where it slowly turns around and around, whoever breathes.

A waitress watches.

'Come here, living statue, and get all this big order of beer we fixing to give.'

'Never seen you before anywhere.' The waitress moves and comes forward and slowly shows little gold leaves and tendrils over her teeth. She shoves up her shoulders and breasts. 'How I going to know who you might be — robbers? Coming in out of the black night right at midnight, setting down so big at my table!'

'Boogers,' says Powerhouse, his eyes opening lazily as in a cave.

The girl screams delicately with pleasure. Oh Lord, she likes talk and scares.

'Where you going to find enough beer to put out on this-here table?'

She runs to the kitchen with bent elbows and sliding steps.

'Here's a million nickels,' says Powerhouse, pulling his hand out of his pocket and sprinkling coins out, all but the last one, which he makes vanish like a magician.

Valentine and Scoot take the money over to the nickelodeon, which is beginning to look as battered as a slot machine, and read all the names of the records out loud.

'Whose "Tuxedo Junction"?' asks Powerhouse.

'You know whose.'

'Nickelodeon, I request you please to play "Empty Bed Blues" and let Bessie Smith sing.'

Silence: they hold it, like a measure.

'Bring me all those nickels on back here,' says Powerhouse. 'Look at that! What you tell me the name of this place?'

'White dance, week night, raining — Alligator, Mississippi — long ways from home.'

'Uh-huh.'

'Sent for You Yesterday and Here You Come Today' plays.

The waitress, setting the tray of beer down on a back table, comes up taut and apprehensive as a hen. 'Says in the kitchen, back there putting their eyes to little hole peeping out, that you is Mr. Powerhouse. . . . They knows from a picture they seen.'

'They seeing right tonight — that is him,' says Little Brother.

'You him?'

'That is him in the flesh,' says Scoot.

'Does you wish to touch him?' asks Valentine. 'Because he don't bite.'

'You passing through?'

'Now you got everything right.'

She waits like a drop, hands languishing together in front.

'Babe, ain't you going to bring the beer?'

She brings it, and goes behind the cash register and smiles, turning different ways. The little fillet of gold in her mouth is gleaming.

'The Mississippi River's here,' she says once.

Now all the watching Negroes press in gently and bright-eyed through the door, as many as can get in. One is a little boy in a straw sombrero which has been coated with aluminum paint all over. Powerhouse, Valentine, Scoot, and Little Brother drink beer, and their eyelids come together like curtains. The wall and the rain and the humble beautiful waitress waiting on them and the other Negroes watching enclose them.

'Listen!' whispers Powerhouse, looking into the ketchup bottle and very slowly spreading his performer's hands over the damp wrinkling cloth with the red squares. 'How it is. My wife gets missing me. Gipsy. She goes to the window. She looks out and sees you know what. Street. Sign saying "Hotel." People walking. Somebody looks up. Old man. She looks down, out the window. Well? . . . Sssst! Plooeey! What she do? Jump out and bust her brains all over the world.'

He opens his eyes.

'That's it,' agrees Valentine. 'You gets a telegram.'

'Sure she misses you,' Little Brother adds.

'Now, it's nighttime.' How softly he tells them! 'Sure. It's the nighttime. She say, "What do I hear? Footsteps walking up the hall? That him?" Footsteps go on off. It's not me. I'm in Alligator, Mississippi; she's crazy. Shaking all over. Listens till her ears and all grow out like old music-box horns, but still she can't hear a thing. She says, "All right! I'll jump out the window then." Got on her nightgown. I know that nightgown, and she thinking there. Says, "Ho hum, all right," and jumps out the window. Is she mad at me! Is she crazy! She don't leave *nothing* behind her!'

'Ya! Ha!'

'Brains and insides everywhere — Lord, Lord.'

All the watching Negroes stir in their delight, and to their higher delight he says affectionately, 'Listen! Rats in here.'

'That must be the way, Boss.'

'Only, naw, Powerhouse, that ain't true. That sound too *bad*.'

'Does? I even know who finds her,' cries Powerhouse. 'That no-good pussy-footed crooning creeper, that creeper that follow around after me, coming up like weeds behind me, following around after me everything I do and messing around on the trail I leave. Bets my numbers, sings my songs, gets close to my agent like a betsy-bug — when I going out he just coming in. I got him now! I got him spotted!'

'Know who he is?'

'Why, it's that old Uranus Knockwood!'

'Ya! Ha!'

'Yeah, and he coming now, he going to find Gipsy. There he is, coming around that corner, and Gipsy kadoo-dling down — oh-oh! Watch out! Sssst-flooeey! See, there she is in her little old

nightgown, and her insides and brains all scattered round.'

A sigh fills the room.

'Hush about her brains. Hush about her insides.'

'Ya! Ha! You talking about her brains and insides — old Uranus Knockwood,' says Powerhouse, 'look down and say, "Lord!" He say, "Look here what I'm walking in!"'

They all burst into halloos of laughter. Powerhouse's face looks like a big hot iron stove.

'Why, he picks her up and carries her off!' he says.

'Ya! Ha!'

'Carries her *back* around the corner . . .'

'Oh, Powerhouse!'

'You know him.'

'Uranus Knockwood!'

'Yeahhh!'

'He take our wives when we gone!'

'He come in when we goes out!'

'Uh-huh!'

'He go out when we comes in!'

'Yeahhh!'

'He standing behind the door!'

'Old Uranus Knockwood!'

'You know him.'

'Middle-size man.'

'Wears a hat.'

'That's him.'

Everybody in the room moans with reassurance. The little boy in the fine silver hat opens a paper and divides out a jelly roll among his followers.

And out of the breathless ring somebody moves forward like a slave, leading a great logy Negro with bursting eyes, and says, 'This-here is Sugar-Stick Thompson, that dove down to the bottom of July Creek and pulled up all those drowned white people fall out of a boat. Last summer — pulled up fourteen.'

'Hello,' says Powerhouse, turning and looking around at them all with his great daring face until they nearly suffocate.

Sugar-Stick, their instrument, cannot

speak; he can only look back at the others.

'Can't even swim. Done it by holding his breath,' says the fellow with the hero.

Powerhouse looks at him seekingly.

'I his half-brother,' the fellow puts in.

They step back.

'Gipsy say,' Powerhouse rumbles gently again, looking at *them*, "'What is the use? I'm gonna jump out so far — so far — *Ssssst* —'"

'Don't, Boss, don't do it again,' says Little Brother.

'It's awful,' says the waitress. 'I hates that Mr. Knockwoods. All that the truth?'

'Want to see the telegram I got from him?' Powerhouse's hand goes to the vast pocket.

'Now wait, now wait, Boss.' They all watch him.

'It must be the real truth,' says the waitress, sucking in her lower lip, her luminous eyes turning sadly, seeking the windows.

'No, Babe, it ain't the truth.' His eyebrows fly up and he begins to whisper to her out of his vast oven mouth. His hand stays in his pocket. 'Truth is something worse — I ain't said what, yet. It's something hasn't come to me, but I ain't saying it won't. And when it does, then want me to tell you?' He sniffs all at once, his eyes come open and turn up, almost too far. He is dreamily smiling.

'Don't, Boss. Don't, Powerhouse!'

'Yeahhh!'

'Oh!' The waitress screams.

'Go on, git out of here!' bellows Powerhouse, taking his hand out of his pocket and clapping after her red dress.

The ring of watchers breaks and falls away.

'*Look* at that! Intermission is up,' says Powerhouse.

He folds money under a glass, and after they go out Valentine leans back in and drops a nickel in the nickelodeon behind them, and it lights up and begins

to play, and the feather dangles still. That was going to be a Hawaiian piece.

'Take a telegram!' Powerhouse shouts suddenly up into the rain. 'Take a answer. — Now what was that name?'

They get a little tired.

'Uranus Knockwood.'

'You ought to know.'

'Yas? Spell it to me.'

They spell it all the ways it could be spelled. It puts them in a wonderful humor.

'Here's the answer. Here it is right here. "What in the hell you talking about? Don't make any difference: I gotcha." Name signed: Powerhouse.'

'That going reach him, Powerhouse?' Valentine speaks in a maternal voice.

'Yas, yas.'

All hushing, following him up the dark street at a distance, like old rained-on black ghosts, the Negroes are afraid they will die laughing.

Powerhouse throws back his vast head into the steaming rain, and a look of hopeful desire seems to blow somehow like a vapor from his own dilated nostrils over his face and bring a mist to his eyes.

'Reach him and come out the other side.'

'That's it, Powerhouse, that's it. You got him now.'

Powerhouse lets out a long sigh.

'But ain't you going back there to call up Gipsy long distance, the way you did last night in that other place? I seen a telephone. . . . Just to see if she there at home?'

There is a measure of silence. That is one crazy drummer that's going to get his neck broken some day.

'No,' growls Powerhouse. 'No! How many thousand times tonight I got to say *No*?'

He holds up his arm in the rain, like someone swearing.

'You sure-enough unroll your voice some night, it about reach up yonder to her,' says Little Brother, dismayed.

They go on up the street, shaking the rain off and on them like birds.

IV

Back in the dance hall they play 'San' (99). The jitterbugs stiffen and start up like windmills stationed over the floor, and in their orbits (one circle, another, a long stretch and a zigzag) dance the elderly couples with old smoothness, undisturbed and stately.

When Powerhouse first came back from intermission (probably full of beer, everyone said) he got the band tuned up again not by striking the piano keys for the pitch: he just opened his mouth and gave falsetto howls — in A, D, and so on. They tuned by him. Then he took hold of the piano, like seeing it for the first time, and tested it for strength, hit it down in the bass, played an octave with his elbow, and opened it and examined its interior, and leaned on it with all his might. He played it for a few minutes with terrific force and got it under his power — then struck into something fragile and smiled. You couldn't remember any of the things he said — just inspired remarks that came out of his mouth like smoke.

They've requested 'Somebody Loves Me,' and he's already done twelve or fourteen choruses, piling them up nobody knows how, and it will be a wonder if he ever gets through. Now and then he calls and shouts, 'Somebody loves me! Somebody loves me — I wonder who!' His mouth gets to be nothing but a volcano when he gets to the end.

'Somebody loves me — I wonder who!'

'Maybe —' He uses all his right hand on a trill.

'Maybe —' He pulls back his spread fingers and looks out upon the place where he is. A vast, impersonal, and yet furious grimace transfigures his wet face.

'— Maybe it's you!'

THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELES

I

SOMETHING has gone wrong of late with short-story writers. Something has happened to them; and what that something is, still more why it is, are worth considering, short stories being now, as they have long been, the most widely consumed single item on the American literary menu.

To measure the extent of the decline, a reader has only to check back on his fingers to the great names of the great days of story writing. Never mind the early nineteenth-century pillars; those may be taken for granted. So may their immediate successors. But within the memory of readers now reading are Margaret Deland, Edith Wharton, Sherwood Anderson, Harry Leon Wilson, Elsie Singmaster, Ring Lardner, Thomas Beer, Montague Glass, Wilbur Daniel Steele, no one of them remembered for a single story or pair of stories, but each for free and fine production over a stretch of years.

Made up from names which became known in the first decade of the century or in the second, the list could be all but indefinitely prolonged. Writers who began then are frequently still writing, and writing well. But to compile a similar list from names introduced since, say, 1920 is a task beyond achievement. Notable single stories appear, — appear and are received with anticipatory fervor, — but one story does not make a story writer any more than one couplet makes a poet. Two stories do not do it, nor three. The very point of the present

plaint is that the story writer who began prior to the twenties tended to nourish his talent, to stick to his craft, and that today he does not. It is not, seemingly, talent itself that is lacking; individual stories go far to prove that. What is lacking is the conserving of that talent. And in view of the multiplication of magazines, the blandishments of editors, the material rewards of writing, greater in these last years than ever before, a reader may well ask why.

That 'why' does not, of course, pertain to the silencing of any one voice. Any one writer may have turned toward novels, toward Hollywood, may have died in Spain or Poland. He may, as has been true of several promising beginners, have found after a few ventures that he had no more to say — and medals to him for not saying it. But silence is the exception, deterioration is the rule. It requires no Cassandra to prophesy that of half a dozen writers within the allotted period whose first discovered story made your breath catch in your throat, and your mind record the writer's name, five certainly and probably all six are now appearing with replicas — let us keep to the safety of understatement — with replicas which cause no breath-catching.

For this falling off, the most convenient scapegoat is, of course, the time. Given the confusions of the hour, the daily nervous torment of the sensitive, how can any writer hold his soul together, convince himself of the worth of his

effort? . . . Well, the novelist can. Not many would contend that the later American novelists within the present century are less satisfying, book by book, than their immediate predecessors. Plays continue. Poetry travels a rising road. Only stories, earliest and greatest of American contributions, shrivel down from little to still less. If explanations for the shriveling are to be found, they must be explanations applicable not to all writing but peculiarly to that one group afflicted, whatever it is that afflicts them, out of all proportion to their writing mates.

II

There is not, of course, an entire dearth of recurrent excellence. To assert that would be ungrateful. If William Saroyan flings off, as he has seemed to do, a story every fifteen minutes and seven out of eight of them bad, the eighth is still a thing to thank God for. John Steinbeck is momentarily submerged beneath the waves of praise and blame whipped up by his novels, but *The Long Valley* proved a worthy successor to *The Pastures of Heaven*, and *Tortilla Flat*, announced as a novel, was as surely and as rewardingly short stories as were ever the exploits of Paul Bunyan. Ernest Hemingway's short fiction stands on an even footing with *The Sun Also Rises* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*; his power to hold a reader breathless till the last word is reached has been exerted over twenty years and shows no sign of diminution. Katharine Brush has written notably, though not of late. Katherine Anne Porter's *Flowering Judas* made *Pale Horse*, *Pale Rider* long to wait for — and, to speak truth, not quite worth the waiting. Benedict Thielen's output comes scatteringly but not thinly. So does Kay Boyle's. There are others to be added — Walter D. Edmonds, James Thurber, William Hazlett Upson, Dorothy Parker, each so evidently the leader in his special field that any reader can make the addition for himself.

But even with all additions made the record still is not encouraging. Save for the few, and some of those too recent to give assurance, the choice appears to lie between deterioration and sterility.

That this appearance is more than merely the clouded reflection in one reader's eyes is evidenced by a sign scarcely to be disregarded. Book publishers are the final arbiters not of what we read but of what we are permitted to reread. And among publishers volumes of short stories are now generally considered bad risks. Collections are undertaken, partly because they are used in schools, partly perhaps in the expectation that each friend of each author represented will buy a copy or two, but one-man volumes, unless by writers already distinguished or notorious, are in general out of favor.

The time when they were less so is easily remembered. Jack London's collected stories were the pleasure of the discriminating long before *The Call of the Wild* added impetus to their sale. It was *Plain Tales* and its successors that beat out a path for *Kim*, not the other way round. Katherine Mansfield — but why multiply examples? Shifts in the relative accessibility of books and magazines explain in part the present attitude, but only in part. An explanation more comprehensive even if also more dismal is provided by the perusal of a half-dozen stories from *The Day's Work* or *Xingu* or *Tower of Sand* or *The Casuarina Tree*, and then of some successive half-dozen from the pen of almost any popular writer of the moment. What constitutes a publisher's risk, the perusal would seem to show, is not volumes of stories all by one author but volumes of bad stories all by one author; by an author more often than not with but a single string to his bow, and that the string of a particular occupation or preoccupation — baseball or incest, antiques or sharecropping. A reviewer of Meridel Le Sueur's recent offering, a friendly

reviewer emphasizing her merits, yet cannot avoid at last a blunt admission: 'One lethal weakness. Her stories are so identical in pitch, structure, emotion and diction that I find it impossible to remember one story as against another. . . . The same tone held too long can sound toneless.' The same tone held too long must sound toneless. It has no recourse till ears shall have changed their structure.

But to say that stories fall off in merit because their writers, intrinsically able, play only on one string is to state an effect as though it were a cause. That playing on one string, or rather that all too frequent reduction to one string of what at first sounded orchestral tones, has somewhere causes of its own. In seeking them we are not, remember, accounting for born mediocrity. That we have always with us, and always there is a place for it, a useful place. What we are examining here is neither mediocrity nor genius; it is instead the present Gadarene rush of talent down the slope to unimportance or extinguishment. Why, for example, did the fine clarity of Edith Wharton's short fiction continue till age gave ample reason for cessation, and why is Katharine Brush, unquestionably gifted, already all but silent in the form which has contained her loveliest work? 'Fox Hunt' sticks to memory like a burr — why, then, should 'Pantaloons in Black,' chock-full of Faulkner's accustomed violences, so soon go dim? Who is doing what to our present generation of talented story writers?

The first suspects, of course, are editors. Given the opportunity, plenty of would-be contributors could point out to them where and how they stifle talent and in particular one talent, and where stories are to be found better than those they publish. Once in some thousands of times, too, the point-outer might be right, but hardly more than once. Unrecognized talent, if it exists in the United States today, must be rarer than dinosaur tracks. That it is searched for

as if by divining rod is evidenced by the inducements pouring out from editorial offices. Special mention of 'first' stories, special offers to new writers, prizes for given word lengths, age groups, occupations — in all these fashions, and in others, the still unpublished are coaxed toward publication. Editors may be called on to answer for other crimes, but not for slothfulness in the pursuit of talent.

Whether the methods of that pursuit are those best fitted to the end in view is, of course, another question. Up to a point, undoubtedly they are. The novice receiving payment and publicity for one story will hurry on to another. That he will hurry on to a better is less sure. Relation between the early unhusking of writing ability and its final ripening has had as yet no measure, but the graph which will some day show that relation must be already a subject of editorial nightmares. For while it is true that now and then a fine story is sparked off from inexperience, it is still truer that lasting merit serves usually a long apprenticeship — so much truer that, were any magazine to display on its masthead the legend 'We publish no stories by writers of less than five years' proved practice,' it would be assured of at least one standing subscription.

But if pressure on beginners is over-heavy, it is not so through editorial caprice or even through misjudgment. Editors themselves are facing an unprecedented dilemma which they must meet as best they can. The nature of it is set forth — though, strangely enough, in terms of gratulation — in a recent article by Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen: 'Fifty years ago there was not a single magazine in the United States with a circulation of a million. Now there are twenty-six. . . . European magazines famous for their high quality have had tiny audiences.'

From zero to twenty-six inside of fifty years — in any field it would be a staggering growth. It is the more staggering

in this one when we recall that the greater part of the growth belongs to the later half of the period, that magazines have increased in bulk as well as in subscription lists, and that the number of magazines printed calls for multiplication by two or three to approximate the number of readers. Even allowing for three times as many readers per copy for an old-time *Scribner's* or *Century*, still the enlargement of the reading group has been dizzyingly rapid. That its taste, its standards, can have grown as fast is a utopian dream.

Utopian too is the expectation that talent may somehow have been multiplied to meet the call of opportunity. Whether there are twenty-six or twenty or fifteen times more stories required now than in 1900, it is obvious that, no miracle intervening, increase in chance to publish has far outrun any probable increase in writing ability. Editors, then, not only must seek as they do now with zeal, almost with frenzy, after every appearance of talent, but, when talent is not to be found, must provide simulations of it. There are months, doubtless, — there must be, — when lean kine only come to the editorial desk. Lean kine, then, must march across the magazine's pages, for somehow, and for an audience little trained in discrimination, those pages are to be filled.

If keeping them filled meant no more than that worthless stories appeared along with worthier ones, complaint would be nullified. Since fiction first was paid for, there has been a Grub Street, and also there have been writers who had no dealings with Grub Street. But the present pressures mean a little more than merely bad stories and better ones standing on adjacent pages. Lean kine — we have the Scriptural warrant for it — not only are themselves lean incurably; they also swallow up their fatter mates. The Grub Street of 1941 is no longer the shabby thoroughfare of an earlier century. Highly paid and highly touted, grown rich, grown oracu-

lar, its residents are everywhere in evidence. Everywhere the journeymen of writing not only outnumber the talented — that they have always done — but also outface them, shout them: by sheer force of numbers and of noise urge on them their own pedestrian certitudes.

Of all the changes brought about by rapid growth, this omnipresence of the mediocre, swift to deny even the existence of any standard but their own, is now the most instantly obvious among the reasons for the story's decay, the most portentous for its future.

III

Practitioners of fiction draw themselves habitually into two camps. The promising beginners of fifteen or twenty years ago — beginners who, like O. Henry's dwindling town, have now for the most part a great future behind them — are of necessity in the one camp or the other. So too, in their overwhelming numbers, are the unpromising beginners, the foreordained mediocrities. Between these camps, differences in ideology and practice are usually about the same. The one, a majority in any age, accepts on the whole the established social order, keeps in the main to the traditional story form. The other, the minority, rejects the established order and denies the validity of form, holding artistic expression to be a cry of nature — too often, unfortunately, a cry of ill nature. There are exceptions, but in general the placing holds: acceptances paired, rejections paired, and this whether for genius, talent, or ineptitude.

The so-called 'slicks' — graceless word which has as yet no synonym — are an immediate goal for the larger group. For the smaller, the Little Magazines furnish steppingstones by way of which the 'slicks' may ultimately be reached. In either, however, are to be found at present the same vitiating atmosphere, the same destructive downpulls which

result in any profession from a low level of aim and achievement among its recognizedly successful members.

What these downpulls are is perhaps best shown by calling back to mind a typical story or two. Each of those to be recalled has been slightly changed either in locale or in hero's name or occupation — this in order that no author, happening on the summaries, shall have cause for grievance. The paragraph toward which he turns an offended eye may relate not to his story at all, only to one cut from the same bolt.

A bride, brought to a North Dakota wheat ranch, proves impractical. Her housework goes from bad to worse, she is useless at sewing. To the exasperation of her husband, she roves the fields when she should be washing the dishes, pores over seed catalogues, putters in her garden. With crops perishing of drought and foreclosure looming, she persuades an obliging neighbor to take her to the county fair, where she exhibits to the visiting expert varieties of a hardy grain she has developed, is awarded a prize, and regains the admiration of her husband.

A lawyer, summoned by his sister to help quell their elderly mother's determination to return to her solitary farm, finds the mother, as she has been for a year past, lapped in cloying comfort at the sister's home — feet bundled in afghan, hands idle. Mother and son spend a day together on the home farm, the mother outwearying the son in tramping fields, exploring closed rooms. Aboard the train on his way home, the son finds the seat next his occupied by an elderly woman who, learning his errand, denounces him roundly, pointing out that she is herself older than the mother he describes but has had no children to harry her into senility. At home, a letter is waiting announcing the mother's return not to her daughter's house but to the farm, where she purposes to stay. Thanks to his train companion's disquisition, the son acquiesces in the decision, takes credit with his wife for its having been made.

A mulatto, the only colored or part-colored person in the small suburb where he has been born and bred, has made himself so secure a place among his white neighbors that the fact of his difference, disregarded by

all of them, disappears from his own mind, and he asks a white father for his daughter's hand. Refused, and pressing for and finally getting the reason for the refusal, he goes suddenly berserk. Up from ancestral memories wells a never-heard jungle cry; he rushes into the street, strikes down chance passers-by, shatters shop windows, and, whirling a meat axe, does dances on their scattered contents. A policeman makes ready to shoot, is prevented by the father responsible for the outbreak, whose youngest child is toddling toward the madman. 'Don't interfere! He knows my boy. . . . It's the only chance, and I'll take it.' The child, approaching within axe's reach, speaks in bell-like treble. 'Blacky-man . . .' Blood, brains, and flaxen hair are mingled on the pavement.

There are other varieties no less familiar: (1) the story of the discharged accountant who, without being aware of it, engages a bank president at golf; (2) the proletarian story, the author of which recognizes more clearly than did even Bret Harte what manner of soul lives under a custom-made coat and what under denim; (3) the step-by-step story, not quite so frequent now as in the early thirties: —

Harlan closed his dripping umbrella, felt for his latchkey, and let himself into the dreary, half-lighted hall. Hanging his umbrella on the dusty rack, the hall's only furniture, he pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his moist palms, then turned . . .

(4) the process story, first cousin to the step-by-step but from the other camp: —

. . . rifled the barrel the next day, running the rifling head back and forth by hand . . . and making a mark with chalk for each pass, and indexing the head for the next cut. It took forty passes of the rifling head. . . .

Every short-story addict has read all of these, read them by the dozen and forgotten them in equal number. Nothing is to be said against any of them. They fill time. They briefly soothe or briefly titillate. They are harmless as caramels before dinner. But when, as now, their writers are taken seriously

by critics; when they sit above the salt, and, by example verbal and fiscal, help to move the talented beginner from living stories to such fustian stuff, then the harmlessness of both product and producer is open to question. Then I, who have followed that beginner from his first exciting ventures, follow to my loss. I, the reader, am cheated.

Part of what cheats me lies open on the face of any of the summaries given, but one cause of complaint summaries cannot show. This is the wording of the story. Considered not as stories at all but merely as exercises in composition, the compositions now spread on the pages of American magazines are all too often such as set the teeth on edge.

When a writer as gifted and as influential as William Faulkner can put into the mouth of one of his characters the sentence, 'They never saw him again for some time,' followed from the same speaker and within the column by the Cabellian 'slept on a pallet in the back room, what time the pallet was not occupied,' it is to be expected that the tortured romanticism of his followers will display itself in incongruities grosser still.

The minor refinements of language are, of course, not in question here. Nobody cringes any longer at 'I will enjoy.' 'Were it to be done' is as archaic as the 'what time' just quoted. As for that unhappy unit, the sentence, let Mr. Faulkner again lead off.

But he did not deny it, even though he was never able to tell what happened, what the quarrel was about, nor (as I said) later, even where it had occurred and who it was that he had killed, stating once (as I also said) . . .

Or from the majority camp (Paul Gallico speaking):—

He would sail the tidal creeks and estuaries and out to sea, and would be gone for days at a time, looking for new species of birds to photograph or sketch, and he became an adept . . .

Length, naturally, is not what is complained of in either of these sentences. Length in a sentence is no more a drawback than tallness in a man; rickets is unsightly in either. And though some writers can surmount unsightliness, transform it even into virtue of a sort, yet slatternliness in the use of words, slapdashness in the shaping of sentences, remain evil omens. They make it no surprise when the same slatternliness appears in the story's conception. In those just summarized—or, for that matter, in the replicas they bring to mind—the story structures, not the sentences alone, are likely to stand toppling, their weight supported by chance happenings. If the child, for example, had failed to enunciate that never-before-spoken, provocative word; if the traveling septuagenarian had taken some other train . . .

Now chance, as everybody knows, cannot be ruled out of stories any more than it can be ruled out of life. Conrad raises it more than once to the dignity of fate. Scott Fitzgerald has suspended two lives from the edges of a nickel. But, with both these writers in their vastly different writings, chance—if I may be permitted a seeming paradox—does not arrive by chance. Either it enters in the form of immutable circumstance, one of those 'acts of God' against which there is no insurance; or it is circumstance created or directed by the characters' being what they are. When it is to affect a story at its very centre and turning point, it cannot successfully be dragged in by the hair to solve a plot dilemma—not in stories for grown-up readers. (Fatima's brothers, of course, arrive to the minute.)

And when the forward movement of the narrative is promoted not by chance alone but by sheer contradiction of common knowledge, the case is still worse. That father, watching his infant move toward the maniac—'It's the only chance and I'll take it.' Fathers I have known have been more squeamish. That

mother, victim of consecutive months of enforced inaction — give her a day at the farm and off she marches, brisk as a top sergeant. Souls may be capable of sudden conversion; I find it hard to believe the same of leg muscles.

Not, of course, that either of the incidents cited might not happen. Anything may; a parallel for 'A Rose for Emily' is said to have turned up in the police court, though whether antedating that ingenious tale or inspired by it is not of record. The boy hero of a 1941 magazine story who, equipped with air-gun and audacity, put to rout four adult armed Germans of military training; the *FBI agent tender-heartedly setting free the gangster's repentant accomplice* — either of these, too, is possible, even if only remotely so. But, possible or impossible, the placing given these fictive beings as contrasted with their actions brings to the reader's mind conflicting concepts, and in the conflict the story is lost. The loss does not take place — let us say it again — because the story's happenings are impossible. The impossible alone never yet made a story hard to swallow. It is the implausible, the unprepared-for, the contradictory, which will not down, and that irrespective of whether it be floated in syrup or in vinegar.

Writers who deal in humor seem, on the whole, to have retained better than others their grasp on the pair of truths just stated, but humorists unfortunately are scarce as hen's teeth in this present era. Denouncers of social injustice on the one hand, purveyors of violence on the other — between them, laughter has been elbowed off the page. With two or three blessed exceptions, it is either not found at all in these sombre years or found transformed into that 'cry of pain of a well-bred man' which is extorted by the satirist.

And it is no mere coincidence that, as the humorists disappear, the raw-meat writers, just now moving in their battalions from the Little Magazines over into

the 'slicks,' should show themselves far and away the least sensitive among the makers of stories to the demands of plausibility. Their middle-aged gentlewomen expert at murder, their landlords busy from breakfast to sundown tormenting sharecroppers into incapacity, have, however, this to be said for them — for them and for their creators: shock, whatever its other values in a story, does temporarily paralyze the faculty of discrimination. Wire-jerked mannikins, so the jerks be fierce enough, can for a while command an acceptance as complete as that which earlier greeted the horrendous 'Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum.' That they cannot command it long is not because any particular one of the violences presented is incapable of being true or of being received as true, — violence enough and horror enough are daily true, — but only because successive horrors, one crowding on the next, are presently horrors no longer. Whole fictional communities made up of degenerates and half-wits, made up of sadists and the victims of sadists — no adult reader can long exclude the thought that if many people anywhere were thus resident on God's Little Acre the population would swiftly dwindle to one.

This is to say no more than that the horror string, resounding as it does to abnormalities, goes toneless even sooner than others. If only it went soundless as well, if any overused string did, then overuse would furnish its own remedy. Unhappily, though, tonelessness, whether of the horror string or the success string, offers no present probability of a cessation of twanging. Given the necessities of editors, given the bandarlog propensities of some millions of untrained readers, and from a writer's early excellence to his final silencing is a long, long slide. A name once justly honored appearing in letters ever larger on the covers of periodicals ever less reputable — it is a gloomy sight for any lover of fiction. It is, indeed, the very substance of the present lamentation.

IV

What a reader laments, however, and what he hopes to have changed are quite different matters. There are several things I should like to find both in stories and around them which yet for one reason or another it is useless to ask of their writers.

To begin with the least and smallest of these, I should enjoy meetings more frequent than are now afforded me with stories which fill their pages instead of trickling thinly through dispersed columns. Fumbling to find whether John's kiss, delivered on page 12, is returned or rejected on page 57 is no great help in any reading. A good enough story, though, can make its way even against fumbling. 'Child by Tiger' carried one reader safe past toothpastes and with only the smallest diversion in favor of Sunny California. Other contemporary stories have done the same or could have done it. 'The Red Pony,' 'The Mouse,' 'Peacock in the Snow,' 'The Devil and Daniel Webster' — any of these, had it been required of them, could have rendered advertising momentarily profitless. I do not, therefore, ask for changes here; I merely bring an added grain of patience to my reading.

Neither, beyond the decencies of composition, are particular stylistic beauties to be demanded. In style, what is one man's meat is to another mere bone and gristle. Katharine Fullerton Gerould tells us she cannot read Cabell; Cabell perhaps cannot read Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Dreiser sends his short-story wares to market in lumber wagons, and yet the wares find takers. Even those special excellences of writing which I, the complainant, most enjoy — a care for the ring of successive sentences, a strong hand in compression — my fondness for them may be no more than an individual preference.

There are qualities within the story too which, when they appear, are cause for rejoicing, but which no reasonable

reader demands to find. *Gusto* is one. It is irreplaceable; it covers a story all over, faults and all, as readers of the early Kipling may well remember. But *gusto* is not to be attained by taking pains. The age lacks it; so will its writers. When, in successive stories, there emerge the relish of existence, the deep mirth, of a Geoffrey Household, it is from a stock less febrile than our own.

But style counted out, *gusto* left to God, what is there an adult reader is entitled to expect from story writers? From the trivial writer no more than he is getting now. Its horrid verbiage aside, never probably has the trivial story been better in its triviality than it is today. But if a writer has once shown himself other than trivial, then it is surely not outside of reason to anticipate that in his later stories — not in every story but in a number of them — he will preserve some few of those substantial virtues which first drew readers to him.

Memorability is likely to be one of those first named. Many a reviewer has based his praise upon the doubtful foundation of the fact that So-and-So or such-and-such is unforgettable — at least for him. But memorability alone, as any reader can verify from his own reading, is no more than a corollary. *Esquire* published a story a while back, the account of a dead criminal revived, scraps of which stay in mind as unforgettable as the sight of boys torturing a dog. Anything — a bizarre situation, a grotesque figure, a pat phrase or a vulgar one — may keep a piece of fiction from oblivion as long as 'Peter Piper picked a peck . . .' and to no greater satisfaction. Not in memorability but in the sources of it lies a story's importance.

Searching for these sources, whether we look to stories that have stood the test of much rereading ('A Lodging for the Night,' 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'Ethan Frome,' 'Without Benefit of Clergy') or to later ones giving promise of a like vitality, we find first that all of them, however different otherwise, stand firmly

on premises early established, never contradicted. The premises in turn provide causes for action equal to the effects produced — equal, not less, not greater; no mountains are moved with teaspoons, no pile drivers set in motion to crush a beetle. Chance, when it plays a part, plays it in the timing of happenings oftener than in their shaping. 'Ethan Frome,' for example: chance makes it today and not tomorrow that Ethan's wife issues her ultimatum against Mattie. With no chance to hasten it, the ultimatum must still have come. In 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' it is not the sweep of a seasonal fever which brings about Holden's desolation. With no sweep of fever, the desolation would only have changed its outer form.

But a story may be decently written — it may stand firmly on its premises, provide causes equal and not more than equal to the effects produced — and yet remain unimportant. Mary Roberts Rinehart's 'Lightning Never Strikes Twice' is good writing and good reading, competent, convincing; yet nobody — least of all its able author — would expect for it a long survival. Beyond competence, beyond honesty in dealing with the story's substance, there is still that added bit, that makeweight, which talent shows early and which in these later decades it also loses early — loses or squanders, it makes no difference which.

This is the capacity — and it deserves its separate paragraph — for making the story's figures stand clear as individuals and yet cast shadows larger than the individual. A third mate humoring his cranky ship toward Bankok — he is one man, but also he is all youth, its

delight in test of strength, its reasonless exaltations. Jody sick with pity for his pony, Miss Brill buying her Sunday slice of baker's cake — each is poignantly a person, yet also, and as intensely, each is the reader as well. 'Save for the grace of God . . .' The comment is too widely known to need completion. It is this — this clustering of lives within the individual life — which talent has it in its power to give in proportion as it is talent, and which mediocrity can never have.

To make the gift, though, has its price. An imagined being whole and alive and actual in himself is slow of growth, may not be cut to pattern. If that imagined being is to be more than himself, he must, unless under the hand of genius, grow more slowly still. Slow growth reflects itself in lessened production, and that in turn in smaller audience, smaller income, loss too of many of the pleasant perquisites of authorship — the authoritative pronouncements on subjects remote from writing, the leadership of coteries, the reception of those waves of personal admiration on which the lecture tour is floated.

To ask a writer to surrender all these in support of some tacit promise in his earlier work; to ask him to make that surrender while still unbulwarked by any professional standard upheld and honored among his writing mates — it is asking much. It has not been too much to ask from members of some other professions, but so far within the twentieth century it is evidently too much to ask of story writers. The signs point all the other way. A reader may indulge in the luxury of complaint more readily than in that of expectation.

FOR THE UNDEFEATED

BY ELEANOR WELLS

I

IMPERILED stands the day. Up the bright street
The shadows slowly creep and darken slowly
The sunlit pavement and the yellow leaf.
Windless, the trees are heavy in the air,
The flags hang silent, and the clouds come on
As imperceptibly as time. Dangerous
Are these approaching thunderheads and these
Attendant lightnings, and the night that falls
Unnoticed, terrible, in the heart.

In the city men walk with canes tapping
Like blind beggars, and the open windows
Bring in no light, nor do they throw the lamplight
Into the garden. Talk is in whispers.
We have locked our valuables away,
And forgotten how to spell in our own language.
Dust gathers on the piano and the violin case,
And when we kiss one another it is furtively in corners.

A bomb fell on the Museum among the Impressionists
And the plaster casts of Greek gods.
The librarian burned his books. The post office
Stopped sending letters except for the government,
And the radio stopped playing Brahms.
Night fell, and the doctor broke the test tubes in his laboratory,
The lawyer couldn't keep up with the legislature,
The Broadway stars went back on the road,
And the rain fell all night upon the city,
And the darkness over it was like mist.

II

Do you remember, Maximilius, the rain
Falling in Gaul, and the legions marching,
Footsore, south to the Alps and Rome?
Three weeks from home, Maximilius,
And the Huns behind us. Have you forgotten
The skins across their shoulders and the horns of deer
Stuck in their helmets, the great knives,
The war cries shrilling in the blood?
Rain was falling in Appia and the night
Drew down behind us as we fled.

Do you remember, Maximilius, the darkness
Gathering in Rome?

Have you forgotten, Crito,
The killing of brothers and the Thracian hordes
Walking within our temples? Do you remember
Dusk here in Athens among the olive trees,
Dusk in the markets, in the streets, between
The radiant pillars of the Parthenon? Crito,
Remember how the evening came and stole within,
Chilling as hemlock.

Do not forget, Atahualpa,
The Spanish horses prancing in the golden sun,
Nor the slaves bearing ingots for the conqueror.
Remember always in your heart, O King, the vines
Creeping among the caryatids of temples, the crumbling
Of the walls of Cuzco, and the black midnight
That seized you, strangling, here upon your altar.

III

Under our portals now the shadows lengthen,
And our fires turn swift to ashes. Into our keyhole
Seeps the ancient dust. What we have saved of silver
Tarnishes, and the towers we built to stand forever
Mock us. In our factories men put away their tools,
And we close our books, shut off the radio, eat
A last meal, for night has come.

But if night falls, believe me,
Dawn will return. If we must sleep
Let it be as children, dreaming of tomorrow,
Or as lovers sleep, waking in the night to rise
And go out into the gardens and walk
In darkness among the flowers, not seeing color
But knowing the rose also is awake.

And many of us, sleepless,
Will sit together through the long night, talking
Of friends remembered and dead poets and the earth
Warm in the spring between our fingers. Some
Will die in the slow hours of returning day,
Some have already fallen asleep never to wake, some
Will always sit patiently in the shadows waiting
For yesterday to return.

The darkness claims us.
Let us climb the hill and look for tomorrow.
We will sleep in the meadows where the sun,
Rising, may find us early. We will know,
Even in darkness, that the earth turns beneath us,
And we will dream of our seeds in the earth
And of the harvesting of them, and of the dawn
That will dazzle the treetops when we wake.

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WIFE

BY JEAN BURTON

[THE opening chapters of this biography, which appeared in the *Atlantic* for May, described the love affair between Isabel Arundell, the impecunious daughter of one of England's oldest Catholic families, and Richard Burton, soldier, adventurer, and writer, with whom she had fallen in love at first sight. Their engagement was bitterly opposed by both families. Meantime the lovers were separated for long intervals while Burton pursued his explorations. — THE EDITOR]

I

THREE more years of waiting stretched before Isabel Arundell — 'only with this great change: before I was unloved and had no hope; now the shame of loving unasked was taken from me.'

Isabel admitted but one misgiving: 'Whatever the world may condemn in him of lawless action or strong opinions, he is perfect to me; and I would not have him otherwise than as he is — *except in spiritual matters*. This last point troubles me. . . . Yet I do feel a close suspicion,' she added acutely, 'that he has much more belief than he likes to have the credit of.'

Her diary indicates that the Arundells had not altogether relinquished their earlier hopes for her, but Isabel could now treat this with an airiness they found quite maddening. 'I shall not clip my wings of liberty except for *him*, whatever my lot may be. No gilded misery for me!'

'He thinks he is sacrificing me,' she

mused indulgently, 'but I *want* pain, privations, danger with him. I have the constitution and nerves for it. There are few places I could not follow my husband, and be to him companion, friend, wife, and all. And where I could not so follow him, I would not be a clog to him, for,' she concluded with understatement, 'I am tolerably independent.'

As a spiritual exercise she 'practised discussing him with the greatest *sang froid*.' Already she was well embarked on her life work of salvaging, bolstering, defending, and polishing his shaky reputation: —

He was great in the literary world, men's society, clubs, and the Royal Geographic Society. But I wished him also to be great in the world of fashion, where my despised sex is paramount. I also knew that if a man gets talked about in the right kind of way in hand-fuls of the best society, here and there, his fame quickly spreads. I had plenty of opportunities to help him in this way without his knowing it.

Christmas Day, 1856. — I was delighted to hear father and mother praising Richard today; they both seemed so interested about him. They little know how much they gratified me. I was reading a book; but when the time came to put it away, I found it had been upside-down all the time.

January 2, 1857. — I see by the papers that Richard left Bombay for Zanzibar with Lieutenant Speke on December 2 last. I am struck by the remembrance that it was on that very night that I was so ill and delirious. I dreamt I saw him sailing away and he spoke to me, but I thought my brain throbbed so loud that I could not hear him. I was quite taken off my guard today on

hearing the news read out from the *Times*, so that even my mother asked me what was the matter. I have not had a letter; I might get one in a fortnight; but I must meet this uncertainty with confidence, and not let my love be dependent on any action of his, because he is a strange man and not as other men.

January 18. — Unless tomorrow's mail brings me a letter, my hope is gone. What is the cause of his silence I cannot imagine . . . yet I feel confident that Richard will be true. . . . My only desire is that he may return safe to me with changed religious feelings, and that I may be his wife with my parents' consent. Suspense is a trial which I must bear for two years without a murmur. I must trust and pray to God . . . and live a quiet life, employ myself only in endeavouring to make myself worthy; and surely this conduct will bring its reward.

The last year of waiting was the worst. Nothing mattered unless it could somehow be pressed into service for Richard, and in this she was indefatigable: 'He told me that all the time he was away the greatest consolation he had was my fortnightly journals, in letter form, to him, accompanied by all the newspaper scraps and public and private information, and accounts of books, such as I knew would interest him, so that when he did get a mail, which was only in a huge batch now and then, he was as well posted up as if he were living in London.'

Wilfrid Blunt met her several times this year at Mortlake in the home of her aunt, Monica Lady Gerard. 'At that time,' he wrote, 'she was a quiet girl enough, of the convent type — at least so I remember her — fair haired and rather pretty — very different from my recollection of her in later years.' In Lent she made a retreat in her old convent, meditating among other things on the insufficient use she had so far made of God's gifts (itemized with no false modesty as 'pure blood and good birth, health, youth, strength, beauty, talent, and natural goodness').

Back in London, the first news she heard was that Speke was again in Eng-

land — Speke, but not Richard. This was a bad sign and instinctively she knew it; Speke was already busily at work sowing the seeds of their long, unhappy, futile controversy before Richard could present his own side. And where was Richard? She was 'very sore in mind' when she received from Zanzibar, with no accompanying letter, six lines 'To Isabel': —

That brow which rose before my sight
As on the palmers' holy shrine;
Those eyes — my life was in their light;
Those lips my sacramental wine;
That voice whose flow was wont to seem
The music of an exile's dream.

'I knew then it was all right,' said Isabel, comforted; but it was far from all right. Two days later, when she read that he was on his way home alone and the press was buzzing with speculation, she felt 'strange, and frightened, sick, stupefied, dying to see him, and yet inclined to run away, lest, after all I have suffered and longed for, I should have to bear more.'

II

Richard and Isabel never seemed simply to arrange to meet and then meet; there had always to be an element of dramatic surprise about it.

On May 22nd, 1859, I chanced to call upon a friend. I was told she was gone out, but would be in to tea. . . . In about five minutes another ring came to the door, and another visitor was asked to wait. . . . Judge of my feelings when I beheld Richard. For an instant we both stood dazed, and I cannot attempt to describe the joy that followed. He had landed the day before, and now he had come to call on this friend to know where I was living, where to find me. No one will wonder if I say that we forgot all about her and tea, and that we went downstairs and got into a cab, and took a long drive. . . . I felt like one stunned; I felt like a person coming to after a faint or in a dream. It was acute pain, but it was absolute content, which I fancy people must feel the first few moments after the soul is quit of the body. . . . The first thing that happened was, that we mutually drew each other's pictures from

our respective pockets at the same moment, which, as we had not expected to meet, showed how carefully they had been kept.

When she looked more closely at Richard she received a shock: 'I shall never forget him as he was then; he had had twenty-one attacks of fever, had been partially paralysed and partially blind; he was a mere skeleton, with brown yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding, and his lips drawn away from his teeth.'

Moreover, his prospects were as black as ever. He and Speke had quarreled; right or wrong, Speke had got to the authorities first with his version. Together they had discovered Lake Tanganyika, but when Richard contracted fever he let Speke press on to Lake Victoria Nyanza alone. Speke returned insisting that he had discovered the sole source of the Nile. He was already a mass of festering suspicions and grudges — Richard never asked his advice or showed him proper respect; Richard could talk to the natives and he could not, so what might not be plotted and schemed behind his back? When Richard disputed his Victoria Nyanza theory it was too much, and Speke announced that he was going back to England. He gave Richard his solemn word on parting that he would give out no statements until they could appear together, but by the time Richard landed, still very shaky and weak, he found that Speke had not only delivered a sold-out public lecture but also got himself appointed leader of a new and greater expedition.

Smarting equally under his partner's defection and the public's prejudice, he turned for solace to Isabel: *she* could be counted on always to agree with him, *she* knew that he was invariably right and that all the others with their 'shameful intrigues' were wrong, *she* realized how cruelly he was misjudged and unappreciated ('Richard was a grievously injured man under the greatest provocation ever put forth!').

He badly needed such solace then, and

he never outgrew his need for it. Frank Harris testified that when Richard was an old man he was still brooding heavily on the grandiose schemes of those days: 'how he came home and offered all East Africa to Lord Salisbury. . . . He had concluded treaties with all the chiefs; no other Power was interested or would have objected. But Lord Salisbury refused the gift. "Is Zanzibar an island?" he exclaimed in wonder, and "Is East Africa worth anything?"'

Isabel wrote at this time:—

The Government and the Royal Geographical Society looked coldly on him; the Indian army brought him under the reduction; he was almost penniless, and he had only a few friends to greet him. Speke was the hero of the hour, the Stanley of 1859–1864. This was *one* of the martyrdoms of that uncrowned King's life, and I think that but for me he would have died.

But had he been ever so unsuccessful, and had every man's hand against him, my earthly god and King, I could have knelt at his feet and worshipped him. I used to sit and look at him, and think, 'You are mine, and there is no man on earth the least like you.'

Richard had in truth passed his physical zenith. For years he had had to call daily on every reserve of strength and endurance; often he was lame and blind and shivering with ague, but he could never stop to rest, knowing that if the natives under him once believed that he might die, it was very certain that he *would* die. Also he was a lonely man with practically no family ties: his father had died in 1857 and his brother, Edward, whom he loved, would be better dead. Richard passed most of his time at the Athenæum working on his Zanzibar notebooks.

The books that eventually resulted from these long sessions were *The Lake Regions of Central Africa* and *Zanzibar*. Isabel clung to a last hope that his writings would ingratiate Richard with the British public where all else had failed, and no one could have promoted them with a more touching zeal, but they of-

ferred impossible material with which to work. Few even in the earnest sixties, when readers were made of strong stuff, could get through them. As it happened, much original and valuable material lay buried deep beneath the mountains of statistics, but it lies there forgotten to this day.

As a rule, moreover, he showed no consideration for the sensibilities of the 'general reader,' and no words can describe the shocks he administered right and left in his implacable progress. His misfortune was that in the days before *The Golden Bough* there was no standard for appraising random disquisitions on fetish and tabu, tossed in as it were absent-mindedly between tables of imports and exports.

Richard, who saw no immediate prospect of either Mrs. Arundell's or Isabel's yielding an inch (both being gifted, as he said, with the noble firmness of the mule), was all for getting married now and arguing it out later. But Isabel had set her heart on marrying on her own terms: that is, after having brought the family around to her own point of view. It is likely that she would have relinquished this ambition precipitately enough if she had had the slightest suspicion of the alternative Richard was revolving in his mind. As it was: —

One day in April, 1860, I was walking out with two friends, and a tightening of the heart came over me that I had known before. I went home, and said to my sister, 'I am not going to see Richard for some time.' She said, 'Why, you will see him tomorrow!' 'No, I shall not,' I said; 'I don't know what is the matter.' A tap came at the door, and a note with the well-known writing was put into my hand. I knew my fate, and with a deep-drawn breath I opened it.

The note was to announce that he had left for the United States to be gone the greater part of a year; his destination — horror upon horror — was Salt Lake City, the stronghold of polygamy; and while he was absent Isabel was to make up her mind once for all. 'If once you

really let me go, mind, I shall never come back,' he told her peremptorily, 'because I shall know that you have not got the strength of character which my wife must have.'

This was too much. Deaf to family outcry Isabel went to the country and took lodgings in a farmhouse where she set herself grimly to learn to run a kitchen, groom horses, milk cows, do outdoor chores, and generally 'fit myself for Expeditions. As I was going to marry a poor man, I learnt every imaginable thing that I might possibly want, so that if we had *no* servants, or if servants were sick or mutinous, we should be perfectly independent.' Back in London, she marched in on Richard's friend Dr. George Bird, a West End physician who was also an enthusiastic amateur boxer and noted for urging athletics on his patients, and demanded that he teach her to fence. ('Why, to defend Richard, of course, when he and I are attacked in the wilderness together!') In preparation for more placid intervals, if there were to be such, she took up a course of improving reading 'so as to be able to discuss things with Richard'; and to round out the program and ensure that there would after all be a Richard, she spent her remaining time in fasting and prayer. ('I have undertaken a very peculiar man.')

The struggle between mother and daughter went on meanwhile without quarter on either side.

III

At Christmas, 1860, Isabel was visiting her cousins the Clifford Constables when the papers announced that Richard had landed. (They had far more reporters on hand to hear how he had made out among the Mormons than ever greeted him on his returns from Darkest Africa.) She sat up all that night packing and planning. In the morning there were two letters from him; and though she was marooned in

a snowbound country house in Yorkshire with some twenty-five relatives and friends to dodge, she managed to work the trusty old device of a telegram summoning her back to London.

This time Isabel was taking no chances and it only remained to fix the date, which was found to entail a rather nice balancing of auspices: —

I wanted to be married on Wednesday the 23rd, because it was the Espousals of Our Lady and St. Joseph; but Richard would not, because Wednesday the 23rd and Friday the 13th were our unlucky days; so we were married on the Vigil, Tuesday, January 22nd.

Though they were anything but a youthfully impetuous pair, Richard being past forty and Isabel nearly thirty, they were absurdly compelled to go through the motions of an elopement. When Isabel had gone to her parents for one last time, the unhappy Mr. Arundell, considerably torn, temporized with 'I consent with all my heart, if your mother consents.' Her mother automatically repeated: 'Never!' It was Cardinal Wiseman who finally listened to Isabel, asked if her mind was absolutely made up, and then said: 'Leave the matter to me.'

Isabel slipped out of her home alone that Tuesday morning and took a cab to the house of Dr. Bird and his sister Alice in Welbeck Street, to change there into her sober fawn-colored dress, black lace cloak, and white bonnet. She and the Birds then drove to the Bavarian Catholic Church in Warwick Street, where Richard was waiting in a rough shooting coat, a cigar in his mouth — 'bravado to hide his deadly nervousness on taking such a step,' explained Miss Stisted sadly. But, as he went in, Isabel noticed that he 'took holy water, and made a *very large* sign of the cross.'

The Birds gave them a cheerful wedding breakfast, and later in the day they walked off quietly to Richard's old rooms. 'We had very few pounds to bless ourselves with, but were as happy

as it is given to any mortals out of heaven to be.'

In London at large, however, and in their respective families there were sensations and reverberations. Mrs. Arundell was still under the impression that Isabel was visiting in the country, but the inevitable day dawned when it came to the ears of her aunts Lady Gerard and Mrs. Strickland-Standish that Isabel had been seen *going into a bachelor lodging*. Mrs. Arundell in an agony wired her husband, who was out of town, and Mr. Arundell, taking courage from distance, wired back snappishly: 'She is married to Dick Burton, and thank God for it.' When she recovered, Mrs. Arundell put the best face on it she could; she gave a family dinner to introduce Richard, and in time did become partly reconciled, though never to the extent Isabel fondly believed.

Richard's family also bristled. To begin with, they were Anglicans and darkly of the God-only-knows-what-goes-on-behind-those-closed-doors school of thought regarding Papists. And they had been notified only a day or so before the wedding, affording them no time to marshal convincing arguments against it, with their advice in any case not so much as asked.

'We had a glorious season, and took up our position in Society,' Isabel declared, but their need was pressing, and as they went from party to party it was always with an eye to business. Whenever possible she let the initiative appear to be Richard's: 'Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) was very much attached to Richard, and he settled the question of our position by asking his friend Lord Palmerston to give a party, and to let me be the bride of the evening; and when I arrived, Lord Palmerston gave me his arm, and introduced Richard and me to all the people, and my relatives clustered around as well.' (That was a moment.) To crown the season she was presented at one of the 'drawing-rooms' by Lady Russell, though the

Queen's rule was that she would receive no bride who had contracted a runaway marriage. *Ipso facto*, Isabel had not contracted a runaway marriage.

With all her work, the best she could wangle for Richard that first year was the Consulate at Fernando Po on the west coast of Africa, a locale cheerily known in the Foreign Office as 'the Grave.' It paid only seven hundred pounds a year and Isabel would have to be left behind, but Richard fortunately was quite set up in spirits over it because now he could hunt the gorillas described in Du Chaillu's latest book on Africa. (The volatile Paul Du Chaillu — 'I, Paul,' he began most of his sentences — was an old friend of Richard's, and of the two it would be hard to say whose travel tales occasioned more lifting of eyebrows.)

She could complain of no lack of excitement in the home. Richard was an eccentric man of violent moods, and this of course she had known when she married him, but there were some things she could not have foreseen. For instance: —

Richard was a great mesmeriser. He always preferred women, and especially of the blue-eyed, yellow-haired type. I need not say that he began with me as soon as we married; but I did not like it, and used to resist it, but after a while I consented. At first it was a little difficult, but when once he had complete control, no passes or contact were necessary; he used simply to say, 'Sleep,' and I did. He could also do this at a distance, but with more difficulty if water were between us, and if he tried to mesmerise anybody else and I was anywhere in the neighbourhood, I absorbed it, and they took nothing. I used to grow at last afraid to be in the same room with a mesmeriser, as I used to experience the greatest discomfort, and I knew if there was one in the room, the same as some people know if there is a cat in the room; but I could resist *them*, though I could not resist Richard.

He used to mesmerise me freely, but he never allowed any one else, nor did I, to mesmerise me. Once mesmerised, he had only to say, 'Talk,' and I used to tell everything I

knew, only I used to implore him to forbid me to tell him other people's secrets, and as a matter of honour he did, but all my own used to come out freely; only he never took a mean advantage of what he learnt in that way, and he used laughingly to tell everybody, 'It is the only way to get a woman to tell you the truth.' I have often told him things that I would much rather keep to myself.

Clashes on religion, the rock on which most of their acquaintances confidently expected the marriage to founder, tended to be anticlimactic by comparison.

At first he wanted to try me, so he pretended he did not like my going to Confession, and I used to say, 'Well, my religion teaches me that my first duty is to obey you,' and I did not bother to go; so he at once took off this restraint, and used to send me to Mass, and remind me of fish-days. It astonished me, the wonderful way he knew our doctrine, and frequently explained things to me that I did not know myself. He was always delighted with the society of priests — not so much foreign ones, as English ones — especially if he got hold of a highly educated, broad theologian of a Jesuit; but in all cases he was most courteous to *any* of them, and protected them and their Missions whenever he was in a position to do so. Once he went with me to a midnight Mass, and he cried all the time. I could not understand it, and he said he could not explain it himself. . . .

He *always* bowed his head at 'Hallowed be Thy Name,' and he did that to the day of his death.

When he was not at work on *The City of the Saints*, his new book on the Mormons, Richard could generally be found at a little Fleet Street hotel frequented by journalists and rising authors. Here he could forgather with William Black, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Tom Hood, James Hain Friswell, and notably George Augustus Sala, also a traveler but now more occupied with his weekly gossip column in the *Illustrated London News*. According to report, Richard and Sala were a wonderful pair to see as they swaggered along a London street — Sala with his great red face and rakish gray top hat and vast white waistcoat,

his diamonds and his cigar; and Richard, as M'Carthy remembered him, 'dark, swarthy, loud-voiced, self-asserting, bearing down all argument and all contradiction. . . . The Richard Burton of those days might have been taken as the very type of pirate. . . . The sense of power, of indomitable power, of a spirit that never knew hesitation or fear, was borne out in every glance and every word. . . . He was surrounded by the glamour of an almost mythical fame as well as by the strong light of that fame which he had fairly kindled for himself.' He belonged also to the Garrick, the Beefsteak, and the Arundel Clubs. He was coming along indeed.

But by far the most spectacular and lasting friendship Richard formed in 1861 was with Swinburne, and for this, too, Houghton was responsible. Carlyle described Houghton as Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society: sooner or later every celebrity turned up at his country place at Fryston.

'I can shut my eyes,' said Isabel after thirty years, 'and mentally look around Lord Houghton's large round table even now, which usually held twenty-five guests. I can see Buckle, and Carlyle, and all the Kingsleys, and Swinburne, and Froude, and all the great men that were, and remember the conversation. I can remember the Duc d'Aumale cheek by jowl with Louis Blanc. I can remember Vambéry telling us Hungarian tales, and I can remember Richard cross-legged on a cushion, reciting alternately in Persian and English and chanting the call to prayer.'

In August, Richard had to tear himself away, and sailed for Africa. Isabel went down to Liverpool on a day of blustering cold and rain to see him off, and then came back to London to make sure that he ran no risk of being forgotten in his absence. She closed the St. James's Street rooms and moved back to her parents' home in Montagu Place, an arrangement which left her energies

free for the full-time promotion job she had set herself; and so assiduously did she pursue it that not only the Foreign Office but large and assorted sections of London society soon quaked at her approach. The stream of her eloquence, said one of her listeners feebly, was never stilled.

By mutual consent she had always been the business head of the partnership, and now she found exceedingly odd duties beginning to devolve upon her. 'Richard left me plenty of occupation during this *awfully long* absence of sixteen months. Firstly, all kinds of official fights about India, and then for a gunboat and other privileges for Fernando Po. . . . And every letter brought its own work and commissions, people to see and to write to, and things to be done for him, so that I was never idle for a minute.' In the intervals she had to scan the daily papers vigilantly in her dual capacity as censor and clipping-bureau clerk, and, finally, the manuscripts Richard left behind had to be edited and seen through the press.

The City of the Saints was her first experience in this line and it brought her sharply up against a problem of conscience. She solved it rather neatly. That is, she would edit his work with the most scrupulous accuracy even when it outraged her deepest religious convictions — but with equal scrupulousness she would add signed footnotes to warn the reader just where and why her husband was in error. She saw no reason ever to amend this system and on the whole it worked quite well.

IV

In the autumn of 1864 Isabel was able to announce her most signal triumph to date: Richard was being transferred to Brazil to the Consulate at Santos, São Paulo. True, he made it so alarmingly clear that this was nothing to what he had hoped that it took all her volubility

to cover up for him and make the proper responses, but somehow it was smoothed over and they spent a busy winter. Isabel made it her business to be seen everywhere. At Foreign Office receptions she was resplendent, but literary and artistic circles were not neglected. The little Bloomsbury flat of the George Du Mauriers, remarked Laura Hain Friswell, resounded often to Mrs. Burton's silvery laughter: 'How handsome and charming she was!' At dinner with the Ionides, Whistler's in-laws, someone discovered with happy cries that they had present a pagan in Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a Mohammedan in Captain Burton, a Catholic in Mrs. Burton. And what was Mr. Whistler, Isabel wished to know. 'I, madam?' parried Whistler blandly. 'I am an amateur.'

From time to time Richard looked up old friends, and put fresh zip into meetings of the Anthropological Society. For several years he had been its vice president and within its walls he could relax and feel at home as nowhere else in London, while on their part the members could always be sure of a good show as long as he was around.

For even choicer souls he now organized an offshoot of the society to be known as the Cannibal Club: 'Many still believe cannibalism and human sacrifices, slavery, and polygamy, abominations *per se*. . . . I look upon them as so many steps, or rather necessary conditions, by which civilised society rose to its present advanced state. Without cannibalism how could the Zealander have preserved his fine physical development? Certainly not by eating his bat and his rat.'

Not only was the transfer to Santos a step up the diplomatic ladder for Richard; it represented a personal triumph for Isabel: here the Consul's wife too might go. Isabel had prepared for her new station with thoroughness and dispatch. 'I now began to learn Portuguese,' she noted when the appointment was barely confirmed; and at Lisbon she

took a further step by triumphantly conquering her fear of cockroaches. 'I suppose you think you look very pretty and interesting standing on that chair and howling at those *innocent creatures*,' Richard told her severely, and that was enough: 'Without descending from the chair, I stopped screaming, and made a meditation like St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar; and it was that if I was going to live in a country always in contact with these and worse things, it would never do to go on like that. . . . It cured me.'

In August, Isabel sailed from Southampton, and Richard met her at Rio, where they made their headquarters at the Estrangeiros Hotel and had a very cheerful time. Isabel wasted no time in getting to work on the naval and diplomatic circles, who might just as well realize first as last that it was no ordinary nonentity who had been sent to Santos as Consul and that he had no ordinary wife, either. Having, as she hoped, sufficiently impressed the fact of their arrival upon Rio, she and Richard left for Santos, where they were of course long overdue; but not before she caught her first touch of tropical fever on a moonlight stroll. 'My being delirious alarmed Richard very much, and he mesmerised me.' However, she was able to occupy herself on board ship by joining the men in revolver practice.

Santos was only a hundred miles or so to the south, but in its isolation and primitiveness it might have been in another world. Such as it was, it represented their first home together. Isabel left an awed account of its mangrove swamps and great tree ferns, the brown water full of tannin, the eerie blending of light and dark greens in the clearings, with the sand running up to the jungle, and the heavy seas throwing whalebones into her garden. But before she could really take in her surroundings she had a recurrence of the fever and was sent to São Paulo in the high country. The railway between the two points was just

being laid, and the engineer let her sit beside him and drive the engine.

The superintendent of the railway, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, and Dr. and Mrs. Hood, who lived at the foot of the Serra, were their only close friends among the English. But it was like farmhouse life, said Isabel, 'with cordiality and sociability, and some of the good Brazilian society was very charming. . . . I used to send down a neighbourly note. "Dear Mr. Aubertin, bring up the drink — I have got the food; dinner seven o'clock."' Occasionally they achieved a ball, which lasted until sunrise; for the rest, she went to native celebrations or dances, sometimes with Richard and as often alone. 'The gentlemen and ladies dance as furiously as the Hungarians do the czardas, and the Negro girls come to *their* balls décolletée in blue and pink cotton.' In the rainy season she used sensibly to put her dress and shoes in a bag, mount barefoot in her waterproof, and ride through the streams to her host's, where she would array herself in her formal gown and her pearls.

She picnicked on the Tropic of Capricorn; rode on by mule when the railroad line came to an end; gathered wild orchids to send home to astonish the family; contentedly ate the native dishes, the staple being beans and garlic sprinkled with horseradish; and slept wherever she happened to find herself at nightfall. ('I will not sleep in the beds in strange houses, there is so much leprosy in the country, so I always carry my hammock with me and sling it.') The fishing was good, there were game and deer in the forests, and though the insects were atrocious — 'spiders as big as crabs' — she waded barefoot to add to her collection of butterflies, ferns, and reptiles. 'I caught a cobra snake yesterday, and bottled it in spirits.' (Louis Agassiz had recently been in Brazil and she conscientiously checked her discoveries against his.) On evenings at home she studied Brazilian history and tried her hand at translation.

But it was difficult to keep Isabel immured at São Paulo — anyway, without Richard. She was always turning up unannounced at Santos and staying until another bout of fever drove her reluctantly back to the safer climate. 'To go up and down by myself between Santos and São Paulo is quite a masculine feat. I am the only woman who ever crossed the Serra outside the diligence, and the only lady or woman who ever walked across the viaduct, with one hundred and eighty feet to fall if you slip or get giddy. I saw everyone staring at me and holding up their hands; and I was not aware I had done anything odd, till I landed safely the other side, and saw the whole company not daring to breathe, and my husband looking ghastly.'

She had early bought herself a native horse called Hawa, part mustang, and now 'rode over the pampas on a hard gallop, which seemed the best gait for the country; you go like the wind over prairie and valley, up and down hill.' She added a little picture of herself swimming in the shark-infested waters while Kier (her maid) sat on her clothes on the beach to keep them from being carried off in a high wind; concluding sedately: 'We are leading a very regular life.'

Happily towards the end of the year she found a new interest: at São Paulo there was an old convent which she decided to turn into living quarters, and she threw herself into an orgy of cleaning, painting, whitewashing, and furnishing, pressing into service an assortment of slaves — 'paying their masters so much, and so much to them, as if they were free men.' This last meant considerable friction with Richard, who frowned on such subversive egalitarianism wherever it might be found, but most emphatically when it invaded his own home. Time had not moderated his violent prejudice against the blacks, and he was full of gloom at the reports that reached him of the American Civil War: as a matter of fact, slavery was

nearing its end in Brazil too, though he refused to see it.

He was temporarily placated with a study where he could keep his telescope — his latest enthusiasm — while Isabel went ahead to set up a chapel for the workers, who were, of course, all Catholics of a sort. 'I painted my chapel myself,' she wrote to her mother, 'white with a blue border and a blue domed ceiling and a gilt border. I first nailed thin bits of wood over the rat-holes in the floor. . . . I have always a lamp burning, and the altar is a mass of flowers. I shall be so pleased to receive the candlesticks and vases for my altar as a birthday present, and the *Mater Dolorosa*.' She had the Bishop's leave to have Mass said and keep the Sacrament here, and when the priest came she and the slaves all received Communion together.

As it progressed, her project took on more and more of the characteristics of a community centre. Isabel had been horrified by the abjectness of the poverty on all sides, and more so by the prevailing indifference to it (including that of the local priest); and her final defiant step was to set aside a basement where the needy could come after dark, be fed and housed for the night, and sent on their way in the early morning.

Her servants were Kier and one black boy — 'a very curious dwarf as black as the grate, named Chico. He is honest and sharp as a needle, and can do everything. All the English here wanted him, but he ran away and came to me for less than half the money he asked them; and he watches me like a dog, and flies for everything I want. I shall bring him home with me when I come. The slaves here have to work night and day, and people treat them like mules, with an utter disregard for their personal comforts. There is something superior and refined in my dwarf, and I treat him with the same consideration as I would a white servant; I see that he has plenty of good food, a good bed, and proper

exercise and sleep.' She also shielded him as far as she was able from Richard. 'I have had a great row in my house last night; but when you write back, you must not mention it, because Richard was fortunately out . . . Richard would half kill him if he knew it.'

Richard, as may be gleaned from all this, was going through one of his blackest periods. Physically and mentally he was a wreck and his nerves were shot to pieces. He had recurrent fits of fever marked by hallucinations of hags and monsters and by a terrifying sense — which above all made him dread these attacks — of divided identity, of being two persons who thwarted and hated each other. And he chose this time to begin work on his *Vikram and the Vampire, or Tales of Hindu Devilry*, a translation from the Sanskrit of the occult feats of legendary Vikram, the King Arthur of the East, who in pursuance of his promise to a magician had to bring to him the evil Baital (Vampire) hanging on a certain tree, that it might no longer animate the bodies of the dead.

In this heavy, brooding state of mind and driven by some obscure impulse, Richard might leave Santos abruptly and lodge with the Capuchin monks at the seminary, talking astronomy with Fray João, metaphysics with Père Germain. Or, casting off this mood, he would close the office and set out for the interior, revolving schemes that would make him a fortune overnight and lift him from this galling obscurity; he and William Crookes had a joint interest in a gold-mining process that was to make them both millionaires, and he was also involved with Aubertin in a number of speculations in cotton and coffee — all quite unethical in his position, it goes without saying.

He returned to São Paulo to spend their fifth wedding anniversary with Isabel on January 22, but restlessly was off again almost at once, leaving her to cope with the emergencies that might arise in his absence as best she could.

(What might be called a standing emergency was fending off Foreign Office inquiries as to his whereabouts.) 'I am at present engaged with the F. O. Reports: I have to copy (1) thirty-two pages on Cotton Report; (2) one hundred and twenty-five pages Geographical Report; (3) eighty pages General Trade Report. This for Lord Stanley, so I do it cheerfully.' And then there were always letters to write to influential personages: Richard might be out of England, but he would never, as long as she could hold a pen, be out of mind.

She never knew in what shape Richard would turn up:—

Richard has just returned knocked up by six weeks in the wilds and he broke out with fever. I rushed off with him to the sea-border about fifty miles from São Paulo. . . . We have got a magnificent sand-beach, and rose-coloured shells, and a spacious bay. One might walk on the beach in one's nightgown; and we walked from our *rancho*, or shed, to the sea, and can bathe and walk as we like. But it is as hot as the lower regions; and if one could take off one's flesh and sit in one's bones, one would be too glad.

Periodically the water caused an outbreak of malaria or cholera in the household:—

When I got the cholera, it was three in the morning. I thought I was dying, so I got up, went to my desk, and settled all my worldly affairs, carried my last instructions to Kier in her bed, put on my clothes, and went out to confession and communion.

Her family frenziedly besought her to drop everything and come home at once, but Isabel would not hear of it. In spite of every drawback, the life profoundly satisfied her and she was having *fun*. Even in their worst times she and Richard never lost a rugged underlying sense of comradeship as of equals, the thing that set them apart, as they both wished, from the run of Victorian husbands and wives. During the Paraguayan War provisions were sometimes scarce, and she and Chico used to

'sally forth with paniers and ropes to our saddles, and forage about, and I found that by riding about ten miles out I came to large flocks of geese. . . . Nobody ate them; they were kept chiefly for ornament, and so were cheap. So the first day I came back with both our horses laden with geese, and as I passed through town the squawking was immense, and most of the Grundy, respectable English tried to avoid me, which made me take an especial pleasure in riding up to them and enquiring after their wives and families. . . . When I got to our house Richard, hearing the noise, came out on the balcony; and seeing what was the matter he threw back his head and laughed, and shook his fist, and he said, "Oh, you delightful blackguard! How like you!"'

V

At intervals—as when Richard was bringing out another book—the Burtons went down to Rio and Petropolis, the villa resort above the city for the diplomatic corps. Early in 1866 they had been presented to Dom Pedro and the Empress by the Vicomte and Vicomtesse Barbacena ('I was in grand toilet, and Richard in uniform'), and court visits were frequent. Dom Pedro was delighted with Richard's fluency in Portuguese and would also have given a good deal to know what he and Crookes had up their sleeves by way of plans for exploiting the country's natural resources. Good Dom Pedro would have been glad of any hints that could be picked up gratis.

But it was a shattered Richard who finally showed up at Rio towards the end of 1867. Isabel knew what she had to deal with and took him hurriedly to Santos and from there to São Paulo, where he lay with a high fever. The doctor who was summoned from Rio prescribed cuppings ('36 glasses and 12 leeches') and a number of remedies to be administered every half-hour. In addi-

tion he was lanced and blistered until it seemed that human endurance could stand no more, but nothing gave him relief, and for three days the doctor doubted if he would pull through.

When Richard thought he was dying, he sent me for Fray João, with whom he had been learning astronomy, but he was gone up country and he would not have anybody else for the Sacraments; but he accepted the Scapular, which all Catholics will understand, and to others it is not needful to explain, and he wore it to the day of his death. . . . I took the scapulars and some holy water, and I said, 'The doctor has tried all his remedies; now let me try one of mine.' I put some holy water on his head, and knelt down and said some prayers, and put on the blessed scapulars. He had not been able to raise his head for days to have the pillow turned, but he raised it of his own accord sufficiently to let the string pass under his head, and had no pain. It was a silent consent. He was quite still for about an hour, and then he said in a whisper, 'Zoo, I think I'm a little better.' From then to now he slowly and painfully got better, and has never had a *bad* paroxysm since. Day and night I have watched by his bed for seventeen days and nights . . . he won't let any one do anything for him but me. . . . I have not been out of the house for ages. . . . I tried to go out in the garden yesterday, but I nearly fainted and had to come back. *Don't mention my fatigue or health in writing back.*

He is awfully thin and grey, and looks about sixty. He is quite gaunt. . . . The worst of it is that I'm afraid his lungs will never be quite right again. . . . He has given up his expedition (I am afraid he will never make another), but will take a quiet trip down to the River Plata and Paraguay (a civilised trip). My servants have all been very kind and attentive, and the doctor excellent, and the neighbours have all shown the greatest kindness and sympathy.

It looked as if, in spite of all her high hopes, they were back where they had started; when Richard recovered, his

first act was to throw up the Santos post. 'He told me he could not stand it any longer; it had given him that illness, it was far away from the world, it was no advancement, it led to nothing.' Isabel accepted his decision quietly. 'He was quite right. I felt very sorry, because up to the present it was the only home I had ever really had with him, but I soon sold up everything, and we embarked on the 24th of July, 1868. He applied for leave, as the doctors advised him not to go to England at once, but he went south to Buenos Aires for a trip, and he asked me to go to England and see if I could not induce them to give him another post.' Richard was to return at his leisure, going through Paraguay and Argentina to have a firsthand look at the war that was going on, crossing the Pampas and the Andes to Chile and Peru, and thence home.

An arduous program confronted Isabel. Before she took ship she wrote the family:—

I got your little note from Cossy. I dare say the woods are very nice; but I think if you saw the virgin forests of South America in which I am now sitting alone, far from any human creature, with gaudy butterflies and birds fluttering around me, big vegetation, and a shark playing in the boiling green sea, which washes up to my feet, and the bold mountain background on a very blue sky, the thick foliage covered with wild flowers and creepers such as no hot house in England could grow, arum leaves, one alone bigger than me, which shade me from the burning sun, the distant clatter of monkeys, the aromatic smells and mysterious whisperings of the forest, you would own that even the Cossy woods were tame. . . .

Chico is cooking a mysterious mess in a gypsy kettle for me; my pony is browsing near; and I, your affectionate child, am sitting in a short petticoat and jacket, barelegged to the knees, writing to you to catch the next mail.

(To be concluded)

CLOUD, CASTLE, LAKE

BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV

ONE of my representatives — a modest, mild bachelor, very efficient — happened to win a pleasure trip at a charity ball given by Russian refugees. The Berlin summer was in full flood (it was the second week of damp and cold, so that it was a pity to look at everything which had turned green in vain, and only the sparrows kept cheerful); he did not care to go anywhere, but when he tried to sell his ticket at the office of the Bureau of Pleasantrips he was told that to do so he would have to have special permission from the Ministry of Transportation; when he tried them, it turned out that first he would have to draw up a complicated petition at a notary's on stamped paper; and besides, a so-called 'certificate of non-absence from the city for the summertime' had to be obtained from the police.

So he sighed a little, and decided to go. He borrowed an aluminum flask from friends, repaired his soles, bought a belt and a fancy-style flannel shirt — one of those cowardly things which shrink in the first wash. Incidentally, it was too large for that likable little man, his hair always neatly trimmed, his eyes so intelligent and kind. I cannot remember his name at the moment. I think it was Vasili Ivanovich.

He slept badly the night before the departure. And why? Because he had to get up unusually early, and hence took along into his dreams the delicate face of the watch ticking on his night table; but mainly because that very night, for no reason at all, he began to imagine that

this trip, thrust upon him by a feminine Fate in a low-cut gown, this trip which he had accepted so reluctantly, would bring him some wonderful, tremulous happiness. This happiness would have something in common with his childhood, and with the excitement aroused in him by Russian lyrical poetry, and with some evening sky line once seen in a dream, and with that lady, another man's wife, whom he had hopelessly loved for seven years — but it would be even fuller and more significant than all that. And besides, he felt that the really good life must be oriented toward something or someone.

The morning was dull, but steam-warm and close, with an inner sun, and it was quite pleasant to rattle in a street-car to the distant railway station where the gathering place was: several people, alas, were taking part in the excursion. Who would they be, these drowsy beings, drowsy as seem all creatures still unknown to us? By Window No. 6, at 7 A.M., as was indicated in the directions appended to the ticket, he saw them (they were already waiting; he had managed to be late by about three minutes).

A lanky blond young man in Tyrolese garb stood out at once. He was burned the color of a cock's comb, had huge brick-red knees with golden hairs, and his nose looked lacquered. He was the leader furnished by the Bureau, and as soon as the newcomer had joined the group (which consisted of four women and as many men) he led it off toward a

train lurking behind other trains, carrying his monstrous knapsack with terrifying ease, and firmly clanking with his hobnailed boots.

Everyone found a place in an empty car, unmistakably third-class, and Vasili Ivanovich, having sat down by himself and put a peppermint into his mouth, immediately opened a little volume of Tiutchev, whom he had long intended to reread, but he was requested to put the book aside and join the group. An elderly bespectacled post-office clerk, with skull, chin, and upper lip a bristly blue as if he had shaved off some extraordinarily luxuriant and tough growth especially for this trip, immediately announced that he had been to Russia and knew some Russian, — for instance, *patzlvi*, — and, recalling philanderings in Tsaritsyn, winked in such a manner that his fat wife sketched out in the air the preface of a backhand box on the ear. The company was getting noisy. Four employees of the same building firm were tossing each other heavyweight jokes: a middle-aged man, Schultz; a younger man, Schultz also, and two fidgety young women with big mouths and big rumps. The red-headed, rather burlesque widow in a sport skirt knew something too about Russia (the Riga beaches). There was also a dark young man by the name of Schramm, with lustreless eyes and a vague velvety vileness about his person and manners, who constantly switched the conversation to this or that attractive aspect of the excursion, and who gave the first signal for rapturous appreciation; he was, as it turned out later, a special stimulator from the Bureau of Pleasantrips.

The locomotive, working rapidly with its elbows, hurried through a pine forest, then — with relief — among fields. Only dimly realizing as yet all the absurdity and horror of the situation, and perhaps attempting to persuade himself that everything was very nice, Vasili Ivanovich contrived to enjoy the fleeting gifts of the road. And indeed, how enticing it

all is, what charm the world acquires when it is wound up and moving like a merry-go-round! The burning sun crept toward a corner of the window and suddenly spilled over the yellow bench. The badly pressed shadow of the car sped madly along the grassy bank, where flowers blended into colored streaks. A crossing: a cyclist was waiting, one foot resting on the ground. Trees appeared in groups and singly, revolving coolly and blandly, displaying the latest fashions. The blue dampness of a ravine. A memory of love, disguised as a meadow. Wispy clouds — greyhounds of heaven.

We both, Vasili Ivanovich and I, have always been impressed by the anonymity of all the parts of a landscape, so dangerous for the soul, the impossibility of ever finding out where that path you see leads — and look, what a tempting thicket! It happened that on a distant slope or in a gap in the trees there would appear and, as it were, stop for an instant, like air retained in the lungs, a spot so enchanting — a lawn, a terrace — such perfect expression of tender, well-meaning beauty — that it seemed that if one could stop the train and go thither, forever, to you, my love . . . But a thousand beech trunks were already madly leaping by, whirling in a sizzling sun pool, and again the chance for happiness was gone.

At the stations, Vasili Ivanovich would look at the configuration of some entirely insignificant objects — a smear on the platform, a cherry stone, a cigarette butt — and would say to himself that never, never would he remember these three little things here in that particular interrelation, this pattern, which he now could see with such deathless precision; or again, looking at a group of children waiting for a train, he would try with all his might to single out at least one remarkable destiny — in the form of a violin or a crown, a propeller or a lyre — and would gaze until the whole party of village schoolboys appeared as on an old photograph, now reproduced with a little

white cross above the face of the last boy on the right: the hero's childhood.

But one could look out of the window only by snatches. All had been given sheet music with verses from the Bureau:—

Stop that worrying and moping,
Take a knotted stick and rise,
Come a-tramping in the open
With the good, the hearty guys!

Tramp your country's grass and stubble,
With the good, the hearty guys,
Kill the hermit and his trouble
And to hell with doubts and sighs!

One mile, two miles, five and twenty,
Sunny skies and wind in plenty . . .
Come a-tramping with the guys!

This was to be sung in chorus. Vasili Ivanovich, who not only could not sing, but could not even pronounce German words clearly, took advantage of the drowning roar of mingling voices and merely opened his mouth while swaying slightly, as if he were really singing—but the leader, at a sign from the subtle Schramm, suddenly stopped the general singing and, squinting askance at Vasili Ivanovich, demanded that he sing solo. Vasili Ivanovich cleared his throat, timidly began, and after a minute of solitary torment all joined in; but he did not dare thereafter to drop out.

He had with him his favorite cucumber from the Russian store, a loaf of bread, and three eggs. When evening came, and the low crimson sun entered wholly the soiled seasick car, stunned by its own din, all were invited to hand over their provisions, in order to divide them evenly—this was particularly easy, as all except Vasili Ivanovich had the same things. The cucumber amused everybody, was pronounced inedible, and was thrown out of the window. In view of the insufficiency of his contribution, Vasili Ivanovich got a smaller portion of sausage.

He was made to play cards. They pulled him about, questioned him, verified whether he could show the route of the trip on a map—in a word, all busied

themselves with him, at first good-naturedly, then with malevolence, which grew with the approach of night. Both girls were called Greta; the red-headed widow somehow resembled the rooster-leader; Schramm, Schultz, and the other Schultz, the post-office clerk and his wife, all gradually melted together, merged together, forming one collective, wobbly, many-handed being, from which one could not escape. It pressed upon him from all sides. But suddenly at some station all climbed out, and it was already dark, although in the west there still hung a very long, very pink cloud, and farther along the track, with a soul-piercing light, the star of a lamp trembled through the slow smoke of the engine, and crickets chirped in the dark, and from somewhere there came the odor of jasmine and hay, my love.

They spent the night in a tumble-down inn. A mature bedbug is awful, but there is a certain grace in the motions of silky wood lice. The post-office clerk was separated from his wife, who was put with the widow; he was given to Vasili Ivanovich for the night. The two beds took up the whole room. Quilt on top, chamber pot below. The clerk said that somehow he did not feel sleepy, and began to talk of his Russian adventures, rather more circumstantially than in the train. He was a great bully of a man, thorough and obstinate, clad in long cotton drawers, with mother-of-pearl claws on his dirty toes, and bear's fur between fat breasts. A moth dashed about the ceiling, hobnobbing with its shadow. 'In Tsaritsyn,' the clerk was saying, 'there are now three schools, a German, a Czech, and a Chinese one. At any rate, that is what my brother-in-law says; he went there to build tractors.'

Next day, from early morning to five o'clock in the afternoon, they raised dust along a highway, which undulated from hill to hill; then they took a green road through a dense fir wood. Vasili Ivanovich, as the least burdened, was given an enormous round loaf of bread to carry

under his arm. How I hate you, our daily! But still his precious, experienced eyes noted what was necessary. Against the background of fir-tree gloom a dry needle was hanging vertically on an invisible thread.

Again they piled into a train, and again the small partitionless car was empty. The other Schultz began to teach Vasili Ivanovich how to play the mandolin. There was much laughter. When they got tired of that, they thought up a capital game, which was supervised by Schramm. It consisted of the following: the women would lie down on the benches they chose, under which the men were already hidden, and when from under one of the benches there would emerge a ruddy face with ears, or a big outspread hand, with a skirt-lifting curve of the fingers (which would provoke much squealing), then it would be revealed who was paired off with whom. Three times Vasili Ivanovich lay down in filthy darkness, and three times it turned out that there was no one on the bench when he crawled out from under. He was acknowledged the loser and was forced to eat a cigarette butt.

They spent the night on straw mattresses in a barn, and early in the morning set out again on foot. Firs, ravines, foamy streams. From the heat, from the songs which one had constantly to bawl, Vasili Ivanovich became so exhausted that during the midday halt he fell asleep at once, and awoke only when they began to slap at imaginary horseflies on him. But after another hour of marching, that very happiness of which he had once half-dreamt was suddenly discovered.

It was a pure, blue lake, with an unusual expression of its water. In the middle, a large cloud was reflected in its entirety. On the other side, on a hill thickly covered with verdure (and the darker the verdure, the more poetic it is), towered, arising from dactyl to dactyl, an ancient black castle. Of course, there are plenty of such views in Central

Europe, but just this one, in the inexpressible and unique harmoniousness of its three principal parts, in its smile, in some mysterious innocence it had, — my love! my obedient one! — was something so unique, and so familiar, and so long-promised, and it so *understood* the beholder, that Vasili Ivanovich even pressed his hand to his heart, as if to see whether his heart was there in order to give it away.

At some distance, Schramm, poking into the air with the leader's alpenstock, was calling the attention of the excursionists to something or other; they had settled themselves around on the grass in poses seen in amateur snapshots, while the leader sat on a stump, his behind to the lake, and was having a snack. Quietly, concealing himself behind his own back, Vasili Ivanovich followed the shore, and came to a kind of inn. A dog still quite young greeted him; it crept on its belly, its jaws laughing, its tail fervently beating the ground. Vasili Ivanovich accompanied the dog into the house, a piebald two-storied dwelling with a winking window beneath a convex tiled eyelid, and he found the owner, a tall old man vaguely resembling a Russian war veteran, who spoke German so poorly and with such a soft drawl that Vasili Ivanovich changed to his own tongue, but the man understood as in a dream, and continued in the language of his environment, his family.

Upstairs was a room for travelers. 'You know, I shall take it for the rest of my life,' Vasili Ivanovich is reported to have said as soon as he had entered it. The room itself had nothing remarkable about it. On the contrary, it was a most ordinary room, with a red floor, daisies daubed on the white walls, and a small mirror half filled with the yellow infusion of the reflected flowers — but from the window one could clearly see the lake with its cloud and its castle, in a motionless and perfect correlation of happiness. Without reasoning, without considering, only entirely surrendering to an attrac-

tion the truth of which consisted in its own strength, a strength which he had never experienced before, Vasili Ivanovich in one radiant second realized that here in this little room with that view, beautiful to the verge of tears, life would at last be what he had always wished it to be. What exactly it would be like, what would take place here, that of course he did not know, but all around him were help, promise, and consolation — so that there could not be any doubt that he must live here. In a moment he figured out how he would manage it so as not to have to return to Berlin again, how to get the few possessions that he had — books, the blue suit, her photograph. How simple it was turning out! As my representative, he was earning enough for the modest life of a refugee Russian.

‘My friends,’ he cried, having run down again to the meadow by the shore, ‘my friends, good-bye. I shall remain for good in that house over there. We can’t travel together any longer. I shall go no farther. I am not going anywhere. Good-bye!’

‘How is that?’ said the leader in a queer voice, after a short pause, during which the smile on the lips of Vasili Ivanovich slowly faded, while the people who had been sitting on the grass half-rose and stared at him with stony eyes.

‘But why?’ he faltered. ‘It is here that . . .’

‘Silence!’ the post-office clerk suddenly bellowed with extraordinary force. ‘Come to your senses, you drunken swine!’

‘Wait a moment, gentlemen,’ said the leader, and, having passed his tongue over his lips, he turned to Vasili Ivanovich.

‘You probably have been drinking,’ he said quietly. ‘Or have gone out of your mind. You are taking a pleasure trip with us. Tomorrow, according to the appointed itinerary, — look at your ticket, — we are all returning to Berlin.

There can be no question of anyone — in this case you — refusing to continue this communal journey. We were singing to-day a certain song — try and remember what it said. That’s enough now! Come, children, we are going on.’

‘There will be beer at Ewald,’ said Schramm in a caressing voice. ‘Five hours by train. Walks. A hunting lodge. Coal mines. Lots of interesting things.’

‘I shall complain,’ wailed Vasili Ivanovich. ‘Give me back my bag. I have the right to remain where I want. Oh, but this is nothing less than an invitation to a beheading’ — he told me he cried when they seized him by the arms.

‘If necessary we shall carry you,’ said the leader grimly, ‘but that is not likely to be pleasant for you. I am responsible for each of you, and shall bring back each of you, alive or dead.’

Swept along a forest road as in a hideous fairy tale, squeezed, twisted, Vasili Ivanovich could not even turn around, and only felt how the radiance behind his back receded, fractured by trees, and then it was no longer there, and all around the dark firs fretted but could not interfere. As soon as everyone had got into the car and the train had pulled off, they began to beat him — they beat him a long time, and with a good deal of inventiveness. It occurred to them, among other things, to use a corkscrew on his palms; then on his feet. The post-office clerk, who had been to Russia, fashioned a knout out of a stick and a belt, and began to use it with devilish dexterity. Atta boy! The other men relied more on their iron heels, whereas the women were satisfied to pinch and to slap. All had a wonderful time.

After returning to Berlin, he called on me; was much changed; sat down quietly, putting his hands on his knees; told his story; kept on repeating that he must resign his position, begged me to let him go, insisted that he could not continue, that he had not the strength to belong to mankind any longer. Of course, I let him go.

THE FIRE OF LONDON

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

I

As we all know, London's cathedral appears uplifted. The dilation of the dome of St. Paul's floats the fabric above the capital. Its peristyle columns have held it to earth for several centuries, but it seems ever at the instant of release and of soaring. The cathedral, in fact, surmounts Ludgate Hill. That hill was the nucleus around which London became. Amid the aboriginal spread of the Thames into marsh and mere, the rise on which the cathedral stands once made dry landing for the coracles of men dressed in wolfskins. Our fathers have told us the Romans had a temple to Diana on that hill while Paul was still at Ephesus, worried by her. It is possible a shrine topped it, even earlier than Diana's, to a god whose name Londoners have forgotten, unless it was that of Lud himself, the river god of the Celts.

That hill was, and is, the heart of London. It is a traditional gathering place of citizens, and thither they still go to sing on New Year's Eve, and did so, perhaps, at the winter solstice, long before the making of records. St. Paul's is the only token of communion and fellowship known to every Londoner. It beckons to all of us. You can see that dome, its cross crowning it, from Hampstead, from the Surrey hills, and far off when in the Lea valley to the east, an elevated signal, constant amid the shifting glitter and the smoke. When approaching St. Paul's from Fleet Street, poets, looking up, have fancied they saw more in the cathedral's terminal golden

cross held over the capital than the men of commerce busy everywhere below with their eyes looking to the future on the pavement. Yes, and Wren's great masterpiece, majestic and imponderable, does ascend over London like an outburst of alleluia.

Not long ago we nearly lost it. The area of the city around the cathedral happens to be the western limit of a vast mart of the mercers. London is like that. The merchants in tea, spices, and sugar are down by Eastcheap, Oriental treasures are near Houndsditch, the fishmongers by Billingsgate, the shipowners and brokers around Leadenhall Street, money is in Threadneedle Street, wine near the Tower, and corn and coal are in Mark Lane. When you know what you want in London, you can be told where to go and find it, though I expect you would be watched. An area which includes the precincts of St. Paul's, and goes east down Cheapside and north to London Wall and south along Cannon Street, is known to the fire brigade as the 'danger zone.' A warehouse for furbelows is a worry to a night watchman; but when many warehouses of that sort stand together — even before the days when anarchists could fly — those buildings set fire engines going by the mere show of a vagrant light, for embedded in the narrow passages dividing them are numerous ancient churches and other signs of faith and labor past.

I saw, when a youth, a complicated mile of those alleys going up like Etna

when busy, in the Jewin Street quarter. A city bobby — amiable fellows, those City of London police, and giants — stopped me while I was making an artful cut through the yard of St. Giles, Milton's church. 'Let me pass,' I pleaded; 'I must get to my office.' 'Where is it, son?' he asked, and I told him. 'Pinch a day off,' he advised; 'it isn't there this morning.'

In that particular patch of the danger zone, so long ago, it happened the only relics of the past were the place names; nothing was lost but ten acres of premises. But on the night of December 29, 1940, you could see, in hollow dismay, that more was burning than premises. It was one of the most terrible spectacles Londoners will ever witness. Devastation was loose. There is a suburban hill a few miles south of St. Paul's, and its name is Beulah, though I cannot help that; the Victorians, if hearty, were pious. It was the wrong name for it that night, anyway. From that high ground, South London spreads low to the Thames and the City.

Christmas was over. We had returned to daily affairs. There had been no bombing. What was to come next? For of course we watch and wait for Hitler's grand sortie, without much of an idea of what he will do, except that he will do the worst he can think of and we know the way his thoughts go round. As night fell, quite suddenly, he did something which, by the show of it, was intended, as a prelude, to break the heart.

A strange light was without, but no noise, except gunfire, and Londoners now accept gunfire as they do wet days, and rain is much less frequent. The glow penetrated the blackout curtains, as if the impossible had happened and day had returned because it had forgotten something; for you must know the rising sun sparkles through the severest of blackouts, praise God. What miraculous sort of day was this? And there, the blackout down, it was. We

should not have to bother so much to-night about keeping our windows covered. All the City of London was radiant. The dome of St. Paul's was afloat in mid-ocean flames. It floated, but at times it was engulfed, and we thought it had sunk; then the fiery tide lowered, and the cathedral was above the capital as ever, except that it was incandescent. There was no need now for a policeman to tell us what thing was this. Not only St. Paul's, and the sky above it, but all Wren's fleet of steeples and the treasured imprints and outlines of our heritage were ardent and reeking. London was extravagantly a furnace. Now we knew the emotion of Londoners in 1666, when they saw their immemorial city, the one Shakespeare knew, disappearing street after street.

What did we say? We did not speak. There was nothing to be said. St. Paul's was going. We saw, in the light of that destruction, that we should have to begin anew, if we lived on, whatever our prejudices. The past was being blotted out. We only watched that. The barrage balloons sat aloft in the night, also watching, an audience of goblins with bright faces turned intently to the spectacle, and very still. We did not even curse Hitler.

II

St. Paul's, when looked for next daylight, was there; it had survived, it still presided. But London had more smoke than was comfortable. The cathedral was there, but it had better be said at once that, as the Nazis have shown particular malice for it, we cannot promise you shall see it the next time you come. The wonder is it was there. The apparition of the flames engulfing it the night before was not illusory. It was the hub of a conflagration. It was near the fate of old St. Paul's.

As near as one dared go, I have been revisiting the glimpses. I suppose I knew, when a youth, all the pavements between the Tower and St. Martin's le

Grand. There was the Guildhall, for one choice recess, in the midst of that region. It had a library, a silent refuge aside from the haste and botheration of commerce. If you dropped a slip of paper into a box, and retired to a favorite corner, very soon your book was put before you, as many books as you liked to ask for, and then, where nobody would have thought of looking for you, exempt for a spell from bills of lading and freight accounts, you could sit in a time coeval with the foundations of the Guildhall — and when they were laid goes back to near the beginning. A boy was in his ancestral home. After such an interval, he could resume duty upon documents for famous ships, certain of his part in the broad stream of life. His relationship with these old stones and those ships of London, if humble, was as sure as his name.

I have wondered since whether I did well to go over the ground again, after its second Great Fire. It was not the body that could stand no more of it, but the eyes, weary of seeing. Nothing wearies the spirit so much as a contemplation of waste, the waste of good. Malice is depravity. All seems undone. London this day is a warning against attempts to negotiate with evil. Londoners see and smell daily what happens if you try to appease that. How plead with men whose sole acknowledgment of virtue is to simulate it for the easier undoing of good?

Did you know Paternoster Row? You would not know it now. There is no Row. I stood to view it where a famous publishing house used to be, but that house was only one high screen, perforated and tottery, of calcined limestone. Beyond it was vacancy, going back I could not see how far because of smoke and steam and oblique phantom girders. Some half-burnt books were filth in the gutters. The rest of the Row was impassable, and its smell was of finality.

Much else has gone. I attempted causeways once familiar to me down

Cheapside; for one, that paved court with the pleasant name of Honey Lane Market, which used to have comfortable eighteenth-century shops. There was a sound this day of burning timbers settling, and the hissing of water. On a window sill of one vanished shop a jocular fireman had placed a white classic bust to overlook the wreckage, and had stuck a sport's cap on it at a saucy angle. That fireman would be a young man; and let us hope — we shan't be far out, either, if we do — that all young Londoners feel as he did. From there we turned, and had a peep through a narrow opening across Cheapside. It was just wide enough to frame the steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, the church of Bow Bells — the bells heard once upon a time by Dick Whittington, so the story goes. We were told it was the last sight we should have of that Wren steeple, 'considered by some authorities to be the finest Renaissance campanile in the world.' Maybe it was, so there must be another Renaissance, for the steeple must go. It has to be destroyed; today it is only dangerous.

Working a way through streets I fancied I had forgotten, I came unexpectedly upon the shell of the Guildhall, and beside it a Wren church which had an interior to accord with Bach's fugues: St. Lawrence Jewry. It was roofless. Its windows were ragged patches of sky. Near by, in Coleman Street, I was reminded of scenes in the cities of Rheims, Ypres, and Arras, in another war. This is the second occasion for such vistas in the lives of some of us, and it is too much. One can only suppose some people hate the mellow civility of old cities, and will destroy them when they can; after all, if you think about it, the uncivil naturally hate the urbanity of gracious ways. We have had many books already to tell us why France and Belgium collapsed at a push, and why with such disheartening ease the Germans goose-stepped into Scandinavia and Holland; no halt at all till they had

to stand before Dover's white cliffs, which were some miles across the water. With a memory of the wreckage that was Rheims and Arras — hundreds of French cities, towns, and villages were reduced to muck, in the last war — recalled by the present spectacle of Basinghall Street, which is London, other reasons for the downfall were suggested. It is easy to be unfair to France, because of her surrender, for we never felt her torture as she felt it herself, in that other war.

The truth is, when the grisly head was uplifted as an oriflamme by the Nazis in Berlin in 1933, France did not want to believe what she saw. Nor did the British; nor you Americans. It could not be true. But it was Death. Clear into last April our good neighbors in Europe continued in their failure to recognize the brutish as its tanks were on the move, bringing doom along. They held desperately to their belief that this was not the age for perdition, that man in his progress to better things was well past the bone heaps, and that everybody knew it. Our friends could not bring their minds in time to the necessity for supporting with deeds their modern faith that light is to be preferred to darkness. They did not understand that the rumbling they heard was dire and phenomenal, was the coming of engines to put a stop to their development of a civilized order. They heard, in fact, the growling of the guns and tumbrils of another revolution on its way, a revolution contrary to that of the eighteenth century. This revolution was to end the nonsense of reason, liberty, and the rights of man. Our friends could not believe it. The liberty of the person was as unquestionable as the ordering of the stars. Indeed it had some relationship with the courses of the stars. That, I think, is why the German brass bands bashing out triumph in Oslo at first merely puzzled and amused the pacific Norwegians.

As for the French, I think I under-

stand now that they never recovered from the grief and horror left when 'Cease Fire' sounded in 1918. You Americans and we British have not clearly seen that; it was not our treasures which were broken, not our fair lands mutilated and defiled. Ought we not to have expected abhorrence of war's obscenity to abide with a sensitive and intelligent people? It did, anyhow. They shrank behind their fortifications from its recurrence. The Maginot Line was the measure of their dread. If that material defense was a mistake, what else was a folk to do that had been wounded almost to death? The French are still numb. I myself have seen what came over some British men and women, who suffered last time, when the black wings again darkened the morning. All the controlled emotion of four tragic years, which they had borne without complaint, came into their eyes. What, again? They could not believe it — they could not, though they accepted their gas masks. I myself, doubting the possibility of evil in the ascendant, worked and spoke for accord with the Germans through the last war, and up to Munich. Hitler's descent on Prague to plunder it, a few months after his avowal that he wanted peace, told the most reluctant of us that Germany would work her base will, whatever her fair words, though Europe were whitened with bones. It was repellent, but it was a fact. The revolution had begun which was to counter the revolutions of the English, the French, and the American colonists to end feudalism, and to win liberty for the humble. We were back in the dark.

I suppose I had better not speak too loudly of other ruins in London, and elsewhere; we don't want to hear rejoicing in the wrong place. But you may tell your informant he is ignorant if he says the aim of the Nazi bombers is for military objects. They are attempting to do in London what they did on the continent — divide the people from their administrators, and direct the anger of

the distracted multitude towards the government. These poor people never had much, but now that has gone, and sometimes the children with it. As I can say little about it, don't suppose this affects me less than the loss of antiquities. Where this cruel destruction is I was born. And though those industrial dwellings ought never to have been built, and as they were never better than a shameless confession of iniquity, so beauty does not suffer, yet the loss of a choice piece of Grinling Gibbons is nothing when Rachel is weeping for her children.

So let us go back through Cheapside. Here is Bird-in-Hand Court, where in 1816 Keats lived and wrote many of the poems of his first volume. Tom Hood was born near that court. That is Bucklersbury. Once it was a market of the druggists. You remember Falstaff's comment? 'These lisping hawthorn-buds, that smell like Bucklersbury in simple time.' In this other street Milton was born. The Mermaid Tavern stood here, and Shakespeare lodged near by. Barham of the *Ingoldsby Legends* was incumbent of St. Augustine's over there; but whether that church has quite gone too I did not venture to see. One need not continue, for this heart of London touches so much of English literature, from Chaucer to Lamb, that silence is best. We may say, anyhow, that those names are all recent, relatively. Was there not Saxon work in Bow Church? Here London began to grow from wattle and daub, and Ben Jonson and Donne were only late comers. It is as if I sat turning over the works of those great fellows, in the Guildhall, not long after they had gone. You could feel, in the quiet of that place, that they were your contemporaries. Only when in the street again did you realize the present, which for youth is provisional, and all promise.

What else, when origins were long before King Alfred's day? In his reign the moot or meeting place of Londoners was St. Paul's. It must have been so for

centuries before that, as there is a tradition of a Christian church on the summit of the hill in the second century. Therefore on the last night of 1940, immediately after their second Great Fire, the smoke still hanging about, Londoners gathered there as ever to greet their New Year with a shout, and some singing. The chance of more explosions made no difference; and because many of our Cockneys say they are Scotch, you must, in the finale, join in singing 'Auld Lang Syne.' You would have found no dismay, no gloom except the proper one of midnight, nothing to show these people stood in peril. There was rousing good cheer, greeting the future.

Yet anger, a reserved anger, the Nazis have engendered with their bombs and with some other devices, but it has not turned against Winston Churchill. In this affair Winston personifies forgotten residual national humors which are evoked when the going is hard; we know him, for he is akin. They must have queer minds, those Nazis. There is no doubt they are quite sincere, and genuinely incapable of understanding what your President, and Churchill, are talking about. They really have not heard of such men as Drake and Washington. To them Lincoln—his mind and his speech—is as incredible a myth as German dishonor. Now they see what the world thinks of them as a result of their honest zeal, they are as puzzled as though they witnessed the resurrection of the dead, who unwind their grave-clothes in a way to show they mean to live again to somebody's disadvantage. How is this? They do not know what it means. They are so made. But then, they would render the Golden Bowl for guns, and make merry with their tutor Dr. Goebbels over the absurdity of things that silence others into reverence and humility.

III

Mr. H. G. Wells is just back with us after a visit to the United States, and he

reports gayly — and we always attend to what that great man has to tell us — that Americans are ‘not interested in stained glass, but only in successes.’ I feel rebuked. There may be more stained glass in this story than you want. As to success, we on this side also are plucked up when we hear of it. Our hopeful eyes are fixed on the horizon for it all day long. It cheers even a pacifist when the grandiose arrogance of Mussolini and his cohorts is deflated by quiet men who were civilians but yesterday. Mussolini today has new and better information about the senility of democrats, and joy may be wicked, but we are joyful. Our successes in Africa, unimaginable some months ago when Hitler was about to march through Syria and Palestine, or somewhere, to meet Mussolini at Suez, look as clean and decisive as the abrupt intervention of Providence when tired of presumptuous fools.

Still, what is meant by stained glass? Are we to understand that this metaphorical brick through an old church window indicates the relative unimportance of æsthetic values? Does it advise us that Americans do not care when the emblems of those values go under the gun wheels or up in smoke? Then I’ve been writing in vain, though I shall continue to feel how grievous is the loss. It seems to me that if certain imponderables, imaged by Mr. Wells as stained glass, are of trivial consequence and their loss may be disregarded, and all we need hear about is success, then victory may prove to be only the glad music of a brass band in a cemetery. Our outlook in triumph will be some economic dispensation amid ash and cinder, planned in a laboratory, with Euclid lifted up over all.

At this point let us be frank about the scarcity value of ecclesiastical glaze. We would give all of it, if that could restore the peace of mind of but one stricken man. I heard of such a Londoner yesterday. It happened that he

lost his wife and three children in a recent raid, and he was taken to hospital. That place was bombed the next night, and he tried to fling himself from a window, but when in the flash of another explosion he saw the blood-smeared face of the nurse who was struggling to prevent him, he came to reason, and was quiet. She carried him off. Life and reason are more important than property, even when it was shaped by the genius of Wren. Of course, I know that the wrecking of that man’s mind is as incidental in war as the burning of a Raphael. There is so much of it that it is commonplace. But oughtn’t you to hear of both, since they show what is going on? And what, after all, is success? The girl who saved that man was transferred to work in a quieter corner; as you will guess, she was upset; but that hospital, too, was crashed the following night, and she worked in her bare feet over broken glass to rescue other patients. Does that nurse in any way represent success? If not, what is victory?

If victory is not in the continuity of magnanimous spirit, then we are of all men most miserable. If fallen stones and broken life cannot be raised to a fairer city and fellowship, then we may resign ourselves to the midden. No flowers, by request! For how raise them if the standards are lost? But have no fear. The magnanimous heart is common. The bare promise in it of a regenerated community, if we will it, should be enough to quicken minds gone so dry that nothing is felt when loveliness is mutilated. Think of the army of men and women who went into London to do what they could when it was burning and falling asunder. They took the hazards that won’t bear thinking about afterwards. These people put in a day at their normal duties, and at night go to the front line in war; their night vigil over, they make straight for their desks and shops; for rest and sleep they must wait till the next night again. And they

are unpaid, for the most part. Their only reward is survival, and they don't always get it.

There is another thing they have done for us, though they don't know of it. Let me remind you of that dreary old lie of the political economists, the lie which has corroded social life ever since money had a clear design to rule and to maintain its dominion: that never do we give of our best except for profit. The compelling incentive to gain — that numbing falsity of the political fabulists! We shall continue to hear of that supposed law of our nature, though all the best that society has, the things which set the measures in our culture, came of nobility in selflessness, and not of two cents for one. The Nobodies of my country, unaware, with no thought to the matter, give to a common cause what money cannot buy.

In London, one night in a recent heavy attack, a telephone call came from a hundred miles away to learn if the home was standing; a relative had heard that something was happening. Presently another ring, from a soldier on leave. 'How is it with you? We've just put out a swarm of incendiaries about here.' (Ominous pause). 'Here comes a big 'un!' (Another pause, and a bump which jerked the receiver.) 'You hear that? That's a near one — I'd better go.' A little later still, one in the room had a ring from his watchman. The school was there. Its fires had been doused. Still the raid continued. We waited, while the shells buzzed over the house from a near battery. You see, through it all, the telephone girls were at the exchange boards, the taxis and buses were plying, the bakers were at their ovens, and next morning we had our newspapers to the minute, though Fleet Street had been in the thick of it.

The incentive to gain! Luckily, in addition to old stained glass, that wretched incentive and other fallacies are going. Much of our treasure is with the potsherds, permanently ex-

tingent; but we may expect the energetic resurrection of the wrong things at the very time when we shall claim the right to fashion in freedom a land worthy of people who see in a new light. The parasitic, we can be sure, will survive with the magnanimous. This very day we hear of speculators who are buying up acres of ruin; they see a future there, but not for us. I think they will be disappointed, for there is a war beyond the one we now fight, and it has been going on since Magna Charta — or Cain and Abel — and today we know more about it than we did.

By Tower Hill there was a church which escaped the fire of 1666, mainly because of the efforts of Admiral Penn, father of William, founder of Pennsylvania; and Pepys witnessed that fire from its steeple. It did not escape this time. The old building held much of London's long story. William Penn was baptized in it, John Quincy Adams married. There is a Roman pavement in its foundations. The Temple off Fleet Street, which was a London sanctuary, will not now bear looking at, if you used to know it. You may not be interested in stained glass, yet it is hard for a Londoner to say what he feels about the loss of it. Yet now he sees the gaps in his heritage, made so quickly that he has had no time to assess what has gone; he begins to learn, for the first time, that London is a palimpsest. Today is but a substitute for London yesterday. He notices this late serious alteration only because it came violently in a night.

When by St. Paul's I was puzzled by a reference I had seen to St. Michael le Querne. Such a church, I discovered, does not exist; but it did in the thirteenth century, and corn, as you suspect, was sold near it. Sir Thomas Browne, of the *Religio Medici*, was baptized in it in 1606. Sixty years later it vanished, with most of the City, while Pepys looked on. Close to its site yesterday I noticed that the famous Wood Street plane tree,

growing in the narrow yard which is all that remains of St. Peter, Westcheap, has absurdly survived this fire, as though the Nazis had known it was protected by statute. On the iron rails beneath it fluttered scores of paper notices advising me of the new addresses of business houses around that were burned out. For 'the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy.' But life will have its way.

Many of the ancient monuments, some with foundations in a past so remote that you may choose your year, went in the earlier fire which ended mediæval London. Wren did not rebuild all its churches; and the truth is — and today it is brought home to us — he did rebuild many which have been cast down since, from year to year, one at a time, because their sites were enviable, money being more attractive than beauty and devotion. Just before this war began, All Hallows, Lombard Street, for one, a church in which Charles Wesley preached his first extempore sermon, was destroyed. It was not the Nazis, but the Ecclesiastical Commissioners themselves who did it, despite the protests of the City Corporation and the Royal Academy of Arts. They sold it to a bank, very likely. Few people grieved over it then, but the tears of many flow fast when the Germans do in a few weeks what desire, when legal, has been doing in London for many generations. What angry outbursts if German incendiaries had destroyed Adelphi Terrace and old Regent Street, and not the desire for more and better rents!

Yet we need not fear that either war or the corrosion of the idea of profit will overcome the sense of the past, from which the ghosts rule us; we are aware of the invisible glory of great achievements, and the sacrifice they exacted of the body, and of the responsive liberality of the spirit of man. The form vanishes, the spirit endures. There is continuity. The common folk are usually better than their governors; it is they who are

the heirs of the tradition. They are apathetic when times are easy, and government is venal; but they will look up, surprised by a gracious word should it chance to come, and will move to it, when things go ill.

There is a night shelter in central London, the crypt of an old church. Thousands of bones, piled breast high, were removed from it to make room for the living, and the late vicar, Pat McCormick, — he kept at his post so long that he died at it, for he was worthy of it, — told me that Nell Gwynn's might be among them, as certainly she was buried beneath the church, nobody knew exactly where. That crypt now gives shelter at night to a big company, and a mixed one. There was a simple service that night. It would not have kept me but for the voices of the children. Their impersonal note came clear and easy through the singing of the congregation; as of the chanting of cherubs, 'all heads and wings and no bottoms,' if you shut your eyes, or looked at the dim groining. The light was not pervasive. One was underground, but children were singing. They were singing a familiar paraphrase of a psalm. In the obscurity of the vault from which their forefathers' bones had been removed, the upturned faces of the innocents making a song of time sweeping all its sons away confused my philosophy. I felt I ought to begin thinking anew, and that I would, if I but knew where to start. I did try to believe that the voice of innocence I heard was only a meaningless echo in hollow eternity; but that, I felt, was unsatisfying and inappropriate. If there is not more than that in the appeal of loveliness, then we are deceived by music and poetry and architecture, and so ultimate a cheat was too much for me to accept. I believe in the Holy Ghost. To sin against loveliness is to sin against the creative spirit.

Then a man began to speak. I could not see him, but the simple urgency of his words might have been that of one of the friars when they, too, were innocent

and unworldly, which was long ago. There was something strange in those words, in those surroundings. It is only now — not too late, but almost too late — that one begins to know that only righteousness can save our communities. We have been nihilists, especially we clerks and craftsmen. See what has happened because of it! I heard the speaker begin to read quietly the words of one of the earliest of statesmen. 'See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; in that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments and his statutes and his judgments. . . . I call heaven

and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.'

A raid warning had sounded long before, but he went on, as if work must be done, whatever happens, when a dream compels. And his people, unmoved by happenings without, listened to the words of a faith which has carried men through tribulation since there were swords, usurers, and taxgatherers. If any young artists were listening to him, and I think they were, then we need not despair of dignity and comeliness in a London that is to be.

CALIFORNIA GRAPE RUSH

BY CHARLES R. CODMAN

I

BEYOND the leading edge of the United Mainliner's glistening aluminum wing the Sacramento hills appear from a height of four or five thousand feet like a reduced topographical model in low relief over which a bolt or two of green billiard cloth has been thrown at random. Here and there on the discreetly suggested contours of this slow-motion panorama are darker patches reminiscent of carelessly sprinkled parsley. As the plane loses altitude the steady purr of the motors grows dimmer. The baize carpet beneath ends abruptly as we slide above the toy houses of Oakland and skim out over the quiet waters of San Francisco Bay. To the west a gossamer silhouette, the Golden Gate Bridge profiled against the afternoon sun, and in the middle distance, floating dubiously in the pink haze, the Rock of Alcatraz. A wide

turn around the headland. Above the control-room door the illuminated sign 'Fasten Safety Belts — No Smoking' glows dully. As we dip sharply over the highway, miniature cars scuttle off from under the wings. The plane levels out, hangs suspended over the racing concrete runway, and gently scrunches to a pretty three-point landing.

Along with the usual cargo of salesmen, valetudinarians, ex-European travelers, and home-winged picture stars, each arriving air liner and Super-Chief has lately been in the habit of discharging upon the Pacific shores a new kind of quota — the Eastern wine importers. In fewer hours than it took the original Forty-niners weeks, or even months, the Eastern wine men, shorn by the misfortunes of war of a substantial part of their accustomed European wares, con-

verge hopefully upon the vineyards of the West Coast. The California grape rush is on.

Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately — the wine grape, so far as its higher manifestations are concerned, has invariably refused to be rushed, and to this fundamental verity the Sun-kissed State, though in many ways peculiarly blessed by nature, has proved no exception, as Easterners and Westerners alike are beginning to discover. Viticulturally speaking, California divides itself roughly into three principal regions: the Southern Counties, from San Diego to Los Angeles; the Central District, which includes the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys; and the Northern Coast Counties radiating from San Francisco Bay. Quantitatively the first two regions are by far the most important, accounting for the lion's share of California's total annual production, which last year ran over a hundred million gallons — more wine, that is, than is produced in the whole of Germany, more than four fifths of the total wine production of the United States, and more than thirty times as much as the combined wine importations from all other countries.

While nearly three quarters of the total produce of California's five hundred odd wineries consists of so-called 'dessert' and 'appetizer' wines such as Sherry, Port, Muscatel, Angelica, and the like, to which brandy is added during fermentation, quantity production methods, which largely prevail in the Southern and Central districts, are also applied, often with considerable success, to the making of 'table wines' — that is, wines which derive their alcohol entirely from their own fermentation and which are generally blended to standard types and sold, as in the case of the fortified wines, under European geographical designations such as Claret, Burgundy, Sauternes, Chablis, Moselle, and so forth. Such unpretentious inexpensive table wines, so called because primarily intended for consumption during meals,

form the greater portion of the commercial wines of the world. As the backbone of the natural wine trade they are not to be sniffed at, and if this sounds ambiguous let it be remembered that where there are no type wines at the base of the viticultural pyramid there are no Mouton-Rothschilds and Romanee-Contis at the top. Frenchmen consume fifty times as much anonymous *vin ordinaire* as they do the truly *vins fins*, and it is because they do, and have always done so, that there has come about the gradual evolution of those individual growths which after a long and arduous process of trial and error have brought to successful flowering the inherent qualities of some one informing variety of grape conditioned by specific environment. Such wines, the great wines of France, constitute less than 2 per cent of her annual vinous production, but without the other 98 per cent they could not conceivably have come into existence, nor, since everything is relative, would they be rightly appraised for what they are — rare works of art for rare and special occasions. Rendering therefore unto the commercial blends their just due, let us ascend the as yet uncompleted steps of the California pyramid.

If the great interior valleys and southerly regions are well adapted to the making of standardized types, — and they are, — it is principally to the more temperate and variable climates and exposures of the Coast Counties around San Francisco Bay that the seeker after individualized wines will presumably direct his steps. Even before alighting from the transcontinental flight whereby in less time than it takes the earth to complete a single revolution one is wafted across a dozen states, countless cities and towns, rivers, deserts, and mountain ranges, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one receives at least a hint as to some of the factors that go into making these Bay Counties the cradle of California's quality wines. Really fine wines are generally produced from those

less prolific or 'shy-bearing' grape species that give out their qualitative best in relatively infertile rocky soil in districts of moderate rainfall and temperature where the winters are not too severe and the summers not too hot. As has been indicated, these conditions in California are most nearly approximated in the counties abutting on San Francisco Bay — Sonoma and Napa to the north, to the southeast the Livermore Valley in Alameda County, and to the south the Santa Cruz Mountains and Santa Clara. Nestled between the coastal ranges that roughly parallel the ocean shore and afford protection from storm and fog, these districts are blessed with advantageous exposures and excellent air drainage from the temperate breezes entering the Bay to fan out in all directions in a manner made to order. Scattered about in propitious locations in the above-named counties there exist today a dozen or more wineries whose courage and foresight in deliberately sacrificing quantity to quality augur well for the future of fine wines on the West Coast.

The going, as I have elsewhere observed,¹ has not been easy. It has been a long row to hoe, and the end is not yet. Its beginnings go back to the early sixteenth century, to the days of Cortez and the Franciscan Padres tending their Mexican vines. As the Missions crept northward, the wine grape naturally came along too, and such is the historical affinity between the Church and the vine that one is hardly surprised to learn that the first vineyard to be established in California proper was that of the Mission San Diego, founded in 1769. Others followed, and in time the chain extended well north of what is now San Francisco. If, however, the Church must properly and appropriately be credited with introducing the vine into California, — as into so many other lands, — its subsequent development is more largely due to the restless zeal and tireless efforts of

those rugged individualists who in the '50s and '60s of the following century came to California on the heels of the gold rush and quite literally sowed the seeds of the West Coast wine industry as we now know it. To that amazing Hungarian, Count Haraszthy, whose whirlwind tour of the European vineyards, from which he returned to Sonoma County with 200,000 cuttings, endowed his adopted state with over three hundred grape varieties; to Burgundian Charles Lefranc, who introduced the *plants nobles* of his native Côte d'Or to the somewhat less golden slopes of Santa Clara; to Frank Stock, the German settler who is said to have brought the first Rieslings to Napa County; to Groezinger, quondam headwaiter at Delmonico's; to George Beach, the Connecticut Yankee of Feather River — to these, and doubtless to many another of the eclectic and catholic pioneers who in a double sense brought the old world to the new, may justly be ascribed the definite orientation of California viticulture, that of adapting to its own soil and climate a wide variety of European grapes. Here and now their roots are in the ground, and their spirit pervades the land.

II

Our first day in the Napa Valley was spent by my wife and myself with our friend John Daniel, proprietor of the Inglenook Vineyard at Rutherford. In the picturesque ivy-covered winery we tasted his 1940's and 1939's — a half-dozen reds of each year and several whites. Of the latter the most attractive was a Pinot de la Loire made from a variety of the Pinot grape grown in Anjou and faintly reminiscent of some of the wines of the Côte de Layon near Saumur. But the forte, it seemed to me, of this particular vineyard was its red wines: the clean straightforward Zinfandel, from the grape whose exact origin is unknown but which has long been recognized as producing in favorable surroundings a

¹ 'Wine from Our Grapes,' in the *Atlantic* for February 1941.

sound respectable table wine; the Gamay, a grape despised by the swells of the Côte d'Or but which in the Beaujolais (e.g. Moulin-à-Vent) and in California can and does make a strikingly individual wine; the black Pinot, which in Napa hardly produces a Chambertin or Musigny but nevertheless has that roundness of flavor peculiar to its Burgundian prototype; and finally the Cabernet, which perhaps more closely resembles its original, the informing vine of the great châteaux of Bordeaux, than any other California red wine.

None of these wines are great wines, but I am quite prepared to make the prediction that with two or three years of maturing in oaken cooperage of reasonably small size (as against the all-too-prevalent custom of allowing California wines to remain in large redwood vats for indefinite periods), followed by a year or two of bottle-age, these sturdy young specimens, labeled — as I am glad to say they will be — under their place and grape name, will prove something of a revelation to those connoisseurs of imported wines who still labor under the impression that only nondescript and overstandardized wines come out of the West.

As we were leaving, my wife asked Daniel if he went in for the distillation of brandy.

'No,' he said; 'my great-uncle closed down the still in the early nineties some time before he died.'

This great-uncle, Captain Gustave Nybom, skipper out of Helsingfors, Alaskan fur trader, linguist and bibliophile, was, it seems, a decided character and one who retained to the end something of the non-appeasement attitude of his native Finland. When a federal excise agent put in a routine appearance to check the output of his still, the Captain turned the key in the lock, threw it into the river, and abandoned distilling for good and all.

'Too much government interference,' he said.

And that was in the comparatively gay nineties.

Before taking to the high road for San Francisco we stopped for a moment at the adjoining property to call on our friend the Marquis de Pins, son-in-law of Mrs. Georges de Latour, the affable and energetic lady who, with the assistance of her *gendre* recently returned from France, continues to carry on the high traditions of the Beaulieu Vineyard founded in the early '80s by her late husband. With Pins was a visiting colleague from Beaune, and amidst the naturalized vines of old Bourgogne we spent a nostalgic half hour discussing the predicament of mutual friends on the Côte d'Or whose bitter cup it was to witness the carting off by the invading hordes of each and every cherished cob-webbed bottle.

Our next expedition was to the southeast and Alameda County. Here in the famous Livermore Valley the soil and climate are especially favorable to the growing of white wine grapes of the Sauternes type; and since from the lips of the Marquis de Lur Saluces, on his return from the West Coast last year, we had it that no wines in California more nearly resembled those of his own property, the Château d'Yquem, than the Semillons and Sauvignons of the Messrs. Wenté Brothers, we lost no time in hying ourselves to their establishment in Livermore. A pleasurable and instructive morning was spent tasting the young wines, a morning in which we shared the astonishment that Lur Saluces had himself evinced: first, that through a chain of fortuitous circumstances involving a gift of vine cuttings bestowed by his grandmother, the Marquise de Lur Saluces, upon Mr. Charles A. Wetmore during one of the latter's visits to Bordeaux — who on returning to California presented them to his friend, the nonagenarian Mr. Louis Mel, who in turn planted them in what is today the Wenté vineyard — Yquem had in fact been brought to Livermore; and secondly that

the Semillon and Sauvignon grapes, which in the French Sauternais are almost always blended to produce the incomparable wines of his own and the other great châteaux, should, in California, each and separately give forth such interesting and complete wines.

And here just a word on the subject of blending. The justification for blending several varieties of grapes in the making of a given wine lies in achieving a whole that is greater than the sum of all its parts. It can be done. It *is* done, and with signal success, in Sherry, in Champagne, on the hill of Hermitage, and even in Bordeaux, where — as Mr. Harold Price, Honorary Secretary of the San Francisco Wine and Food Society, has justly observed — most of the great Claret châteaux soften the asperities of the Cabernet Sauvignon with a judicious touch of Malbec or Merlot, or both. With Mr. Price's perhaps justifiable skepticism in regard to what may appear to him as the almost puritanical insistence of certain Eastern importers on unblended wines from a single grape variety I hesitate to take issue — particularly in view of his generosity in sharing with my wife and myself a bottle of his surprising 1892 California Claret and a still youthful 1907 Sauternes of serene charm. Both of these remarkable wines were undoubtedly blends, and both presented a strong case for the blender's art. Nevertheless the fact remains that the prevalent California custom of blending numerous varieties of high-yield grapes with the avowed and fully justifiable purpose of producing standardized type wines has, while performing a necessary and useful function, tended to create the impression among drinkers of imported vintages that all California wines are just staple commodities.

This is simply not so. California is more than a wine *region* — it is a wine *country*, potentially capable of producing as many varieties and degrees of wine as France itself. To those who may, and

probably will, doubt this statement I would urge a visit to the University of California at Davis, near Sacramento. If Professor Winkler and Dr. Amerine, guiding spirits of the invaluable Department of Oenology, are in the mood, — and they apparently always are, — you can in their agreeable company learn more in one morning about wine in general and about California wine in particular than in weeks of commercial sampling. They will lead you among the University's vineyards in which hundreds of different varieties of the vine are being diligently studied. Here the California vintner of sufficient foresight, intelligence, and humility may learn from the vast experience of these knowledgeable savants what variety of vine is best adapted to his particular soil, exposure, and local climatic conditions.

In the cellar beneath the somewhat austere classroom in which the youth of California receive instruction in Bacchic wisdom lie scores of small oaken casks together with neatly ticketed stacks of bottles containing the hundred and fifty or so experimental vintages that each year engage the meticulous attention of these men of science. Should it seem expedient to illustrate some fine point of sugar content, total acidity, or small-container vinification, Professor Winkler steps to a scholastic-looking cupboard. On the zinc-covered classroom table a triple row of glasses flash becomingly in the sunlight. Dr. Amerine's practised hand extracts the corks of a number of flagons, and the thirster after knowledge can determine for himself what the Cabernet, the Pinot, the Semillon, and even the humbler Gamay and Zinfandel can do in California under *favorable conditions*.

In the discovery and providing of *favorable conditions* for the nurturing of the great European grape varieties, I believe that the more enlightened California vintners, with the guidance of such conscientious and painstaking oenologists as make up the staff of the Uni-

versity of California, are well on the road to distinguished achievement in fine wine making. The West Coast Lafites, Richebours, Yquems, and Montrachets are still in the offing, but it would be rash to preclude their materialization. I will go further than that. I believe that the more forward-looking Californians are today possessed of the knowledge, the capability, the grapes, and the climatic conditions necessary to the making of fine wines, and that today such wines are in the process of emerging, wines of which Americans can and will be proud.

III

Our last day in Northern California was spent with a man and his wife whose pattern of existence seemed peculiarly enviable. In the lee of the Santa Cruz Mountains, on the upper eastern slopes of a hill that rises some two thousand feet above the lovely Santa Clara Valley, there is a vineyard. It was planted some time ago — 1852, to be exact — by the previously mentioned Monsieur Charles Lefranc. Somewhat later a Monsieur Paul Masson of the Department du Côte d'Or arrived on the West Coast. Attracted, no doubt, by what must have seemed to him the singularly familiar and salubrious atmosphere of this upland *vignoble*, Monsieur Masson hired out his services to the owner. Time passed on, and so did Monsieur Lefranc. Monsieur Masson, having previously had the discrimination and good sense to marry the boss's daughter, acquired the property and became quite a figure in the community. He knew his stuff, and his wines were a good deal better than average, especially his Champagne, which was acknowledged to be the best in California.

Now somewhere along the early part of the glittering twenties a young Californian named Martin Ray took to passing by of a sunny afternoon. The place attracted him. It attracted him so much that — without, of course, any

personal prejudice to Monsieur Masson — he made a mental note to remind himself that some day when he had made his pile he would 'buy that old Frenchman out.' Time again marched on. In San Francisco's Wall Street, young Ray did pretty well for himself in the stock and bond business. But he kept thinking about that vineyard. Perhaps it was just spring fever, but in the early part of '29 he somehow didn't quite like the feel of things. He took his profits and put them in the bank. And then along in the '30s he walked up to the hilltop and bought out the old Frenchman, lock, stock, and barrels. Since then the legend persists that he has remained uninterruptedly in the fastness of his mountain vineyard, where from dawn until dark, year in and year out, he labors at his vines and casks. I can't vouch for all the details, but what I can vouch for is that his Cabernet-Sauvignon, his Pinot, both black and white varieties, his Gamay and his Champagne, are the best I tasted while in California. Over a year ago Julian Street was writing to his friends that out on the Pacific Coast a fellow called Martin Ray was doing interesting things with varietal wines. As usual, Julian, you are quite right — he certainly is.

And Ray is by no means the only one. Whether it be the Daniels and the Wentes, the Martinis and the de Latours, the Korbels and the Salminas, not to mention the MacBoyles and the Concannons and many other small houses individually striving for quality, or the great wineries like Italian-Swiss, Roma, Petri, and Fruit Industries, each of which produces over a million gallons a year — they all appear to be imbued with a common aim, that of improving their product. And not the least impressive aspect of the West Coast scene to one accustomed to the parochial and rampant individualism of some of the European wine regions is the relative harmony and spirit of coöperation prevailing in this highly competitive indus-

try — a happy state of affairs for which, incidentally, great credit is due such constructive and conciliatory organizations as the Wine Institute, the Wine Advisory Board, and its able manager, Mr. H. A. Caddow. Like those of the pioneers of the gold-rush days, the names of California's wine men smack of the old world, but their quite evident individual and collective determination to forge ahead together up the long hard road to high achievement provides, I think, a not uninspiring object lesson in applied Americanism.

To those who are convinced that fine wines can and will be realized in our own country the progress already made since the repeal of Prohibition is heartening indeed. There are, of course, pitfalls for the unwary, and for the conscientious no short cuts. Many problems remain to be ironed out. Take, for example, the thorny question of nomenclature. California, as distinct from the Eastern wine regions of the United States, is particularly well adapted to *vinifera* or European grape varieties, and of these it grows a wide assortment, ranging from the exalted Cabernet, Pinot, and other aristocrats to humble high-yield bearers such as abroad produce South of France railway-station pinard, or the hot and heady brews of Northern Africa.

While the labeling of California blended wines under European regional designations such as Claret, Burgundy, and so forth, seems not only justifiable but convenient and even appropriate, the growing tendency on the part of some of the smaller quality wineries to adopt for their better wines grape-varietal names

is, I believe, an important and constructive step. However, the procedure does not *in itself* necessarily guarantee a superior wine. In the first place, there still exists a certain amount of quite honest confusion as regards the classification of California grape varieties, a situation, be it said, which the splendid work of the University of California is rapidly ameliorating; and secondly, present-day regulations, in many other respects admirable, require only that a wine be 51 per cent derived from a particular grape in order to carry the varietal name — and 49 per cent of some inferior grape or grapes would hardly be productive of a superlative wine. In the last analysis, then, the quality of a given wine will be determined by the knowledge and conscience of the vintner rather than (or perhaps I should say as well as) the printed matter on the label. The point is, the knowledge and the ability to make good wines are evident in California today, and, as we have seen, the soil, the climate, and the grape varieties are there.

Furthermore, public interest in our American wines is turning over in its sleep, rubbing its eyes, opening its mouth — and not in a yawn. For the enterprising and conscientious vintner, opportunity is knocking at the door. The grape rush is on, but the really good vintner, who is necessarily an agriculturist, a scientist, and an artist, knows full well that the grape cannot be rushed. It must be courted with infinite diligence, patience, and perseverance. An exigent and exacting mistress is *Vitis vinifera*. Doubtless her Latin blood has something to do with it.

WHO IS KILLING THE CLASSICS?

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

I

HE that setteth about to discuss education entereth a den of lions: and if he addeth thereto the classics he also bringeth in scorpions. It seems to be the common opinion today that the main object of all education is useful knowledge; and this is very well if we use both the terms *useful* and *knowledge* in a large enough sense to include their whole manual, intellectual, and moral effects. The skill to find what ought to be done under certain conditions is often not less important than the facility in doing it. One dislikes to see a youth growing up without dexterity in the use of tools or skill in play; and one regrets not less to find him without imagination to solve simple problems well adapted to his age. The farmer's boy learned the first of these at home — using the hammer, saw, and plane on the house, the barn, and the fences; cutting wood with a hatchet; driving cows; catching horses, and so on — without thinking of it as a part of his formal education. Now the boy has to be taught, under school discipline, such of these arts as relate to tools; and much is gained by sports, provided they are such that everyone takes part instead of having a few play and the rest look on.

Manual training in modern education is comparatively simple and well understood; but how shall we cultivate the imagination? Perhaps someone may think this too big a word, too grandiloquent, for a schoolboy: but it is used deliberately, because it is at this time

that imagination of some kind is commonly awakened, and should be aroused in normal cases. So far what has been said applies to all boys of ordinary intelligence; but when we come to concrete questions of the subject to be studied, the method of teaching, and the age at which they should be taken up, much may depend upon the length of time expected to be spent in study before entering one's vocation. There must naturally be a difference between education that ends at seventeen and that which is to continue until twenty-five, as in many of our best law schools, or will not close before twenty-eight, as in our best medical schools and hospitals. Nor is this, today, a question mainly of family resources; for scholarships and other aids are now so numerous that higher education has long ceased to be a matter of wealth, but rather of ambition, of natural capacity, and of willingness to postpone entry into active life. What I have to say about the value of the classics as a part of general education, therefore, relates primarily, though by no means exclusively, to boys who expect to devote a considerable amount of time to the development of their faculties and interests, to the cultivation of their imagination.

This intangible quality of imagination is probably advanced not so much by giving the boy facts to remember as by offering him problems, fairly within his grasp, to be solved; and the more of such problems he solves in a day the more his imagination is stimulated. How does

this actually work out in the teaching of the classics? The boy has to begin by learning to decline nouns and conjugate verbs — and that is, if you please, drudgery; but so it is in learning all languages; and most people agree that to study some foreign language is wise. English depends so much on the mere position of the words that it does not give the substance of grammar as all other foreign tongues do, and above all Latin and Greek. I am not suggesting that the classics should be studied for the grammar, but merely that this is a drudgery to be found in the first rudiments of every foreign language. Some people have complained of the long lists of prepositions that govern different cases, and the other mass of rules, in Andrews and Stoddard's *Latin Grammar*; but, with an excellent teacher, these things need never be raised into a serious hurdle.

Now, when I was at school, what did a boy at about twelve years of age — for that is the time the study of Latin should begin — do when he had worked his way through the introductory grammar stage, and was first set to read? He saw a word, the sound of which was familiar. It was in the accusative case, and hence, very probably, the object in the sentence. So he looked it up and made a mental note of it. Then another word struck him which he suspected was a verb. If so, what was its conjugation? That settled, the next question was what should be the form of the infinitive? Having answered this, he was prepared to look up the meaning in the lexicon. Then he must determine the person, tense, and mood. Perhaps he turned next to the subject, if he had not done so before, looking for a nominative case that would agree with the verb; and so he proceeded through all the other words until he had constructed out of them an intelligent sentence with each word grammatically correct. Nor did this type of puzzle cease soon; for the books he read became more and more complex,

and while a youth he never wholly got beyond problems of that kind. Curious process! Not unlike that which he pursued in a rudimentary way when as an infant he tried to build houses out of cards or blocks; or, for that matter, like the methods of Darwin when, for a score of years, he strove to fit all existing forms of life into a consistent system of variations for better adaptation to environment.

Now someone will remark that this process of learning the ancient languages conveys in itself no knowledge of the history, philosophy, or poetry of the ancients. Precisely so. That comes later. It is not yet a study of the thought of the Greeks and Romans, but of their language; and, as we shall see later, language is one of the most vital intellectual tools for communicating, and also for comprehending, ideas that man in his long pilgrimage has produced. As such it can be learned early in life, for what man invented in the childhood of civilization is probably not beyond the grasp of a child. In short, the boy studying Latin or Greek is, up to this point, simply learning a language which, strictly speaking, is a science, let us say a branch of social science, and is probably, so far as working out problems by his own efforts, the only science within his grasp. For a full use of the classics the learning of Greek and Latin is an essential preliminary; for any science it is an excellent preparation.

But again the utilitarian says: If the study of the classical languages during the first few years yields little or nothing of the benefits to be drawn from ancient authors, why discuss its other possible merits in a paper supposed to advocate their use? Many people have urged that learning to read Latin or Greek is a very long, laborious process, which is wholly thrown away if not pursued to the point of classical scholarship; and this few boys do. To anyone convinced, as the great body of the public and many educators are inclined to be, that the main

object of all modern schools is acquiring knowledge, preferably of a practically useful type, then this argument seems unanswerable; but if a not less important object is acquiring the capacity to perceive and understand things not seen in concrete form — in other words, to stimulate thought and imagination rather than absorb facts presented — then the subjects used in school may be of a very different type. Seventy years ago, when the writer was a boy at school, the whole orientation was somewhat different from what much of it is today; not only because the main subjects were Latin and Greek, but because they were taught in a different way. We studied the text by ourselves, and then recited, when our mistakes were corrected and difficulties explained. But as a rule what we obtained came — both in the classics and in the other chief staple, mathematics — rather from our own study than from being taught. It was chiefly a process of self-education under guidance, which, after an elementary period, it surely ought as much as possible to be; and the classical languages lent themselves admirably to that type of education. In fact, what I have said about the schoolboy construing a Latin sentence is merely an illustration of the way it was done. Someone will say that this contrast between the older and the more recent form of teaching is an exaggeration; and perhaps it is, but it marks a tendency toward more teaching and less study.

So far we have considered the schoolboy only before he gets to the point of entering into the classic spirit. Some boys read little or nothing more than Caesar's *Gallie War*, or Xenophon's *Anabasis*, never reaching far beyond that point; but he who has begun at the proper age, and keeps on, grows gradually and almost insensibly into the thought of the authors he is reading, and finds himself commenting on or criticizing their conduct and views. He becomes familiar with their conceptions,

their virtues, and their faults; and it is extraordinary how those conceptions, virtues, and faults were like our own.

Here were two people, both practising slavery, in a distinctly unrestricted form, over men of the same or a kindred race; with religious ideas of a primitive and sometimes revolting type; with few practical appliances unknown to their neighbors whom they called barbarians; curiously uninventive — particularly the Greeks — in what we today call useful knowledge; and yet they have taught us how to think, how to write, and how to conduct affairs. From the Greeks we have learned philosophy, literature, and art; from the Romans law and administration; and in forms from which we cannot wholly free ourselves, however much we try. Much of modern architecture, which seems to its most ardent advocates wholly new, appears to the writer a reversion to Greek simplicity, which depends for its effects on a few proportions, with limited and restrained ornament. In fact, it may be said in architecture and in literature that if the observer asks himself why the author inserted such a needless ornament he has in fact condemned it. The whole should create an impression of self-consistency of all the parts, each detail important only as it contributes to the complete effect. Surely that is the Greek conception, and a true and permanent one.

There were two great maritime powers in the ancient world at about the same time, Athens and Carthage. Of these, Athens has left us a literature so great that, save for the torch which the Romans caught from the Greeks and passed on to posterity, nothing could be compared with it until the time of Dante. Carthage has left nothing: not, apparently, because Rome desired to destroy any literary remains in Africa. On the contrary, Rome overcame Athens also, but was subdued by her literature. It is useless but interesting to wonder what would have been our heritage if Carthage had conquered

Rome and then subdued Athens, covering her literature with oblivion. Of course this is a mere phantasy, but it presents a point of view.

II

After what has been said, anyone may cheerfully concede that a study of the classics has merits even for people who do not propose to devote their lives to the subject, or indeed the later part of their general education. If a boy begins his Latin at twelve, is well taught, and, allowing proper time for other subjects, is a diligent student, he may well by the time he is eighteen, or goes to college, have read enough ancient authors to be of great benefit to him throughout his life, and if he is wise will continue to read them. Until less than one hundred years ago this was the regular curriculum for all youths seeking a liberal education throughout Europe and America. Why has Latin gone out of our teaching so much save in special preparatory schools? And why, even in these, is Greek studied by a diminishing proportion of the pupils?

Who killed Cock Robin? The coroner's inquest may be ticklish work, and the evidence before him may throw suspicion where it is least deserved. The competition of other subjects has been an exceedingly important factor, especially in college, as it certainly should be; but less so at school, where such subjects as higher literature, the more complex history, economics, government, the more technical sciences, and many others can be taught only in an elementary way. Knowledge has greatly increased, and every well-educated man ought to have what I may call an acquisitive acquaintance with more of it, and more varieties of it, than ever before. This very naturally and properly reduces the number of men who pursue the classics in college, but there is no reason why it should drive them out of the schools if, as suggested, the classics

at school make a singularly good preparation for the subsequent pursuit of almost any subject.

Those who accept the aphorism that human institutions are rarely killed by exterior violence, but usually commit suicide before their enemies bury them, must look also in a different direction. The advocates of the classics have often tried to defend them on the ground of practical utility, which is manifestly unreal, as a little reflection will show. On our farm we need another man or another horse, and an attempt to argue in favor of the man on the ground that he also has physical strength is beside the point. We want either the intelligence of the man or the strength of the horse. Their qualities are incommensurate, and an attempt to compare them on the basis of physical strength is fatal. It is like comparing the practical utility of a poem and a postage stamp. To a youth seeking intellectual enlargement it is as absurd to suggest bookkeeping as it is to offer lessons in Greek to a man looking for accounting. They are so incommensurate that they cannot be compared on a single scale, and any attempt to do so means weighing them both on the lower scale, with the obvious result.

Therefore any protagonist of the classics who strives to fight for them on the ground of practical utility in everyday affairs is almost certain to lose the battle. It reminds me of our futile attempts as boys to explain to our girl friends why we studied Latin and they did not. Needless to say, we did not convince either them or ourselves. That imponderables have weight we did not know, probably would not have believed, and certainly could not have explained. Yet it is with imponderables that we are dealing: things difficult to measure with any exact test; forces that are elusive, and — if one may use a quite inappropriate metaphor — act as catalysts do in chemistry, not taking an active part in the transformation but

assisting it. Of the advocates of the classics on utilitarian grounds we may say with Dante: *Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*

The most serious injuries suffered by the classics at the hands of their friends have, of course, been done with the design of helping the cause. Such, for example, was the change from our barbarous English pronunciation of Latin to one that Cicero might, possibly, understand if he should ever visit Harvard. But the ultimate effects of the change were certainly prejudicial to the classics. Before that time well-educated men were in the habit of quoting Latin, and were all expected to understand the quotations. But they gave it up when the uncouthness of the tongue of the elders brought a smile to the younger men, who never took it up themselves because the proportion of their own contemporaries familiar with Latin was too small to support the habit. Had the change been made a hundred years earlier, the effect might have been different, and perhaps beneficial, but coming as it did when the tide was setting against the classics it was unfortunate. As often happens, the results were cumulative, for not only did the habit of quoting Latin pass away, but with it the feeling of inferiority in not understanding a quotation, and the conviction of the schoolboy that he was omitting something essential in neglecting the classics. Of course this reacted even more strongly against Greek, of which the utility was more difficult to prove. In short, it may be doubted whether a closer approximation to the pronunciation of the Romans was worth making Latin more nearly a dead language.

Professor Goodwin was a great scholar, saturated with the learning, the philosophy, and the poetry of the Greeks; and his *Greek Moods and Tenses* is a great contribution to the knowledge of their language. No one could have written it who was not only exhaustively familiar with their writings, but also

deeply sensitive to their thoughts and feelings. Yet in itself it is rather a study of the language of these writers than of their thoughts, and therefore a work of science more than an exposition of their ideas. Of course he knew this perfectly well, but all his pupils did not. The writer well remembers taking a course in college in the *Odyssey* under one of them. Not an allusion to the poetry, the mythology, or the characters, but only to the grammar. In fact, the sole thing I learned from him was the reason for the writing of the *Odyssey*, which in the opinion of this inadequate young instructor was to illustrate exceptions to Greek grammar.

One should not mention so trivial a matter were it not that it illustrates a tendency that seems to have been unfortunate. Stimulated, perhaps, by the success of their scientific colleagues in making discoveries, — and thereby a reputation, — the classical men seem to have been spurred to do the same. Now this is not an easy thing in a field so long and thoroughly ploughed and harrowed as that of the Latin and Greek writers. Only exceptionally does a new text come to light; and then it is no private matter, but is devoured and criticized by the whole fraternity. If one looks at the classical courses in a university catalogue he is apt to find that they culminate in philology. This may be merely a glorified name for a course of reading in some author, but at the final point it is apt to be a study of comparative language, and therefore properly of linguistic science rather than of the contribution of the ancients to thought and poetry. That is not so true as it was some years ago, but it still discourages those unprofessional believers in the value of the classics as an important element in general education.

III

The Greeks were strangely unlike modern people in their absence of in-

ventiveness, of a desire to increase the comforts of life by mechanical or scientific appliances. One recalls only a single name of an eminent Greek inventor, Archimedes; and he may not have been Greek by race.

But political organization of a semi-popular type had been so far developed both in Rome and in Athens that an American youth can understand the questions debated, and the position of the principal figures, rather more easily than he can those in our own country; and the issues, though not the same that we deal with now, were so nearly of a similar kind that they are readily grasped by the young citizens of a modern state. This was true of international as well as domestic matters; and in fact there are some interesting resemblances between the European wars of this century and the long struggle between Athens, Sparta, and Macedon that give material for reflection, examples to be followed, and others to be avoided with care. But, alas! public men do not often learn much from the mistakes of their own country and very seldom from those of others.

Of course the examples, particularly in Greece, were on a small scale, but so are those for the most part in laboratories of physics, and it is no reason why we should not learn from them. Aristotle's remark still holds true, that those who teach politics have usually had a very different experience from those who practise the art.

We have seen that the Greeks invented little. They worked with the tools, physical and intellectual, that they found ready to their hands, and it is amazing what they accomplished with them; but that is one of the things that make what they did peculiarly useful for a schoolboy. Save for the language, he requires no technical knowledge to understand what they thought and did. In their wars both they and the Romans wore simple armor which can be seen in pictures; they fought with

swords, spears, and bows and arrows with which every child is familiar. Debates were carried on with the unassisted human voice speaking to a crowd assembled in front of the orator. Communications with other nations were conducted by means of diplomatic representatives who came, or were sent, for the purpose. In short, everything was simple, for the most part done so openly that there was very little mystery about it.

But I see that I must explain what is meant by an intellectual tool, as distinguished from a physical one. In his long journey from the deserts of savagery, man has from time to time invented some device that would simplify, and at the same time clarify, the operations of his mind, thereby also enabling him to communicate them to others. The earliest of these tools is probably language, or the art of expressing thought by sounds made in the throat and mouth. This was not only a means of conveying ideas to others, but also a means of formulating them for one's own use; and I call it an intellectual tool because it did for the mind very much what the mattock or the axe did for the hand.

Next came the art of recording ideas; and here the great tool may be regarded as the alphabet, or the means of recording language directly through symbols of its sounds, instead of pictures of the objects themselves — hieroglyphs or ideographs. This gave to writing the same freedom of expression as speech, and enabled a great literature to arise among a gifted people. So far in the use of intellectual tools the Greeks and Romans had progressed, but no farther; and how they were able to calculate the cycles and epicycles of the planets as well as they did with nothing to work with but an abacus is a mystery to one who has never used it except at the billiard table.

The intellectual tools subsequently invented would, perhaps, be classified

differently by others, but to the writer they present themselves as follows: the Arabic notation, which simplified arithmetical computations, and permitted a record of them to be readily preserved; algebra — that is, the means of working out a problem with an unknown quantity in definite relation with other quantities, and I place the Cartesian coördinates for this purpose as a form of algebra; finally the calculus — that is, the method of dealing with wholly indefinite mutual variations; for one may regard all later evolutions of mathematics and theoretical physics as a development of algebra and the calculus.

No doubt the reader can suggest more in other fields, from the chemist's portrayal of the connection between the atoms in a molecule to the railroad engineer's chart for the passing of trains on a single track; but the important thing to observe is that human progress has been very largely dependent upon the invention of such intellectual tools, and every well-educated man should be at least not unfamiliar with all the most general of them, nor is this by any means difficult to achieve in the course of a good college curriculum. We must not force too much the selection of subjects in a period that is fundamentally self-educational, but we can sug-

gest wisely to students the results of experience.

In this short article an attempt has been made to point out: —

(1) That learning to read Latin and Greek, far from being the otherwise useless drudgery that it is commonly supposed, is probably as good a preparation as any yet devised for the subsequent study of other subjects;

(2) That it is well suited to the time at which it should begin — at about twelve years of age;

(3) That on account of their essential simplicity the classic civilization and literature are peculiarly within the intellectual grasp of a modern youth;

(4) That in spite, or because, of their simplicity the questions that arose in those ancient nations were strangely akin to many presented in the world today;

(5) That Greece and Rome were the chief source of our heritage in philosophy, literature, and art, in law and organization;

(6) And finally — *horribile dictum* — that the decline in the well-nigh universal study of the classics among educated men has been due in some part to the well-intentioned, but unwise, efforts of its advocates to advance the study of the languages, and to urge it on inadequate grounds.

WE MUST NOT SIT WISHING

BY HARRIET DUFF PHILLIPS

MILLIONS of words concerning the defense of democracy, and the part women can play in that defense, have poured from the lips of lecturers to women's club groups in the last year. Millions more will be poured forth in the coming year.

We women have declared ourselves to be a united group, ready to defend the patterns of freedom which we believe have made our nation great. Our hearts are behind the cause to which we have devoted so many words. But just what are we doing to accomplish our ends? Just what are we doing besides nodding approval to the visiting lecturer's inspiring words?

I am afraid that in contemplating the gigantic task before us we have lost sight of the things in front of our very noses. We talk of democracy, but many of our clubs are in themselves not democratic. I will go further than that. In some communities the woman's club, instead of being a democratizing force, is actually a dead end of democracy.

A member of a woman's club in a mill town close to my home city of Pittsburgh whispered to a recent visitor, 'Our members are the Four Hundred of the community. We have a limited membership.' There was a smug pride in her voice. Yet if anyone had asked her or her fellow club members what was the most important work before that organization they would have answered without hesitation, 'Keeping our democracy alive. Guarding our country against foreign isms.'

These women, wives of minor execu-

tives and white-collar workers in the great steel mills, cannot see that by their own attitude they are making other women feel that democracy does not exist in their town. In the streets where there are smaller, shabbier homes than theirs are other women who once went to school with them, whose children are now in school with theirs. The names of these other women are Baminowsky, Demetrious, Callimando, instead of Thompson and Hillman and Smith. They too want good schools for their children and a decent community for them to live in. But, because their immigrant parents do not speak good English, because their fathers and husbands and brothers labor in the mills, there is no place for them in the woman's club.

'Why, we do everything for them!' a club woman, indignant at criticism concerning the lack of democracy in her club, will tell you. 'We gather money for the library their children use; we have helped establish parks and playgrounds and free baby clinics.' All this is true, but in a democracy it is necessary to bring citizens into the group, that they may help to do things for themselves and not have everything done for them.

Visit with me the woman's club in any one of a dozen mill towns lining the flats and hillsides along the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio Rivers that triangle the city of Pittsburgh. You will find few if any foreign names on the woman's club lists. Talk to the women — the American-born women with the

'queer' foreign names — and they will shrug their shoulders and say, 'They don't want us.'

The reason for the growth of this caste division in industrial communities, in other sections of the country as well as in Pittsburgh, is not difficult to find. In the early days the 'foreigners' who did the hard labor in the mills spoke little or no English, had customs strange to the older Americans. They were 'Hunkies,' people you didn't bother about except in a Lady Bountiful spirit of 'helping' them. Today many of those still referred to as 'foreigners' are American-born and American-educated. They are high-school graduates, and have American ideals, and have learned American standards of living. Many of them want to have a part in the building of their community.

Yet more and more, as the woman's club movement comes into maturity, established clubs are becoming exclusive instead of inclusive. Groups organized on a purely social or vocational basis have the privilege of doing this, immune from criticism; but a woman's club, organized on the basis of community service, has not. Although it is much easier for a club to function smoothly if the membership is on the same economic and intellectual plane, such a club is not fulfilling a democratic purpose and can easily become a handicap instead of an aid in community development.

Several women with whom I have discussed this subject have remarked, 'But those women wouldn't be comfortable with us.' Then, as though dismissing the subject, they have added, 'And they probably couldn't afford to join.'

A few years ago Mrs. Martz, a widow from a poor section of my own community, came to see me. For years she had cleaned offices at night to earn a living for her children, but now at last, she told me, 'things were easier.' Her children were grown up. Her mother had died and left her a few hundred dollars. With that small legacy she had paid off a little

debt and bought a black silk dress, a coat and a decent hat, of her own choosing. She told me all these things in such a way that I knew she was leading up to something.

Suddenly she said, 'Do you think the ladies in your club would stand for a working-woman member? I'm afraid to ask any of them but you. If only you'd be willing to put up my name!' She was twisting her new black gloves nervously in her fingers.

I told her I should be proud to propose her name. She was beaming as she left the house. 'Please let me know as soon as the ladies decide whether I can come in,' she said, starting down the walk.

'Come in' — I have never forgotten those words, for I know so many women who would like to 'come in' but who have never been invited. For two years my new friend was the first at every meeting. For two years she sat in the same seat in the second row of chairs, but never said a word, just drank it all in. Then one day the president announced plans for a dinner to raise scholarship funds. Mrs. Martz was on her feet in a second. 'Mrs. President,' she said, 'if you'll let me be chairman of the dishwashing committee, I'll feel honored.' A year ago Mrs. Martz was dying and almost her last words to her daughter were 'Don't forget to tell the club ladies to come to my funeral.' Mrs. Martz had 'come in.'

There was the woman who, after a speech on democracy by a visiting lecturer, murmured, 'Marvelous, we must work to keep our democracy,' then went home and scolded her eleven-year-old daughter because she had brought home to play with her the little Italian girl whose father ran the grocery store down the street.

Recently I suggested to a club that it have a young Negro girl sing for it — she has an exquisite voice and may some day be another Marian Anderson. But having a Negro come into a club meeting would have offended a par-

ticularly influential member, so the girl who could interpret God's world with a voice like a bird was not given a place on the program. I could give example after example to prove my point, examples that I have gathered from personal experience through traveling up and down my state visiting clubs.

It seems to me that if we are sincere in our pledge to aid in the defense of American democracy we must begin in small things in our everyday life. We must stop thinking of democracy as that misty, intangible something talked about on the platform, and realize that democracy is Mrs. Dirinsky washing clothes so

that her daughter can finish college; it is the elevator boy in a department store writing notes for his book during his lunch hour; it is the tired clerk going home in the streetcar at night wondering how he can stay awake long enough to go to that community council meeting.

We must not sit wishing after an inspirational talk on democracy and its survival — wishing that we might do something outstanding and big, for there are few such opportunities. We must think and act for our nation through our daily living, where every woman is important if she lives and speaks democratically in her own community.

THE BATTLE

BY KATHLEEN SUTTON

'I MIND once I was on a job,' he said,
'Building a bridge across some swampy land
When I saw a battle fought.' He shook his head
Remembering, his pipe cold in his hand.

'Behind a stalk of grass one side lay low;
The other was manœuvring for a chance
To cut their flank, as smart and bold as though
They had been men instead of just black ants.

'They skirmished, carried the wounded back to die,
Brought reënforcements up. . . . At last one wing
Got through.' He paused to light his pipe and sigh.
'The grass blade fell. It was the damnedest thing.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE DOE

Will this white doe, my mind, so soon forget
The scent of secret places and the wet
Sharp sting of the untrodden grass and let
Her feet grow used to cushioned earth and
moss?

Will this white doe, my mind, soon curl to sleep
In creature warmth on nights when she might
leap

In silver madness, or nose out the deep
Tree shadows and the undersides of ferns?

And yet to keep her life the wary doe
Will nibble where the leaves hang low,
Hug close her kind, and follow those who know
The safest way down to the water hole.

SARA E. SMITH

JANE AND SCIENCE

We had been spending Sunday with elderly friends of whom we see all too little, and when, just after dusk, the conversation took a subtly valedictory turn our small Jane, aged five, seized a chance to murmur in a corner: 'Mother, mayn't I just walk along ahead of you as far as the church and skip all these lingering farewells?' (Where she picked up the words I couldn't say: how often can we tell for sure where anyone picked up any of his words?) If we did not know the speaker we should doubtless think: 'There is still another hard-boiled American child, 1941 model, brought up on science primers and brass tacks.' But with the advantage of fairly close acquaintance we saw that Jane was fishing in her own way for something very old-fashioned indeed. What she wanted, and all she wanted, was a ten minutes' walk after dark through the main street, at this hour deserted — an interval of independence and exploit, alone with the widely spaced, withdrawn village mansions, the lamplight on the snow, the straight, narrow cut of the sidewalk between fresh plough drifts, and above all the tremors of a delicious secret adventure.

When, before the black bulk of the church, we picked her up, some glints from the frosty stars seemed to have got into her eyes, and she was breathing hard, though she had gone at the slowest possible saunter. She was, for once, too thoroughly steeped in wistful beatitude even to gabble.

Throughout Jane's processes for at least two years past we have consistently detected this same dualism of the hard and the soft, the realistic and the fanciful. The two exist side by side, completely separate. They do not interpenetrate; they do not in any way embarrass or interfere with each other. It is, in fact, perfectly evident that both are enhanced by the logical clash between them. She seems to have a strictly departmentalized brain, and its contents are a standing affront to the official theory: to wit, that the natural child mind merges fact inextricably with fancy and must be laboriously educated to pick them apart. To Jane the borderline of either is as sharp as a new-ground scythe.

Does she, for instance, 'believe in' Santa Claus? This is one of the standard subjects on which enlightened parents are always exchanging confidences, especially between Thanksgiving Day and New Year's. There are, for Jane, two answers: the first, 'She never did'; the second, 'She always will.' It is not enough to say that the one is as true as the other: either is hopelessly false without the other. That is why we are not steam-rollered flat under the excellent and indispensable John B. Watson's warning that the child who finds he has been fooled about Santa Claus will not later trust his parents for the truth on graver subjects. I have always been sorry that Dr. Watson never knew another child of our acquaintance who said, jiggling excitedly before her hung stocking: 'Will Santa Claus *surely* find it? Will he, will he, will he? — And, O Mother, don't forget the orange on the top!' Jane — who might have been that child — will help us pick out new tree decorations; she will scout the snowy upper pasture with us to cut and drag in the perfect fir; and then she will insist on going to bed an hour early to give Saint Nick more leeway to do himself justice.

It was on the same principle that she dealt with the factual expositions in her first science primer. Its chapter on the solar system opened with a flock of semi-rhetorical questions, all framed to elicit from the young a ringing and contemptuous negative; for instance, 'Would you believe that day comes because a sun-god rolls the sun into the sky?' Jane's answer, prompt and firm, was: 'Why, of course! What else would I believe?' She proved as ready as the next one to accept the low-down about the universe — granted a bearable approach. In fact, she became forthwith a clamoring candidate for more light, more diagrams, more facts and figures, than the authors of *Discovering Our World* had found it convenient to vouchsafe. When she read, for instance, 'About 450 years ago a very wise man became quite sure that the earth was shaped like a ball,' she demanded: 'What was the name of that man? Where did he live? What was the color of his hair? Why doesn't the book tell anything interesting about him?' And so throughout. The science in the book was never half scientific enough for the realist section of her make-up. But the intuitive and lyrical section thoroughly resented the steady patronage of everything to which she was deeply committed by her will-to-believe — a faculty that, in young or old, cannot enjoy being treated as if it were mere primitive credulity.

Jane will never be old enough, I fancy, to perturb herself with the classic problem of logical reconciliation between science and religion. She will merely say: 'Who wants to reconcile them, and what for?' Her parents, when the nebular hypothesis entered their lives, took to arguing with Sunday-school teachers; but not Jane. Two stories of creation (or of anything else) are better than one, any day; and if they contradict each other — very well, they contradict each other. If the non-scientific account did not exist, she would probably find it necessary to invent it. Like every farm child, she has not the slightest difficulty in accepting the cycle of conception, gestation, birth — and it has seemingly never crossed her mind to doubt that we too are of the animal kingdom. Nevertheless, having overhauled and compared with a perfectly open mind the various working evasions on the subject of where babies come from, she has calmly decided to put her trust in the good old stork.

These experiences with Jane, and a miscellany of other experiences and observations, suggest to me that when we torment ourselves with the question of what we owe it to our children to put into their heads we are mostly barking up the wrong tree. I do not believe that the issue is chiefly one of ethics or of pedagogy at all, or that it is for the parental generation to settle. It looks to me, rather, like an affair of plant chemistry, in which the rôle we play is simply that of the passive soil that either does or doesn't yield certain of the elements of nutrition. There is surely more than one kind of truth; no kind is all-sufficing; perhaps no two young, growing organisms can flourish to the full on the same diet, though it seem to us a perfectly balanced ration. If we have what Jane can utilize, that is her good luck — and ours. What she is prevented from utilizing, because of the way she is made, her capillaries will just reject as a plant rejects surplus food; and when parents feel rueful about this rejection it is pretty much as if the good earth were to complain despairingly that it can't do a thing *with* these headstrong young seedlings that have been committed to its care. To want our children's system of metabolism radically altered (for the better, naturally — *nos judices*) is virtually to want them born over again — of different parents.

In all the essentials they seem, not to be asking us, but to be telling us. We can be wise for ourselves, if we want to pay for wisdom at the going prices: but who, save by luck, can be wise for his young? Parental self-importance is put in its place every time Jane, coming to us with some new thirst for enlightenment, quickly supplements her demand: 'Now, don't tell me the truth: tell me something that's fun!'

EXCELLENCE

EXCELLENCE is millimetres and not miles.
 From poor to good is great. From good to best is small.
 From almost best to best sometimes not measurable.
 The man who leaps the highest leaps perhaps an inch
 Above the runner-up. How glorious that inch
 And that split-second longer in the air before the fall.

ROBERT FRANCIS

THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON

— 1860 – 1865 —



— *BY MARGARET LEECH* —

CHAPTERS I-X



REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON 1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

The story of our National Capital
in its greatest ordeal

FIVE years ago Margaret Leech began the writing of a book which has assumed increasing importance with the passing of time. It was her ambition to tell the day-to-day story, as vivid and authentic as human nature made it, of what happened in Washington during the five years of the Civil War. She wanted to show what Washington was like on that day in December, 1860, when General Winfield Scott limped into town to put down the sedition which was openly threatening the life of the newly elected President; what it was like on the bleak day of Lincoln's Inauguration; what it was like when the Southerners had left but the spies and the bullies from the border States were still everywhere; what it was like when the wounded streamed in after Bull Run and Antietam; what it was like in the long months of defeat, and later when the realization slowly dawned that Union and Peace were within reach. By her integration of innumerable episodes, actual conversation, and hard, gleaming facts, Miss Leech succeeds in showing us how Americans lived and what they wore, what they ate and how they acted, and, most important of all, how their minds worked in those five crucial years when our national life was in jeopardy.

Here is the heart of a democracy, as it beats under stress. 'The book,' says Allan Nevins, 'can be called a work of genuine distinction in both literary and historical senses.'

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON: 1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

I

THAT winter, the old General moved from the rooms he had rented from the free mulatto, Wormley, in I Street, to Cruchet's, at Sixth and D Streets. His new quarters, situated on the ground floor, — a spacious bedroom, with a private dining room adjoining, — were convenient for a man who walked slowly and with pain; and Cruchet, a French caterer, was one of the best cooks in Washington.

In spite of his nearly seventy-five years and his increasing infirmities, the General was addicted to the pleasures of the table. Before his six-o'clock dinner, his black body servant brought out the wines and the liqueurs, setting the bottles of claret to warm before the fire. The old man had refined his palate in the best restaurants of Paris; and woodcock, English snipe, poulard, capon, and *tête de veau en tortue* were among the dishes he fancied. He liked, too, canvasback duck, and the hams of his native Virginia. Yet nothing, to his taste, equaled the delicacy he called 'tarrapin.'

From his splendid prime, the General had retained, not only a discriminating palate, but the defects suitable to a proud and ambitious nature. He had always been vain, pompous, exacting, jealous, and high-tempered. Now that his sick old body could no longer support the racking of its wounds, his irascibility had dwindled to irritation, and his imperiousness to petulance. His love of flattery had grown, and he often declared that at his age compliments had become a necessity. While taking a foot-

bath, he would call on his military secretary to remark the fairness of his limbs. In company, he spoke of the great commanders of history, and matched with theirs his own exploits at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec. Near his desk stood his bust in marble, with shoulders bared: classical, serene, and idealized. The walls were brilliant with his portraits at various ages, from the young General Winfield Scott who had been victorious over the British in 1814 to the already aging General-in-Chief who had defeated the Mexicans in 1848. They were arresting figures, those generals on the walls; handsome, slender, heroic, with haughty eye and small, imperious mouth. Gold gleamed in spurs, in buttons and embroidery and huge epaulettes, in the handle of the sword which had been the gift of Virginia; and one portrait showed the superb cocked hat, profusely plumed, that had earned for Scott the sobriquet of 'Fuss and Feathers.' He stood six feet, four and a quarter inches in height, and had been wont to insist on the fraction. But, swollen and dropsical, he spoke no longer of his size. He pointed instead to the bust, to the portraits, to show what he had been.

Such was the commanding general of the Army of the United States in December of 1860, but not so did his compatriots see him. His eye had lost its fire and he could no longer sit a horse, but in huge epaulettes and yellow sash he was still his country's hero. Europe

might celebrate the genius of Napoleon; the New World had its Winfield Scott. For nearly half a century the republic had taken pride in his achievements as soldier and pacificator; and, if he now lived in a glorious military past, so did his fellow countrymen. He was the very figure to satisfy a peaceful people fond of bragging of its bygone belligerence. The General was as magnificent as a monument, and no one was troubled by the circumstance that he was nearly as useless.

Smugly aloof from the dissensions of Europe, the young nation scorned the large standing armies of the Old World. It was wary of the political danger of a large military class, and, regarding high rank as perilous to democratic liberties, looked uneasily on West Point as a breeding ground for aristocrats. Save for George Washington, Winfield Scott alone had held the rank of lieutenant-general, and in his case Congress had conferred it only by brevet. To guard its far-flung borders and fight its Indian wars, the United States maintained an army of sixteen thousand soldiers, scattered for the most part over the Pacific Coast, Utah, and the Southwest.

This small establishment offered a limited opportunity for military preferment, and in the twenty years of Scott's command he had shown a marked partiality for advancing Southern officers. To favor gentlemen from the slave States, with their martial spirit and their 'habit of command,' had been as natural to the old Virginian as a daily perusal of the *Richmond Enquirer*. Of the six Army departments, only the Department of the East was commanded by a Northerner, General John E. Wool. The five Western departments, in which the mass of the Army was stationed, were all headed by officers of Southern birth. Scott found the 'Southern rascals' not only meritorious, but congenial. The only Northern aide on his staff was his military secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Keyes, and the appointment had

first been offered to a Virginian, Colonel Robert E. Lee. Since the nation's political destinies had long been controlled by the statesmen of the slave States, there had been no interference with the General's predilections. For twelve years the War Department patronage had been in Southern hands. A Southern clique ruled the Army, and many ambitious Northerners who had shown promise at West Point — Halleck, McClellan, Hooker, Burnside, Sherman, Rosecrans — had felt sufficiently discouraged to resign their commissions and return to civil life.

In spite of his sentiment for the South, General Scott was no believer in State sovereignty; he was strongly attached to the Union. The canvass of 1860 revealed a disastrous sectional division. The Democratic Party split into two factions, each of which nominated a candidate, and the success of the Republicans in November appeared to be assured. After the October elections, the cotton States began to agitate for disunion. South Carolina threatened immediate secession if the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, should be elected. In late October, General Scott wrote the President a letter containing his views. He advised Buchanan that the Southern forts should be strongly garrisoned to prevent a surprise attack. It was the advice that the General had given President Jackson during the nullification troubles in South Carolina, when Scott himself had gone to Charleston and executed his mission with firmness and diplomacy.

Scott was no longer the man he had been in 1832. His letter maundered off into arguments for peaceable disunion, and he presented the suggestion that the nation might solve its problems, not simply by splitting in half, but by dividing into four confederacies. A week after he had sent his letter, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. Four days later, South Carolina called a convention with the

view of seceding from the Union. There were wild political demonstrations in the cotton States; and, as Southern trade with the North fell off and markets fell and banks called in their loans, the free States, forgetful of their recent enthusiasm for the limitation of slavery, grew despondent. Northern merchants and manufacturers, chilled by the prospect of bankruptcy, were eager to make concessions.

In December, the General was boosted into a railway car and started on his journey to Washington. It was a hardship for him to travel; he had been ill in bed; but the President had sent for him, and like a good soldier he was ready to do his duty. The dirty, rattling cars wound slowly down through Maryland, and, leaning on the arm of his military secretary, the General entered the nation's capital, a town of sedition and dismay.

II

The North might worry over tumbling markets; in Washington there was revolution, and men feared for democratic government. A very young man of the Adams family, who was attempting that winter what he called an education in treason, observed 'the singular spectacle of a government trying to destroy itself.' The conspiracy for disunion was not confined to the States, but permeated the highest councils of the nation. It was unique among revolutions only in its impunity. Southern Senators and Representatives made no secret of their disloyalty to the Union. Three members of the President's Cabinet had been deeply implicated: Howell Cobb of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury; John B. Floyd of Virginia, Secretary of War; and Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior. Clerks in the government departments sported secession cockades on their coats, and loudly over their whiskey at Willard's bar vowed that Lincoln should never be inaugurated.

Uneasily in the Presidential chair sat

James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, like a nervous gentleman on a runaway horse, longing for the ride to be over. A commonplace politician of nearly seventy, he was conscientious, evasive, and irresolute. He was a staunch Democrat; Southerners were his friends and closest political associates. He had belatedly become aware that his allegiance might carry him into presiding over the disruption of his country. General Scott's repeated advice to strengthen the Southern forts had no more effect on him than on his secessionist War Secretary, Mr. Floyd. Mr. Buchanan was not oblivious of the problem of the forts. In conference with his divided Cabinet, he was considering little else than the question of the policy to be pursued in Charleston harbor. Major Robert Anderson, stationed with a small garrison at Fort Moultrie, was appealing to the government to take a stand; if it was intended to hold the forts, Anderson begged for reënforcements. Dreading a collision, the President felt obliged to follow a policy so noncommittal that it produced the impression of being no policy at all. However dull ears might be at the North, Mr. Buchanan had heard the roar of the deluge, and to the induction into office of his successor, Mr. Lincoln, he was looking forward with the keenest anticipation.

The General had made the journey to Washington for a consultation with the President. It was evident that he would be obliged to remain. Scott was no Republican, but, baffled by Mr. Buchanan and cold-shouldered by Mr. Floyd, he wished to God that Mr. Lincoln were in office. For Army headquarters, space was presently found in Winder's Building in Seventeenth Street, opposite the small brick structure of the War Department, and the General-in-Chief took up his duties at the divided and jeopardized seat of Federal Government.

It was as a symbol that the capital was valued; it had no other importance. Built to order at the dawn of the cen-

tury, it gave after sixty years the impression of having been just begun. 'As in 1800 and 1850, so in 1860,' wrote Henry Adams, 'the same rude colony was camped in the same forest, with the same unfinished Greek temples for work-rooms, and sloughs for roads.' European travelers, doing their tour of the United States, looked superciliously on Washington. They were accustomed to capitals which were the rooted centres of the cultural and commercial life of their nations. Washington was merely a place for the government. It was an idea set in a wilderness.

All too typical of the young republic, the town was pretentious and unfulfilled. It had been ambitiously laid out over an area extending from the Potomac and the Eastern Branch or Anacostia River as far as Rock Creek on the west and Boundary Street — later to be known as Florida Avenue — on the north. Vast sums, by the standards of the day, had been spent on the public buildings, but they were widely spaced, unrelated, and, for the most part, incomplete. The very grandioseness of the capital's conception called forth ridicule, and the often-quoted tribute, 'a city of magnificent distances,' had become a favorite jibe.

The vaunted buildings of Washington were the Capitol, the General Post Office, the Patent Office, the Treasury, the Executive Mansion, and the Smithsonian Institution; and, despite the distances, the tour could be made in a forenoon. First in importance was the classic Capitol, with its historical paintings and statuary and its Library of Congress; above all, with its great marble Extension, progressing toward completion after nearly ten years of work. In the two new wings, only recently occupied by the legislators, visitors now might gaze on the splendid Senate Chamber and the ornate red and gold Hall of Representatives. There was no doubt that the interior decorations were gorgeous, though Americans thought them gaudy and foreign; but on the outside, imagination

was needed to envision an imposing architectural effect. The original dome had been removed, and only the base of the new cast-iron dome, topped by scaffolding and a towering crane, surmounted the old sandstone building in the centre. At either end, the glittering marble wings stretched bare and unfinished, devoid even of steps. Of the hundred Corinthian columns needed for the completion of the porticoes, only three had been crowned by their capitals and set in place. Columns and capitals, blocks of marble, keystones, carvings, lumber, and iron plates lay strewn about the grounds, which were further defaced by workmen's sheds and depots for coal and wood. Visitors lingered on the east portico to admire the colossal statues, especially Persico's Columbus, with his ball; and all paused to stare at the Greenough statue of Washington which sat, godlike amid the litter, in the eastern park. Modeled on the Roman conception of Jupiter Tonans, the figure of the Father of his Country was naked to the waist, with his limbs swathed in draperies; and even Philp's guidebook was constrained to remark that Washington was 'scarcely recognizable, in this garb, to his countrymen.'

Diagonally across from each other, at Seventh and F Streets, were the marble palaces of the Post Office and the Patent Office. The latter, which was not quite finished, contained a display of models and curiosities, and provided space for the entire business of the Department of the Interior. On Fifteenth Street, the Treasury Department occupied an immense edifice, the Extension of which was still under construction. Next door, on the future site of the north end of the Treasury, was the little brick State Department. It attracted no more attention than did the Army and Navy Departments, which were installed in similar old-fashioned houses on the western side of the Executive Mansion, whose wooded lawn extended to the four department buildings.

By travelers from overseas, the mansion itself was dismissed as an ordinary country house, wanting in either taste or splendor; but it was an object of deep interest to Americans, who roved through the spacious public rooms, admiring the large mirrors, the flowered carpets, and the sparkling chandeliers. At either end the mansion straggled out into low sheds, which were used for household purposes, and the extension on the west was surmounted by a conservatory which communicated with the first floor. With its outbuildings, greenhouses, fruit trees, and flower and kitchen gardens, the place had an appearance of prosperous untidiness, like that of a Southern plantation house. In front of the mansion there was an iron fence with large gateways, and another fence enclosed the grounds on the south; but the lawns were traversed by interior paths between the departments, and that which crossed the north side of the house was freely used by the public. In the circle before the north portico stood a statue of Thomas Jefferson in bronze, a material which was thought to have imparted a Negroid appearance to the statesman's features. On the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue, the bronze equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson embellished Lafayette Square. It was the work of Clark Mills, a talented young plasterer from South Carolina.

The great disadvantage of the President's House was its unhealthy situation near the Potomac flats, which were held responsible for the prevalence of malaria in Washington during the summer and autumn months. At the foot of the President's Park, as the unkempt tract south of the mansion was called, there was an unsavory marsh which had formerly been an outlet for sewage. This bordered on the opening of the town's great nuisance, the old city canal, formerly an inland waterway between the Potomac and the Eastern Branch, but now fallen into disuse, save as a receptacle for sewage and offal. To reach the

Mall and the southwest section of Washington, it was necessary to cross this unsightly and odorous channel, which was spanned at intervals by high iron bridges.

In the half-developed park of the Mall arose the red, fantastic towers of the Smithsonian Institution, surrounded by prettily planted grounds which, like those of the Capitol and the White House, had been planned by the famous horticulturist, Andrew J. Downing. Its large library and museum of natural history were considered well worth visiting. West of Fifteenth Street and directly south of the Executive Mansion, though separated from it by the wide mouth of the canal, stood a truncated shaft, intended to commemorate the Father of his Country. Here sentimental patriots might wander among the stone carvings which lay piled on the ground, and meditate on the ingratitude which had suffered the subscriptions to lapse.

These were the sights of the Federal Metropolis — six scattered buildings, a few dubious statues, and one third of an obelisk — and, barring an inspection of the government greenhouses, or a drive to the Navy Yard, the Arsenal, or the Observatory, there was nothing more to be seen within the city limits.

III

Northwest from Capitol Hill ran the city's main thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue — 'the' Avenue. It had been conceived as a broad and imposing boulevard, along which the Capitol should confront the Executive Mansion, but the great bulk of the Treasury had necessitated a bend in the Avenue, and from the Capitol the vista now terminated, not in the White House, but in the red brick barn which President Buchanan had erected in the grounds. Devoid of fine buildings, the wide, neglected street wore an air of desolation. Its thin cobble pavement had been broken up by faulty drainage and the traffic of the heavy omnibuses which plied between the Capi-

tol and Georgetown. In dry weather, the ruts and hollows were iron traps, covered with thick dust. Rain turned the roadbed into a channel of mud, underlaid by areas of treacherous gravel. The south or 'wrong' side of the Avenue was lined with dingy buildings, and its only place of popular resort was the Centre Market, an agglomeration of sheds and shacks which backed on the open sewer of the canal. The restaurants and the shops and the big hotels were all on the north side, where the brick sidewalk constituted the town's promenade.

The hotels were a recent development. Two of them were situated on opposite sides of Sixth Street: the National, a huge caravansary, and the marble-fronted pile of Brown's, later known as the Metropolitan. Because of their convenience to the Capitol, these houses were much patronized by members of Congress, especially by Southerners. The slaves of the planter-politicians loitered on the sidewalk of the Avenue, while their masters, in broad-brimmed hats, conferred in the corridors, or called for bourbon and juleps in the bars. At the time of Mr. Buchanan's inauguration, the National had suffered an eclipse, because of an outbreak of an intestinal malady among its guests. The new President was one of the many who became ill, and his nephew died of the National Hotel disease. In extreme pro-Southern circles, the epidemic was declared to have been the result of a Republican plot to poison the leaders of the Democratic Party; but most people accepted the explanation that it had been caused by sewer gas, and after a brief closure for repairs the National had regained its former popularity.

The most famous of all the hotels in the city was Willard's at Fourteenth Street. Its reputation had been made under the efficient management of the Willard brothers, who hailed from Vermont; and, enlarged and redecorated, Willard's had become the great meeting place of Washington. Much of the busi-

ness of government was said to be done in its passages and its bar. From eight to eleven in the morning — for Washingtonians were not early risers — a procession of celebrities might be observed passing to the breakfast table. The huge breakfast, which included such items as fried oysters, steak and onions, blanch-mange, and *pâté de foie gras*, was succeeded by a gargantuan midday dinner; by another dinner at five o'clock; by a robust tea at seven-thirty; and finally by supper at nine. Englishmen, themselves no inconsiderable feeders, were appalled by the meals that the American guests, ladies as well as gentlemen, were able to consume.

The British visitors hated Willard's. Its very architecture offended them. Accustomed to snug inns with private parlors, they could find no decent seclusion in this rambling, uncomfortable barracks. American hotel life was gregarious, and a peaceful withdrawal from an atmosphere of 'heat, noise, dust, smoke, expectoration' was the last thing that the natives appeared to be seeking. Yet, when the secretaries at the British Legation had finished their work, it was to Willard's bar that they ran. There was life in the masculine voices that clamored in the blue cigar smoke; and the youngsters had formed 'the pernicious local habit of swallowing cocktails.' Lord Lyons, the red-faced British Minister, wrote that Washington was a dreadful place for young men; it had no clubs and no good restaurants, no permanent theatre or opera. There were, however, saloons in profusion, and a suitable complement of brothels; while, behind discreetly curtained windows on the Avenue, gentlemen were able to while away an evening at faro, without any serious interference from the Washington police.

The city's business — in contrast to that of Federal Government, which required a setting of porticoed immensity — seemed all to be done in a small way. Ugly blocks of offices had been hastily run up as a speculation. Shabby board-

inghouses, little grocery shops, petty attorneys' offices and mean restaurants and saloons served the fifteen hundred clerks who were employed in the departments. The clerks were too poorly paid and, in the unceasing scramble for appointment, too insecure to bring their families with them; and, since so many bachelors in single rooms required a large number of individual fires, they were also responsible for the unusual quantity of woodyards, which plied an untidy trade in almost every other square.

It was a Southern town, without the picturesqueness, but with the indolence, the disorder, and the want of sanitation. Its lounging Negroes startled Northern visitors with the reminder that slaves were held in the capital. Hucksters abounded. Fish and oyster peddlers cried their wares and tooted their horns on the corners. Flocks of geese waddled on the Avenue, and hogs, of every size and color, roamed at large, making their muddy wallows on Capitol Hill and in Judiciary Square. People emptied slops and refuse in the gutters, and threw dead domestic animals into the canal. Most of the population still depended on the questionable water supply afforded by wells and by springs in the hills behind the city. Privies, in the absence of adequate sewage disposal, were plentiful in yards and dirty alleys, and every day the carts of night soil trundled out to the commons ten blocks north of the White House.

From its close association with the government, Washington derived the peculiarity of its seasonal character. It was a winter resort. After the quiet drowse of a long, unhealthy summer, the town awakened each autumn to prepare for the opening of Congress. The dismal railway depot welcomed travelers from North and West. The wharves were busy with the Southerners, arriving by steamer from Aquia Creek. In the train of the legislators followed office seekers, claimants, lobbyists and delegations, inventors and reporters. Minstrel

shows came, and opera companies; and famous stars, Joe Jefferson and Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth, played at the dingy old Washington Theatre at C and Eleventh Streets. There was a stealthy invasion of pickpockets, confidence men, and vagrants. By the end of November, the town was lively. The desolate Avenue hummed with hacks, with the elaborate carriages of the legations and the blooded horses of the Southerners. Shops furbished their windows. Hotels and boarding-houses filled up, and so did the E Street Infirmary, the poorhouse, and the county jail.

Such was the capital of the United States in December of 1860, the sprawling and unfulfilled embodiment of a vision of national grandeur. It was a mere ambitious beginner, a baby among capitals. Its defects were those of youth and energy and inexperience. Yet people were ready to fancy it mouldering and abandoned, a relic of an optimistic moment of history when men had essayed an experiment called democracy. Dissolution was heavy in the air; and even the rising monuments of the republic wore the image of ruin and decay.

The presence of the old General was reassuring to the worried residents of Washington: to those who were used to living in the capital, who depended on their jobs in it, owned property in it, saw it hopefully, not as it was, but as it might grow to be, and even cherished, some of them, the ideal of a permanent Union of the States. As Scott limped to Winder's Building from his low coupé, the passers-by lined up, removed their hats, and cried, 'God bless you, General.'

IV

The President's habits, like those of Washington, were simple. As though he had not recently returned from the court circles of England, where he had served as United States Minister,

Mr. Buchanan walked every day for an hour on Pennsylvania Avenue, affably greeting his acquaintances. In summer, for the sake of his health, he accepted the use of a modest stone cottage at the Soldiers' Home, but he did not otherwise use his coach and horses a dozen times a year. On Saturday afternoons, when Scala's Marine Band played in the President's Park, he mingled with the populace on the lawn. He invited friends to sit for a neighborly afternoon at the Executive Mansion, and often at small dinners carved the roast himself. He always wore a big standing collar with a starched white choker, like a poultice around his neck.

Buchanan was a bachelor. His niece, who had been with him in London, presided over the Executive Mansion. Though youthful, Miss Harriet Lane had poise and social experience, and she was vastly admired. Lace berthas became the fashion because she wore them, a revenue cutter was given her name, and a new song, 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' was dedicated to her. Tactful, correct, and violet-eyed, Miss Lane had strict ideas of etiquette. Dinner guests at the mansion were formally presented before moving to the dining room. In spite of the French cooking and the nutty old Madeira, the President's parties were stiff. Mr. Buchanan was anecdotal, but cold. Miss Lane's 'gracious chill' added the last austerity to appointments which were considered far from lavish. No flowers ornamented the dinner table; there were no bouquets at the covers. Indeed, there were so few flowers in the house that a stand of potted plants and a small palm rose conspicuously out of a circular divan in the Blue Room.

Yet the President was not niggardly. To pay his household expenses he was obliged to supplement his salary of \$25,000 by drawing on his private purse. Washington society, however, was growing increasingly competitive in extravagant entertainment, and its leaders were

immensely rich. William M. Gwin, the pro-slavery Senator from California, was believed to be spending \$75,000 a year on the maintenance of his mansion at Nineteenth and I Streets; and two Cabinet members lived on the same scale — Mr. Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, and Mr. Aaron Brown of Tennessee, who was Postmaster-General during the first years of the administration. One of the wealthiest Washington residents was the banker, Mr. W. W. Corcoran. His palatial residence on H Street contained an art gallery whose treasures were destined for the public in the building which he was erecting at Seventeenth Street and the Avenue. Mr. Corcoran was famous for his hospitality and his *Johannisberg*.

In an unimproved section, I Street west of New Jersey Avenue, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the popular Democratic leader of the free States, had built one of the finest houses in the capital. Vice President John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky and Senator Henry M. Rice of Minnesota built on adjoining lots, and the three new houses were known as Minnesota Row. Douglas had made his residence, with its elegantly furnished parlors and steam-heated greenhouse, a suitable background for the loveliness of his young bride, who had been Adele Cutts, a famous Washington belle. With her favorite japonicas in her hair and in huge bouquets, Mrs. Douglas gave many levees, which were thronged by the fashionable company of the capital. The pressure of their social engagements was quite exhausting to the ladies of Washington. To prepare herself for the evening, after a strenuous day, pretty Mrs. Clement C. Clay was refreshed by charges from an electrical apparatus, operated by her capable maid, for whom the Senator from Alabama had paid \$1600.

V

The social season opened with unwonted earliness in the autumn of 1860, for in October Mr. Buchanan was host to

Baron Renfrew, the name assumed in his travels by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

This 'peachy-cheeked, beardless boy' was already a model for diplomats. At a reception he immediately removed his gloves when he saw that the President wore none. On observing that Mr. Buchanan shook hands with those who were presented, the Prince hastened to shake hands, too. Conducted on the revenue cutter, *Harriet Lane*, to the ruinous house at Mount Vernon, he stood uncovered before George Washington's tomb, and obligingly planted a small tree in its vicinity. Mr. Buchanan was able to write the Queen that her son had made an excellent impression on 'a sensitive and discriminating people.'

The cloud of the Presidential election hung heavy over the capital. Out on Minnesota Row were domiciled two of the candidates: Douglas, standard-bearer of the Northern Democrats, and Breckinridge, who was the choice of the South. Though the people of the District wanted a voice in the national decision, they were energetic in forming partisan associations. Clubs had been organized to support the leaders of both the Democratic factions, as well as the candidate of the conservatives, John Bell, and the Black Republican, Abraham Lincoln. The National Volunteers, a Democratic organization which stood for Southern rights, competed in their parades with Republican Wide-Awakes, brandishing torches. Feeling ran high, and on the night of Lincoln's election a mob attacked the local Republican wigwam, and partially wrecked the building before being dispersed by the police.

From Charleston, waving with palmetto banners instead of the Stars and Stripes, there were echoes of artillery and cheers and calls to arms. Already the Federal courts were suspended in South Carolina. The Senators from that State did not come to the Capitol in December. On either side of the splendid new Senate Chamber, the extremists of

North and South were drawn in hostile ranks. There was no hope of compromise with boisterous, swaggering Toombs of Georgia, or his truculent colleague, Iverson; with insolent Slidell of Louisiana, or Judah P. Benjamin, with his purring, musical voice and his lawyer's subtleties; with sick, defiant Clay of Georgia, or Wigfall of Texas, with his fierce, scarred face. Most influential among them was a cold, fastidious man, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. He was a graduate of West Point, who had served with distinction in Mexico and had been Secretary of War during the Pierce administration. In his military bearing and romantic conceptions of honor, he symbolized the Southern ideal which had produced this revolution. Such men would listen to no appeals to patriotism. 'You cannot save this Union by making Fourth of July speeches,' sneered Senator Wigfall. 'Whipped syllabub is not the remedy for the patient. You have got to come down to your work, and you have got to do something practical.'

On the other side of the Senate Chamber sat men who were no less unyielding, the men who had grown strong with the rise of the young Republican Party; men who denied State sovereignty, hated slavery, and loved power. No concessions to the South would come from bluff Ben Wade, or from Zach Chandler, who thought the Union would be the better for a little blood-letting; from Hale of New Hampshire, Fessenden of Maine, Trumbull of Illinois, or Grimes of Iowa; from Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, or the cultured crusader, Sumner, who could be surprisingly vulgar in the passion of controversy. The leader of the Republican Party, William H. Seward of New York, was a different person altogether. He was bland and mysterious and equivocating. He had made no public declaration of his views, and the radical Republicans were beginning to draw away from him because he was supposed to be in favor of conciliating the South.

A few days before Christmas, the President attended a fashionable wedding. As he wearily sat in the parlor, breathing the fragrance of unseasonable roses and lilies, he was startled by a hubbub in the hall. He asked Mrs. Roger Pryor, wife of the disunionist Congressman from Virginia, whether the house was on fire. She might imaginatively have answered, Yes. The shouts were those of rejoicing over a telegram announcing the secession of South Carolina. The President called for his carriage.

Congress received the expected news calmly, but there was contention at the War and Navy Departments, where voices angrily resounded long after the offices were closed. As the brief afternoon darkened in a drizzle of rain, the tidings reached the hotels. It was the late dinner hour, and dining rooms and corridors were shaken with excitement, as men with the blue cockades of the secessionists brushed jubilantly past those who wore the colors of the Union. One man thought that there was as much treason talked in Washington as in Charleston. That evening Southern leaders, after celebrating in the parlor of Senator Jefferson Davis, went to call at the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Davis preceded them, hastening impetuously ahead to share the good news with the President.

Across the joyous emblems of Christmas fell the shadow of the palmetto and the rattlesnake. In hopes of stimulating the lagging holiday trade, the small shops dressed their windows and inserted their notices in the newspapers. Gifts were enticingly suggested for every variety of taste: shaving cases and motto coffee-cups and albums; glove boxes, odor stands and *tête-à-tête* tea sets; backgammon boards and battledores and wax dolls with moving eyes. Gautier was ready to take orders for Christmas cakes, both pound and fruit. Madame Delarue announced a shipment of full-dress bonnets and Jouvin's gloves, just received

from Paris. Some of the advertisements sounded a timely note: 'Readers, the Union is in danger, but by buying your holiday presents at Lammond's, you *may* save it.' After Christmas there were new alarms in the capital, and Galt, the jeweler, marked down his watches and silverware to 'panic prices.'

Fears for the security of Washington had sharpened with secessionist agitation in Maryland and Virginia. On the floor of the Senate, Iverson of Georgia had suggested that Washington might be the capital of the Southern Confederacy. On Christmas Day, the *Richmond Examiner* had boldly called for Maryland men to join with Virginians in seizing the Capitol. There were persistent rumors of a secret secessionist organization in Washington, which was plotting to capture the city and the public archives and assume control of the Government. Senator Seward, who was no alarmist, wrote the President-elect in late December that such a conspiracy was forming, and that it had its accomplices in the public councils. So great was the anxiety for the Capitol building that guards were placed at its main entrances, and the cellar was searched nightly for explosives.

VI

At this same time, there was a fresh crisis in South Carolina. As though the Union were a precious substance, held in delicate equilibrium, Mr. Buchanan had been fearful of making the slightest movement. Ironically, he was thrown off balance by the act of a Southern sympathizer, committed on behalf of the Federal authority. Major Anderson, who commanded the United States forts in Charleston harbor, was a Kentuckian with a stern sense of duty. Fearing an attack on his untenable position at Fort Moultrie, he dismantled it, and transferred the little garrison to Fort Sumter, which commanded the harbor. South Carolina interpreted Anderson's move as

an act of aggression. It immediately assumed the proportions of a vexing incident, and Mr. Buchanan was aghast at the news of it.

Three South Carolina commissioners, arrived in Washington to treat with the government like envoys of a foreign power, pressed Mr. Buchanan hard, telling him that his personal honor was involved. The President dodged and hedged and pleaded for time. Before making any important decision, he told them, he always said his prayers. The interview was succeeded by a demand that United States troops should be entirely withdrawn from Charleston harbor. Buchanan would have yielded to the influence of his Southern friends, had it not been for the recent shift in the sentiment of his Cabinet. Cobb had gone, to lead the secession movement in Georgia, and the Virginia disunionist, Floyd, would soon be forced to resign. Men of Union sympathies were in the ascendancy in the President's council, and they persuaded him to an assertion of authority. At last he wrote the palmetto commissioners that the United States garrison would remain where it was, and he granted permission to General Scott to reinforce Fort Sumter. The President's decision cut short the social activities of the commissioners, who had rented a fine house as a suitable ambassadorial background. They had been cordially welcomed by the chivalry, but on the night before their departure the police were called out to prevent a tin-pan serenade which less fashionable elements in Washington were proposing to offer to the gentlemen from South Carolina.

During the days of painful suspense, when the attention of the country was fixed on the conclaves at the Executive Mansion, Mr. Buchanan had received a call from Benjamin F. Butler, a Breckinridge Democrat from Massachusetts. In the President's office they sat face to face, but not eye to eye, for Butler, like the President, had a startling squint.

He was a stout, crafty-looking, forceful little man, and he had his own plan for solving the country's predicament. He advised Mr. Buchanan to have the South Carolina commissioners arrested and tried for treason before the Supreme Court, the judgment of which would determine the rights of secession. Mr. Buchanan, blanching at the very mention of such bold action, could only reply that it would lead to great agitation.

Ben Butler heard from Southern men in Washington that the North would never fight, but he told them that it would, and he would fight with it. He was a brigadier-general of militia in Massachusetts, which had several enthusiastic organizations of citizen soldiers. He was hopeful that the nation might find some remedy, but, after he had taken tea with Senator Davis, he saw that war was inevitable.

Mr. Buchanan later protested that during this period his mood had been serene, and that he had 'not lost an hour's sleep or a single meal.' Unsympathetic observers, on the other hand, described him as a broken old man, who did nothing but cry and pray. The first picture seems nearly as exaggerated as the second. He had ordered a day of national prayer and humiliation, and was preparing a special message to Congress which reflected his despair at the progress of revolution. At Charlestown, the palmetto banner waved over Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney, as well as the United States arsenal and other government property. The fever of secession was spreading through the cotton States. There were scandalous irregularities in the disunionist administration of the War and Interior departments, while the Treasury was in a state that threatened financial ruin to the country.

The old politician from Pennsylvania was timid, not treacherous. In ordinary times he might have retired with honor at the close of his term. He had been caught in the glare of a crucial moment

of history. Even his Southern friends, to whom he had conceded so much, had turned against him. At a dinner party at Mr. Corcoran's, General Scott witnessed the passionate outbursts of Senator Toombs and Senator Benjamin, who cursed the President, along with Major Anderson and the Union. In the end, his sundered country was united only in the opinion that Mr. Buchanan was a coward and a fool. Sinking heavily into a chair in Scott's headquarters, he exclaimed, 'The office of President of the United States is not fit for a gentleman to hold!'

With the New Year, the temper of the North was growing increasingly conciliatory. In answer, the news of secession came, like hammer strokes, from the cotton States. Mississippi was the first to follow the lead of South Carolina. Florida and Alabama hurried close behind; then Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. The seceded States seized United States property within their borders — forts, arsenals, customhouses, revenue cutters. The government made no effort to reclaim them, and its passivity was matched by that of the free States. Their people were so apathetic that there was no great indignation when South Carolina guns fired on the Union flag and drove off the *Star of the West*, carrying reinforcements to Fort Sumter. Late in January, however, there was a sign that Northerners were discouraged and leaderless, rather than indifferent to the fate of their country. John A. Dix, a reactionary Democrat from New York, who had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, was incensed by the continued seizure of revenue cutters in Southern ports. He telegraphed a revenue official at New Orleans, 'If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.' The words sounded like a trumpet call from the timorous silence of Washington, and the North applauded the government official who had dared to speak out for the nation.

In the Senate, Mr. Seward of New

York had made his long-awaited speech. He was the idol of the masses of the Republicans. Before the nomination of the Westerner, Lincoln, it had been taken for granted that he would be the Republican candidate for President. He was gentlemanly, subtle, and smiling, but not quite elegant or effete; there was too much of western New York for that. He was brilliant and cynical, but not quite a polished trifler; he was too much the man of the party machine, the intimate of the astute political manager, Thurlow Weed. In spite of his sixty years, he attracted young men by his warmth and kindness, and by the unassuming simplicity of his manner. Although his doctrine of 'the irrepressible conflict' between free labor and slavery had made him hated throughout the South, he was considered a man without convictions, a Jesuit and an opportunist; he was the affectionate friend of Jefferson Davis; and not Mr. Buchanan himself was more earnest in the cause of propitiating the slave States.

Seward's policy was one of temporizing and conceding, of delaying hostilities until the Republicans should have time to organize in March. Working outside the government, he had established a network of secret alliances which extended deep into the slaveholding States. He was informed of the proceedings of Buchanan's Cabinet by one of its members, who, save for a talent for intrigue and a strong sentiment for the Union, was Mr. Seward's antithesis. This was Edwin M. Stanton, a domineering, cross-grained Washington lawyer, able but without national reputation, who had been given the office of Attorney-General in December. To prevent suspicion, Stanton's reports to Seward were always made through a third man, and, except for one chance encounter in F Street, they did not meet during the Buchanan administration.

When, on January 12, Seward arose in the crowded Senate Chamber, he seemed the only tranquil person there. As he

had already publicly pronounced that all would be right in sixty days, he was believed to have developed some clever, guarded plan; and before this slender, slouching figure, in a gray frock coat, Northerners and Southerners sat hushed and tense. No expectation of eloquence moved them, for Seward was an indifferent speaker. He delivered his carefully prepared addresses in a perfunctory way, and his husky voice had been weakened by excessive cigar smoking and the use of snuff. But he represented the new administration and the unknown quantity at Springfield. Optimistic and debonair, he represented hope. In a time of chaos, it was reassuring that a man could know so much and still smile.

Seward's affability was impenetrable; it had covered many thoughts. He had smiled when Southern ladies refused to meet him, and when hot-headed young Senators from the slave States had ignored his greeting. He had smiled after he had lost the Republican nomination for President, the crowning ambition of his career. Too much had been expected of one adroit politician. His vague and conciliatory phrases antagonized radical Republicans and disunionists alike. Events were moving with an inexorable speed. As States seceded, their delegates withdrew from Senate and House. Representatives, for the most part, left quietly, but in the Senate there were oratorical ebullitions of defiance and farewell.

VII

The dawn of 1861 had cheered General Scott by bringing him into a close relation with the government. He had promptly been called into consultation by Holt, under whose control the War Department had ceased its favors to the revolutionary Senators and Representatives. After the unhappy expedition of the *Star of the West*, the reënfacement of Fort Sumter was held in abeyance. Major Anderson was as solicitous as the administration to avoid any

act which might precipitate hostilities; and the secessionist leaders, to gain time for their political and military preparations, exercised a restraining influence on the South Carolina hotheads. An informal truce was arranged, not only in the case of Sumter, but also of Fort Pickens in Pensacola Harbor, which by Scott's orders had been occupied by United States troops. These and two forts at the southern tip of Florida, whose garrisons Scott strengthened, were the only property which the government held in the then seceded States. Small detachments of soldiers were also sent to a few military points in the border slave States, including Fort Washington, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, across from Mount Vernon. Although the fort, fallen into rust and rot, was useless for defense, it was vulnerable to occupation by a hostile force. Its entire garrison, before a company of marines was sent there from the Washington barracks, consisted of one old Irish pensioner, and General Scott said that it might easily have been taken by a bottle of whiskey.

After the problem of the forts, the most pressing question before the General-in-Chief was the maintenance of order in the capital. It was feared that an uprising might occur during the count of the electoral vote in February, and there were convincing rumors that March 4 would be the occasion for a seditious outbreak.

Early in January, in his special message to Congress, the President felt it necessary to mention that the capital would be adequately protected at the coming inauguration. General Scott was working in cooperation with Senator James B. Grimes of Iowa and Congressman Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois, who composed an investigating committee appointed by Congress. These gentlemen appealed to the New York chief of police, and detectives in long beards and slouched hats, chewing tobacco and damning Yankees, went to

work in Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, and Alexandria. Scott had called in an Army officer, Charles P. Stone, who had served under the General in Mexico; and, after Stone had outlined an acceptable plan for the defense of the capital, he was assigned to the duty of organizing and drilling the District militia. He entered energetically on his work, for after several months' residence in Washington he had become convinced that two thirds of the population would sustain the government in defending it. The four existing organizations of citizen soldiers, three in Washington and one in Georgetown, were already supplied with arms. The Georgetown company, though it contained some dubious members, seemed in the main well-disposed; while the Washington Light Infantry and the National Guard Battalion were old and dependable establishments.

The third and most fashionable militia organization in Washington, the National Rifles, was a hotbed of disloyalty. It was commanded by Captain F. B. Schaeffer, an employee of the Department of the Interior, who had formerly been a lieutenant in the United States Artillery. Schaeffer had more than a hundred men, mostly Marylanders, on his company's rolls, and they were remarkably well armed and drilled. Colonel Stone was surprised to find that, in addition to rifles and ammunition, they possessed a supply of sabres and revolvers and two mountain howitzers, with harness and carriages, all drawn from the United States Arsenal. When he complimented Schaeffer on the excellence of the company's drill, the militia captain remarked that he supposed he should soon have to lead his men to the Maryland frontier, to keep the Yankees from coming down to coerce the South.

Through a detective who enlisted in the company, Stone obtained reports on the new recruits, many of whom were avowed secessionists. He ordered Schaeffer to deposit in the armory the howitzers

and other unsuitable armament, and the order was obeyed. Eventually the captain resigned, taking the *élite* of his men with him to serve in the South.

General Scott was too old a soldier to place full reliance on citizens in emergency. Aware that undisciplined men could not be trusted to hold their fire under a shower of stones and brickbats, he had felt it indispensable to order some regulars and especially some flying artillery to the city. Only eight companies could be spared from the Army to safeguard Washington. Three were brought from Kansas, and one from Plattsburg, New York; there were two companies that had been driven out of arsenals in Louisiana and Georgia; and two were taken from West Point.

VIII

Although Mr. Buchanan had been forced to yield to the representations of Scott and Holt, the idea of calling in soldiers filled him with perturbation. Washington was the most unmilitary of capitals. Apart from the handful of marines at the barracks, its only uniforms were those worn by a few naval officers and the doddering old generals at the War Department bureaus.

In late January there was an especial reason for the government to appear pacific and benign. With the defeat of plans for compromise in Congress, Virginia, most influential of the border States, was initiating a Peace Conference, to be held in Washington on February 4. The slave States of Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Missouri, and Delaware accepted Virginia's invitation. If, in conference with the delegates of the free States, they could work out some amicable adjustment, it was hoped that the secession fever might abate, and the cotton States be persuaded to return to the Union. In readiness for the emissaries of peace, Mr. Chandler, who had the card-writing stand at Willard's, advertised a line of

cockades, 'suitable for all shades of political sentiment.' The arrival of armed forces, in Mr. Buchanan's opinion, would raise the cry of coercion, inflame the secessionists, and irritate the border slave States.

The only available quarters for troops were the barracks at the Arsenal and the militia armory on the Mall. Arrangements were made for lodging companies in the Treasury Extension, in Judiciary Square, and on E Street. New barracks and stables were hastily erected on Capitol Hill, and in a lot west of the War Department. Arriving a few at a time, without fanfare or music or parade, the eight companies of hardy, well-drilled regulars were a sensation in Washington. Their gear encumbered the little depot; the saddles alone made a monument of baggage. Horses of cavalry and artillery, restless after the confinement of the box-cars, kicked up their heels in the streets.

The peace delegates from the border slave States glowered under their slouched hats, and Mr. Buchanan must have winced when he took his constitutional. He might have regretted the weakness that had made him send for General Scott, for here, in every gun and plume and prancing horse, was the logical consequence of becoming involved with a soldier. General Scott's adherence to the government had not passed unnoticed in the South. His mail was growing heavy with threats of assassination. An emissary sent by the President-elect to sound out his loyalty was completely reassured. The General, suffering from an attack of dysentery, received the Illinois man in bed, and declared that he would be responsible for Lincoln's safety whenever he was ready to come to Washington. If necessary, he would plant cannon at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue and blow to hell any Maryland and Virginia gentlemen who showed their heads.

Meanwhile, in mansions and hotels, the dark-skinned maids had packed their mistresses' dresses. The bodyservants had laid out their masters' traveling

shawls. 'We must make concessions!' cried the North; but the steamers bound for Aquia Creek were laden with the chivalry. Through the streets rattled baggage wagons, piled high with trunks and boxes. Houses were closed and dark. Broad-brimmed hats and blooded horses disappeared from Pennsylvania Avenue. The Toombses' coachman ran away, and the Senator and his sober wife had to drive in a hired hack. Jefferson Davis left behind his tiny Japanese dog, 'to be reclaimed when convenient.' The Sardinian minister begged Mrs. Clement Clay not to weep, since it was but a revolution. A régime had ended in Washington.

The town was filling up with new arrivals. Baltimore plug-uglies, secessionist rowdies who were the allies of the Washington gangs, were filtering into the city. The atmosphere was tense with foreboding. Men scowled and muttered in the hotel lobbies, and groups stood whispering on the street corners. A young artist, Thomas Nast, who had come down to make sketches for a New York illustrated paper, would shudder at the memory of those weeks in Washington.

Early on the morning of February 13, crowds began to move up Capitol Hill. The regulars were at their posts. Horses and harness and guns were ready for an attack. At the entrances of the Capitol, soldiers turned away the general public and admitted only those who held tickets. One hundred special policemen in plain clothes mingled with the arriving spectators in the gilded corridors. Many fashionable ladies decorated the galleries of the Hall of Representatives, fluttered about the cloakrooms, and even occupied seats surrendered by gallant members on the floor of the House. It was after twelve when the doorkeeper announced the Senate, and the defeated candidate, Breckinridge, entered at its head. Without untoward incident, the tellers opened and registered the electoral votes, and Breckinridge with pale-

faced formality announced that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois had been elected President of the United States.

After the Senate had withdrawn, there were howls of disapproval from the floor and the galleries. Southerners cursed old Scott for a 'free-State pimp' and protested at the presence of his 'janizaries' about the Capitol. Outside, the crowd lingered on Capitol Hill. The saloons were full, and that night the city was noisy with street fights.

One crisis was safely past, but another was to come. For the inauguration, General Scott was bringing a few more regulars to the city; and every day Republicans, eager for their first chance at the spoils of Federal patronage, were arriving in Washington. Sunburnt, countrified, heavy-stepping Westerners were beginning to be familiar figures in the streets.

IX

While preparations were being made for the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as president of the Confederate States, Abraham Lincoln was traveling eastward from Illinois. He was accompanied by his wife and three sons, and by a suite of State politicians, personal friends, relatives by marriage, secretaries, and newspaper correspondents; and he also had a military escort of four Army officers appointed by the War Department. One was a friend, Major David Hunter, an honest, antislavery paymaster, with a dyed moustache and a dark-brown wig. Young Captain John Pope was the son of an Illinois judge, while Colonel Edwin V. Sumner was a good old white-haired cavalry officer from Massachusetts.

The militia system was represented by Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, the Zouave drillmaster. The man on whom Mr. Lincoln placed most dependence, however, was Ward Hill Lamon, a younger lawyer who had been associated with him in practice on the circuit. Lamon, a native of Virginia, resembled the chivalry in his

long hair, defiant eyes, and drooping moustaches. He had brought his banjo in his baggage, and amused the party with Negro songs. Of these 'The Blue-Tailed Fly,' a buzzing ballad, was a favorite with Mr. Lincoln; and he loved to listen to many other simple tunes, both sad and comical, that Lamon sang. In addition to the banjo, Lamon carried an assortment of pistols and knives, a slingshot and brass knuckles. He was powerfully built and fearless, and he considered himself especially charged with Mr. Lincoln's safe conduct.

The special trains, preceded by pilot engines, ran on carefully arranged schedules between the big cities where the President-elect had appointments for speeches and receptions. Past cheering miles of people, in a confusion of bonfires, parades, salutes, and handshakings, Mr. Lincoln moved to the ovation in Philadelphia. After a trip to Harrisburg on February 22, he was to proceed to Washington, where he was expected late on the following afternoon. Among the invitations with which he had been deluged, none had come from Maryland. The omission was the more conspicuous since a slow transit through the city of Baltimore, where the cars were separately drawn by horses between the depots, was unavoidable in journeying by rail to the capital from the North.

This impending passage through a disaffected community had been a source of considerable anxiety to Mr. Lincoln's friends. The Baltimore gangs were notoriously lawless, and Maryland was boiling with secession agitation. There, as in Washington, military companies of suspect loyalty had been drilling; and threats had been heard that Mr. Lincoln would never go through Baltimore alive. The danger had been recognized in Congress by the appointment of another committee of two, on which Congressman Washburne again represented the House, while Mr. Seward was the member for the Senate. On February 21, Colonel Stone received a report from detectives

he had placed in Baltimore that there was serious danger that Mr. Lincoln might be assassinated in passing through the city. Scott sent Stone posthaste to Seward, who agreed with the General's opinion that Mr. Lincoln should change his announced traveling schedule. To persuade him to do so, he dispatched his son Frederick to Philadelphia with a warning letter, enclosing Stone's report.

At six o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third, when the train from Philadelphia pulled into the Washington depot, the conductor might have been surprised at the sudden recovery of a sick gentleman who on the preceding night had been quietly hustled into a berth at the end of the last car. The gentleman, in a soft slouched hat, a muffler, and a short, bobtailed overcoat, descended spryly to the platform. His tall and lanky figure would have made him an oddity in any gathering, and he had a plain, dark-skinned, melancholy face, with a stiff new crop of chin whiskers. He was closely attended by two companions, one of whom was big and heavily built, with bulges under his coat in every place where a man might carry arms; while the other was a short, bearded fellow, with a wary, peasant face.

As they passed along the platform in the stream of sleepy-eyed travelers, they attracted attention from only one person in the depot, a man who had planted himself behind a pillar and was peering out with a sharp, worried expression. As the lanky stranger passed, this man seized hold of his hand. 'Abe,' he cried in a loud voice, 'you can't play that on me!'

'Don't strike him,' the stranger hastily told his escorts. 'It is Washburne.'

The President-elect had arrived in the capital of the United States.

The warning which Frederick Seward had carried to Philadelphia had already been sounded in a report from Detective Pinkerton of an assassination plot in Baltimore. Doubly disquieted by a sec-

ond alarm, Mr. Lincoln's friends had prevailed on him to alter his published program. After his trip to Harrisburg, he had slipped secretly on the night train, accompanied only by Ward Hill Lamon and a Mr. E. J. Allen, otherwise known as Pinkerton. Frederick Seward had returned with the message that Mr. Lincoln might be early expected in Washington, and Congressman Washburne had hurried to the depot in the winter dawn. The three travelers climbed into Washburne's carriage and drove off to Willard's.

The original plan, that Mr. Lincoln should occupy a rented house during the pre-inauguration period, had been changed on the advice of Mr. Thurlow Weed, the political manager of New York State. In a hotel the incoming President would be accessible to the people, and Mr. Weed himself had written to Willard's to make the reservation. The best rooms in the house were, however, occupied when Mr. Lincoln made his unexpectedly early appearance, and a New York capitalist had to be hastily dislodged from the suite connected with Parlor Number 6, a large corner apartment on the second floor, overlooking the Avenue and the grounds of the Executive Mansion.

Mr. Seward was waiting at Willard's to receive the President-elect and congratulate him on his safe arrival. He was somewhat chagrined, Washburne thought, that he had not been up in time to go to the depot. At eight o'clock, however, the Senator and the Congressman sat down in high elation to breakfast, loading their plates with the first run of Potomac shad. Mr. Lincoln had retired to his rooms to rest. He did not share the exultation of his friends. He had yielded to the advice to change his plans, but he had not taken stock in the story that he risked assassination in Baltimore. Since his nomination, he had constantly received letters threatening his life. He believed that he was destined to suffer a violent death, had expressed the feeling

that he would not return alive to Springfield; but Mr. Lincoln's apprehensions, though they may have been quickened by the menaces of his enemies or the nervous solicitude of his friends, were the shadowy alarms of premonition and anxiety, and the prospect of actual danger left him unmoved. For the rest of his life he would regret the secret journey to Washington. It exposed him to bitter criticism from friends and enemies alike; and it seemed to many to cast reproach on a government already sufficiently dishonored. Mr. Seward would laughingly agree with the detractors, and say he had not believed in the Baltimore assassins, though General Scott had done so.

Mr. Lincoln breakfasted alone at nine in his parlor, and did not appear until eleven, when he left the hotel under the escort of Mr. Seward. Those solitary morning hours were the quietest he was ever to know in Washington. He would live thereafter at the mercy of the people, advancing eternally toward him in a jerking procession of faces.

The first duty of the President-elect was to pay his respects at the Executive Mansion. A special meeting of the Cabinet was in session when the doorkeeper handed Mr. Buchanan a startling card. 'Uncle Abe is downstairs!' the President cried, and hurriedly descended to the Red Room. He soon returned with the two Republicans. Mr. Lincoln was presented to the Cabinet, and paused for a few minutes' conversation before leaving to call on General Scott. Mr. Lincoln was familiarly acquainted with Washington, where he had served a term as Congressman from Illinois, but the capital could not return the compliment. In spite of his extraordinary figure, no one glanced a second time at the ungainly Westerner as he walked with Mr. Seward through the streets.

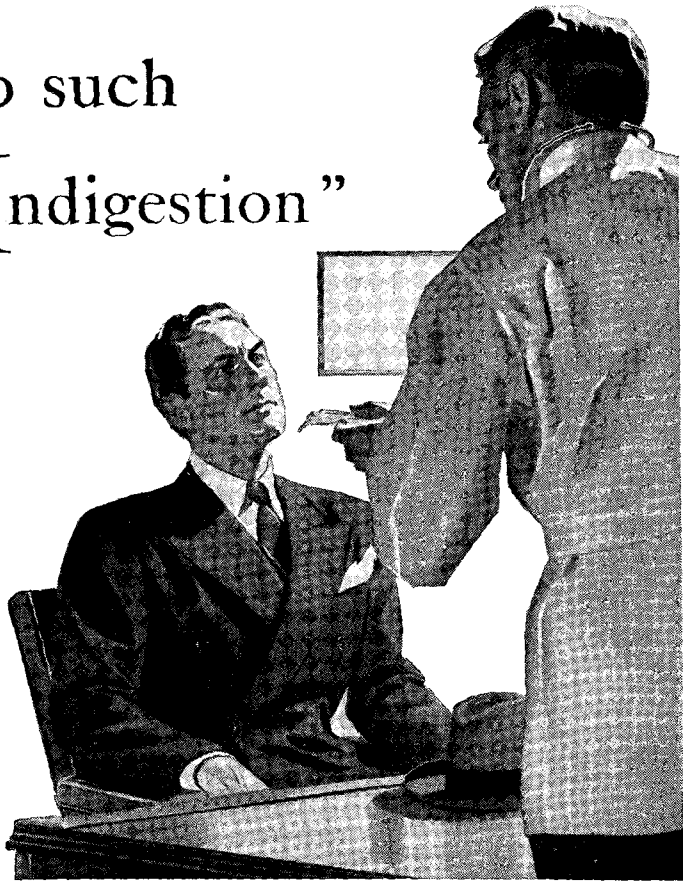
Soon after his family's arrival, Mr. Lincoln was informed that the delegates to the Peace Conference desired to wait on him. He appointed the hour of nine to receive them, and drove off to a seven-

o'clock dinner at Mr. Seward's, where the Vice-President-elect, Senator Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, was also present. The long parlor hall at Willard's was lined with people when he returned, and, shaking hands on both sides, he was so interested, said the *New York Herald*, that he forgot to remove his shiny new silk hat.

Ex-President Tyler and the Honorable Salmon P. Chase of Ohio led the Peace delegates up the stairs to Parlor Number 6. Chase was as pompous as General Scott, and very nearly as antipathetic to slavery as Senator Sumner. Reëlected to the Senate after serving as governor of his State, he was the most prominent of the former Democrats in the Republican Party. His rumored appointment to the Cabinet would satisfy the radicals, who were disgruntled with the conciliatory Mr. Seward. He was tall, imposing, and handsome, with the noble brow of a statesman. As he stood beside Mr. Lincoln presenting the delegates, it was Chase who looked the part of President of the United States, and Chase would have been the first to think so.

Curious and prejudiced, Easterners and men from the border slave States scrutinized the phenomenon from the prairies. The long, lean, sallow frontier lawyer was a shock to people who were unused to the Western type; and his homely phrases and mispronunciations grated on Eastern ears. It was impossible that Lincoln should have inspired confidence or admiration; but some saw shrewdness, honesty, and even a natural dignity in his face. Its ugliness was partially redeemed by his eyes, though their dreamy, meditative expression did not bespeak either firmness or force. He had a pleasant, kindly smile, and was thought to be not so ill-favored and hard-looking as his pictures represented him. Chatting informally with the delegates, remembering like a good politician their claims to fame and their middle initials, Lincoln made on the whole a not unfavorable impression.

“There’s no such ‘disease’ as Indigestion”



ONE OF THE MOST frequent causes of unhappiness is chronic indigestion, or dyspepsia.

► Contrary to an all-too-common misconception, indigestion should not be considered, in itself, a disease. It is, more accurately, a *result* of some physical trouble or possibly disease.

It is a symptom, an indication that something is wrong. That “something” often may be readily corrected when your distress is caused by faulty diet ... bad eating or drinking habits ... lack of exercise ... excessive smoking ... fatigue or excessive worry.

Persistent indigestion, however, may be the result of a truly serious disease. For instance:

Disease of the gall bladder ... of the kidneys ... of the heart ... chronic appendicitis ... ulcer ... cancer.

► In fact, the danger that cancer is at the bottom of persistent indigestion becomes an increasing possibility after one has reached the age of 45.

Yet it is also true that most of the serious diseases which cause indigestion—cancer included—can be treated with good chances of success when recognized in time.

► The *worst* way to try to correct indigestion is to indulge in self-treatment. If it is caused by disease, self-dosing may be really dangerous—as in appendicitis, for instance. Your medicine closet is not a substitute for the doctor.

Regardless of your age, your doctor should be consulted promptly when dyspeptic symptoms persist. To help him make a proper diagnosis and decide what treatment your case requires, he has at his disposal many modern, accurate methods of examination and analysis. He may use the fluoroscope, the X-ray, or other technical aids.

► But, with all these aids ... the biggest help your doctor can get in setting you on the road to health is for you to see him *in time!* Then, if it is disease ... the earlier the diagnosis, the better the chance of complete cure.

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X

The new President had formed an inflexible determination to entertain no compromise on the extension of slavery, and to defend the Constitution, as his oath of office required. None of the multitude who, since his departure from Springfield, had casually met him or heard his speeches had been able to discern either his decision or his anxiety. In his public utterances Mr. Lincoln had depreciated the seriousness of the crisis. His placid manner, the 'jocular freedom' of his conversation, and his unceasing fund of anecdote gave the impression that he had but a shallow and provincial understanding of national affairs.

With the appointment of Montgomery Blair as Postmaster-General, the slate of Lincoln's Cabinet was complete. At the head of his advisers was Mr. Seward, balanced by the radical Mr. Chase, who was to be Secretary of the Treasury. Two selections had been virtually forced on Mr. Lincoln by bargains which his managers had made at the Republican convention which had nominated him. One was Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, the Secretary of the Interior, a prosaic-looking, lisping conservative. The other was Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, whom Mr. Lincoln had with much reluctance appointed Secretary of War. Cameron was the Republican leader in his own State, but his reputation for unscrupulous political practices shed no lustre on the new Cabinet.

As a sop to New England, Mr. Lincoln had made Gideon Welles of Connecticut his Secretary of the Navy. He was tall and 'venerably insignificant,' with a flowing beard and a huge white wig. Welles had been a newspaper man in Hartford and did not know the stem from the stern of a ship, but he was an industrious and capable administrator. He was also very irritable, and those who undervalued him did not know that, with a pen dipped in gall, he kept a diary. In one respect, Welles was unique

among the Cabinet members — he did not think himself a better man than the President.

The Attorney-General, Mr. Edward Bates of Missouri, had been one of Mr. Lincoln's earliest selections. He was a former slaveholder, worthy, legalistic, and reverential of the Constitution. The choice of the Marylander, Montgomery Blair, gave Mr. Lincoln two advisers from the border slave States. Blair was courageous, and had won abolitionist acclaim by acting as counsel for the slave, Dred Scott. However, while scarcely anyone could object to polite old Mr. Bates, the pinched and vindictive Montgomery had a host of enemies.

With the notable exception of sympathy with disunion, the President's advisers represented, like Mr. Chandler's cockades, all shades of political sentiment. Four members of the Cabinet — Seward, Chase, Cameron, and Bates — had been candidates for the Presidential nomination at the Republican convention, and for the first two the failure to secure it had been a rankling disappointment. It was not to be expected that these dissentient personalities should work together in harmony. Mr. Seward could foresee that it would be difficult to act as premier of the composite council. He sent in a last-minute resignation just before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, but withdrew it in response to the President's firm request.

In spite of the pall of the national crisis, the President's party was not wanting in high spirits. Besides his oldest boy, Bob, a Harvard student of eighteen, it included three young men who had been law students in Mr. Lincoln's Springfield office, and he was on warmly affectionate terms with them all. John George Nicolay, capable, Teutonic, nearly thirty, was the private secretary. John Hay, the assistant secretary, was a clever, flippant, good-looking college graduate of twenty-two. The handsome little Zouave, Ellsworth, was not much older, and he had a magnetic, boyish



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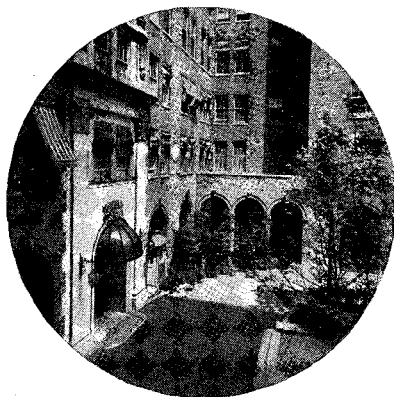
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enthusiasm. He had worked out a plan for reforming the State militia system and bringing it under Federal control, and he was hoping to be appointed to the chief clerkship of the War Department. Bob Lincoln had been educated at Phillips Exeter, and showed in speech and manner that he had enjoyed more advantages than his father. As a pendant to the campaign publicity for the rail-splitter, Bob had been facetiously nicknamed 'the Prince of Rails.' Some people inevitably called him proud and affected, but he conducted himself sensibly during a prolonged ordeal of popular attention and flattery.

John Hay and Bob Lincoln were the merry, carefree members of the party. Hay made a new friend in Henry Adams, another private secretary, who would soon be going off with his father to the Court of St. James's. In the evening Bob sometimes tarried downstairs in the smoking room, listening to the music of the harpists and enjoying a cigar with the other men. Some disunionists, on one of these occasions, induced the musicians to play 'Dixie,' which Secessia had adopted as its national air; but the harpists quickly followed it with 'Hail, Columbia.' In Parlor Number 6, Mrs. Lincoln — attended by her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards, her two nieces, and her cousin, Mrs. Grimsley — received a deferential throng in her stylish Springfield toilettes. The President's Kentucky wife was arrogantly pleased with her position, fancied herself of great importance in politics, and referred in company to Mr. Seward as a 'dirty abolition sneak.'

The threats to his own life had convinced General Scott that the inauguration was a hazardous undertaking, and he prepared to guard the incoming President with every soldier in the city. He now had, exclusive of the marines at the Navy Yard, six hundred and fifty-three regulars at his command. He thought of Mr. Lincoln's drive from Willard's to the Capitol as a movement, and he planned to place a picked body

of men, the sappers and miners from West Point, in the van. One battery of artillery was situated near the Treasury building and two were stationed outside the north entrance to the Capitol grounds. At this last important point, Scott himself proposed to remain during the ceremonies, and there too would be Major-General John E. Wool, the thin little old man who was the commander of the Department of the East.

On Saturday and Sunday, strangers, almost all men, were pouring into town in anticipation of the ceremonies on Monday. Baltimore plugs, tippling and shrieking their rallying cries, were but a noisy minority in the swelling influx of the Republicans. There were dignitaries among them — twenty-seven governors and ex-governors of States, and many former Senators and Congressmen — and there were also militia and civic organizations. Largest by far in number, however, were the plain men of the West — a type only recently familiar to Washington — who dodged forlornly about the city in travel-stained clothes, looking for a place to sleep. Hotel rooms were all preëmpted. The best accommodation to be had was a cot or a mattress in a parlor. The newcomers were not a spendthrift lot. Bonifaces noted that they were a cold-water army. Hack drivers and porters complained that they were given to walking and carrying their own carpetbags, reluctant to part with a quarter-dollar.

On Monday the city was early astir with unaccommodated strangers, assembling to perform their toilets at the public fountains. People began to turn out for the parade. Boys screamed the morning newspapers, and there were lithographs of Uncle Abe's features, damp from the press. The sidewalks of the Avenue were filled from building line to curbstone. In spite of bright sunshine, it was a raw, disagreeable day. Whipped by the gusty wind, the people stood waiting, while soldiers and District militia formed in line. It was not a

1940



1941

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The Role of Mathematics in Nuclear Physics, by PHILBURN RATOOSH, New Haven High School, Connecticut; Marion C. Sheridan, *Instructor*

The Negro in America: An Optimistic Outlook, by PAUL L. FLINT, JR., New Haven High School, Connecticut; Marion C. Sheridan, *Instructor*

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The Open End Run, by HARRY MCCARTHY, West High School, Minneapolis; Wanda Orton, *Instructor*

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The Golden Door, by CHARLOTTE E. EMERSON, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; Rebecca L. Mixner, *Instructor*

Katherine Mansfield, by POLLY E. CURTIS, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; Rebecca L. Mixner, *Instructor*

Fairies in the Bookcase

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HONORABLE MENTION

April, 1938, by CRAIG R. HOPE, The Choate School, Connecticut; C. F. Stanwood, *Instructor*

A Man's Work, by MARY H. SCOTT, Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia; H. A. Dominovich, *Instructor*

Castle Roxen, by BRUCE W. ODLUM, The Choate School, Connecticut; Carey C. D. Briggs, *Instructor*

The Durmand Brothers

by ELISE G. LINN

The Masters School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Mrs. John B. Olli, *Instructor*

festive gathering. The city seemed anxious and depressed. Few buildings had been decorated in honor of the inauguration. Some houses along the route had closed shutters, and many unfriendly faces frowned from balconies and windows. The story was being whispered that, if Mr. Lincoln were inducted into office in good order, a company of Virginia horsemen intended to dash across the Long Bridge and take the President captive at the Union Ball that evening.

Among the groups of spectators on the housetops, militiamen with loaded rifles moved to their posts overlooking the Avenue. It was a little after twelve when the word to present arms was passed along the line of cavalry on Fourteenth Street and infantry on the Avenue in front of Willard's. A band struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' and Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln emerged arm in arm from the side door of the hotel and took their seats in an open barouche. In an hour, an Old Public Functionary would be free of a position which had covered him with ignominy and scorn. The Westerner at his side would be the man to trip over the obstacle of Fort Sumter, to guide, under the blows of hatred, an unruly country from which seven States had withdrawn.

Mr. Buchanan sat in silence, as the barouche rolled toward the Capitol. His withered face was pale above his white cravat. Only four years before, he had taken this drive through cheering lanes of people, moving between two pretty floats, the Goddess of Liberty on her pedestal and a full-rigged ship, manned by sailors from the Navy Yard. Now, compact and short, the inaugural procession advanced like a military expedition, fearful of attack. There was little enthusiasm on the packed sidewalks. The spectators could scarcely see the new President through the escort of dancing cavalry. Colonel Stone, riding alongside, was digging his mount with his spurs, and he thought that he succeeded in making the militiamen's horses

so uneasy that it would have been hard for even a good shot to take aim at the occupants of the carriage.

One hundred mounted marshals, with their trappings of orange, pink, and blue, did their utmost to give the parade a garish air of holiday; but, after the disciplined ranks of the regulars and the sizable guard of militia, the civic procession looked straggling and insignificant. There were five hundred Washington Republicans in line, and a few delegations from the States. Thirty-four girls rode in a triumphal car, and were all later kissed by Mr. Lincoln. The *Star* made fun of the pegged boots of the New Englanders, cracking like airguns in the pauses of the Marine Band. No other startling sounds disturbed the progress on the Avenue. The rowdies had forgathered in the liquor shops. A few drunken men tried to obstruct the march of the soldiers, and one of them shouted insults at a delegation of Republicans from Virginia and proposed three cheers for the Southern Confederacy. In the eastern park of the Capitol, a little man with red whiskers sat high in a tree and addressed the crowd with oratorical flourishes. These were, however, minor disturbances, soon silenced by the police.

The official party entered the Capitol by the north door, through a passage enclosed by a high board fence, guarded by marines. While the ceremonies took place in the Senate Chamber, and Vice-President Hamlin and a few Senators were sworn in, the multitude silently waited in the eastern park. They saw the spreading structure of the Capitol, with its unfinished dome surmounted by gaunt derricks braced with ropes of steel. The model of the statue of Armed Freedom, destined for its apex, stood in the grass among the littered and ruinous marbles. In every window of the stark new wings, two riflemen were posted; and Colonel Stone, looking from one of the windows, was satisfied that they perfectly flanked the steps. At

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last the door opened, and the dignitaries took their places on the platform, over the heads of the fifty armed men concealed beneath it.

Silver-haired and eloquent, Mr. Lincoln's old friend, Senator Edward D. Baker of Oregon, stepped forward to introduce the new President. There was a faint ripple of cheers as Lincoln made his way to the rickety little table provided for his address. Burdened with his gold-headed cane and glossy silk hat, he paused in embarrassment. As he laid his cane under the table, Senator Douglas smilingly reached out his hand for the hat. All the people could see Douglas, seated at the front of the platform, holding Lincoln's hat as a public profession of faith in a united country. In the background Senator Wigfall of Texas leaned with folded arms against the Capitol doorway, watching the inaugural scene with contempt on his fierce, scarred face.

In a resonant, high-pitched voice, trained in the open-air meetings of the West, Mr. Lincoln began to speak. While his audience stood hushed in a painful silence, a tall man with a shrewd, impassive countenance detached himself from the crowd. Like one whom much familiarity backstage has robbed of interest in the play, Mr. Thurlow Weed of Albany turned his back on Mr. Lincoln and wandered from the Capitol park. Perhaps he was too grieved to stay and see the sad-faced Westerner in the place where he had dreamed and schemed to put a subtle, smiling man. Mr. Weed was the most skillful political manager of his day, but he had failed in his fondest ambition, which was to manipulate the nomination of Seward by the Republican Party.

As he walked north on Capitol Hill, Mr. Weed came upon two batteries of light artillery. Near one of them General Scott drooped in splendid decay. Beside the other was General Wool, prim and perpendicular, in his high, choking collar. Like Scott, he bore in his stiffening body the scars of 1812. Mr. Weed started forward. In 1812, this cynical politician had been a drummer-boy. Nearly half a century before, he had seen the two old generals, one so fat and the other so thin, as dashing, buoyant young officers. He hastened to present himself to them and respectfully shake their hands.

Behind him Mr. Lincoln's voice rang out, across the unenthusiastic multitude, across the sundered nation. 'We are not enemies, but friends. . . . Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.' The voice ceased. There was the noise of applause. Chief Justice Taney tottered forward, a cadaver in black silk. The old régime and the new faced each other, and a Bible lay between them, gilt-clasped and bound in cinnamon velvet. Mr. Lincoln solemnly swore to defend the Constitution of the United States.

There was a thundering salute from the batteries. Mr. Weed had been deeply moved by his chance encounter with the two commanders. He did not remember De Tocqueville's warning, that the army of a democracy tends to become weakened by a burden of old and unfit officers. Effulgent with that sentimentality to which the corrupt are prone, he gazed with veneration on the heroes of his boyhood — and failed to see in the antique tableau on Capitol Hill a presentation of the Union's unpreparedness for long and bloody war.

(To be continued)

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